LIFE
LETTERS
AND
JOURNALS
OF
GEORGE
TICKNOR

I

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LIFE,

LETTERS, AND JOURNALS

OF

GEORGE TICKNOR.

VOL. I.

FIFTH EDITION.

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PREFACE.

THE preparation of this Memoir was originally undertaken by me, in compliance with the wishes of Mr. Ticknor's family. This selection was determined mainly by my long intimacy with him. Mr. Ticknor survived most of his contemporaries, and at his death there was no one, of those who had known him in early youth, who was both willing and able to write a biography of their friend. My task was to be principally that of selection from a very rich mass of journals and correspondence. When, however, the first ten chapters only had been completed, I was suddenly seized by illness, which withdrew me from all literary labor. After an interval of some months the work was necessarily assumed by others. Since it approached its conclusion, my health having much improved, the manuscript has been submitted to me, and I have been able to give it a faithful perusal and cordial acceptance.

The ten chapters prepared by me were stereotyped before my illness, and the early direction thus given to the first portion of the book determined some points of its entire character. Its form and appearance were necessarily then settled, and the proportions to be assumed by the other parts were in great measure fixed. The next six or eight chapters were only partially sketched. The transition may be felt, and needs to be thus explained.

When the work was resumed, it was undertaken by Mrs. Ticknor and her eldest daughter, who, thenceforward, devoted themselves conscientiously to the task.

Some readers may think that a memoir largely prepared by the immediate relatives of its subject, though it has the advantage of their complete familiarity with the mental and moral traits of the person portrayed, is apt to be colored by their affection and sympathy, even at the partial sacrifice of truth. It is indeed difficult for those who saw him from so near a point to write with judicial coldness and fairness of one who was loved and honored in life. As in life we accept the fact that in each of us there are weaknesses to be pardoned, and not to be dragged into light, so in reading of one gifted and useful to his generation, we do not need to be told that he was human.

But forewarned is forearmed. The compilers of this work have striven to make it a truthful sketch, and to paint Mr. Ticknor as he was. As the Memoir consists mainly of his writings, their responsibility has been chiefly that of selection. I think it will be admitted by Mr. Ticknor's surviving friends, that the picture herein given of him is faithful in outline, and not too warmly colored.

Kind friends have furnished letters and information, and thanks are due to many for help of different kinds. Some of these are already gone beyond the reach or need of human gratitude, and those who remain are conscious of a heavy loss in the deprivation of their sympathy, and of the interest they would have felt in this memorial of their friend.

One controlling purpose prevailed in Mr. Ticknor's life, that of acquiring knowledge and the power of using it for the benefit of others, and it is hoped that this will be found distinctly developed in these pages, amid all the varying experiences described in their contents. At the University of Göttingen, in the brilliant society which was opened to him in Europe, and in his library or his lecture-room at home, he was constantly seeking knowledge as a means of usefulness; his was the spirit of Chaucer's Oxford scholar, —

> "Gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche."

GEORGE S. HILLARD.

BOSTON, December, 1875.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and Parentage. — Autobiographical Sketch 1

CHAPTER II.

Manners and Society in Boston at the Time of Mr. Ticknor's Birth. — His College Life. — Admitted to the Bar. — The Law not Congenial. — Determines to abandon it and devote himself to a Life of Letters. — Decides to go to Europe and study there. — Visits Washington and Virginia in the Winter of 1814–15. — Visit to Jefferson at Monticello. — Sketch of Jeffrey 17

CHAPTER III.

Departure for Europe. — Arrival in England. — State of Feeling there. — Mr. Roscoe. — Chirk Castle. — Dr. Parr. — Arrival in London. — Mr. Vaughan. — Mr. Sharp. — Sir Humphry Davy. — Gifford. — Lord Byron. — Anecdotes of Bonaparte. — Mr. Murray. — Mr. West. — Mr. Campbell. — Mrs. Siddons. — Leaves London. — Arrival in Göttingen 48

CHAPTER IV.

Residence in Göttingen till the End of 1815. — University Life. — His own Studies. — Benecke, Eichhorn, Blumenbach, Schultze, Michaelis, Kästner. — Wolf. — Excursion to Hanover . . . 70

CHAPTER V.

Residence in Göttingen till the Close of 1816. — German Literature. — German Metaphysics. — Anecdotes of Blumenbach and Wolf. — Leipsic. — Dresden. — Berlin. — Weimar. — Visit to Goethe. — Receives the Offer of the Professorship of French and Spanish Literature at Harvard 87

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Ticknor leaves Göttingen. — Frankfort. — Fr. von Schlegel. — Voss. — Creuzer. — Arrival in Paris and Residence there. — A. W. von Schlegel. — Duke and Duchess de Broglie. — Humboldt. — Helen Maria Williams. — Madame de Staël. — Say. — Benjamin Constant. — Southey. — Madame Récamier. — Chateaubriand. — Adventure with the Police. — Marshal Davoust. — Visit to Draveil 121

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Ticknor leaves Paris. — Visit to La Grange. — Geneva. — M. de la Rive. — Professor Pictet. — Sir Francis d'Ivernois. — Bonstetten. — Fête by a Russian Countess. — Madame Necker de Saussure. — Leaves Geneva for Rome. — Convent of St. Bernard. — Milan. — Venice. — Visit to Lord Byron. — Bologna. — Loretto. — Arrival in Rome 151

CHAPTER VIII.

Residence in Rome. — Presentation to the Pope. — Visit to Naples. — Society in Naples. — Archbishop of Tarentum. — Sir William Gell. — Society in Rome. — Bunsen. — Niebuhr. — French, Russians, and Portuguese in Rome. — Duchess of Devonshire. — Bonaparte Family. — Florence. — Countess of Albany 171

CHAPTER IX.

Journey from Barcelona to Madrid. — Madrid. — Conde. — Government of Spain. — The Inquisition. — Public Institutions. — Education. — School for Deaf-mutes. — Bull-fights 185

CHAPTER X.

Madrid. — The Prado. — Theatres. — Spanish People. — The Court. — Society in Madrid. — The Diplomatic Corps. — Excursion to the Escorial. — St. Ildefonso. — Segovia 200

CHAPTER XI.

Journey through Southern Spain. — Aranjuez. — Cordova. — Visit to the Hermits. — Granada. — The Alhambra. — Malaga. — Gibraltar. — Cadiz 220

CHAPTER XII.

Seville. — Cathedral. — Spanish School of Painting. — Sir John Downie. — Journey to Lisbon with Contrabandists. — Cintra. — Portuguese Society 237

CHAPTER XIII.

Voyage from Lisbon to Falmouth. — Immediate Departure for Paris. — Society. — Talleyrand. — Return to London. — Lord Holland. — Sir J. Mackintosh. — John Allen. — Lord Brougham. — Hatfield. — Woburn. — Cambridge 250

CHAPTER XIV.

Edinburgh. — News of his Mother's Death. — Mrs. Grant. — Mrs. Fletcher. — Playfair. — Scott. — Abbotsford. — Southey. — Wordsworth. — Dr. Parr. — Sir James Mackintosh. — London. — Hazlitt. — Godwin. — Wilberforce. — Return to America . . . 273

CHAPTER XV.

Letters to Mr. Ticknor from Mr. Jefferson, the Duke de Laval, Count Cesare Balbo, Madame de Broglie, and Baron Auguste de Staël . 300

CHAPTER XVI.

Return to Home Life. — Circle of Friends. — Inauguration as Professor at Harvard College. — Entrance on College Duties. — Literary Life. — Religious Opinions. — Mr. Webster's Oration at Plymouth. — Story of Edheljertha 315

CHAPTER XVII.

Death of his Father. — Marriage. — Domestic Life. — Visits. — Chancellor Kent. — General Lafayette. — Winter in Washington and Virginia 334

CHAPTER XVIII.

Efforts for Reform in Harvard College 353

CHAPTER XIX.

Letter to Mr. Webster. — Libraries in Boston. — Letters from West Point. — Colonel Thayer. — Annual Examination of the Military Academy. — Death of N. A. Haven. — Webster's Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson. — Memoir of Mr. Haven. — Visit to Washington . 370

CHAPTER XX.

Habits. — House in Park Street. — Hospitality. — Review of Webster's Works. — Lecture on Teaching the Living Languages. — Studies of Milton, Dante, and Shakespeare. — Public Lectures on Shakespeare. — Death of an infant Daughter and of an only Son. — Resignation of Professorship. — Departure for Europe . . 383

CHAPTER XXI.

Summer in England, Wales, and Ireland. — Three Weeks in London. — Two Weeks of Travel. — Meeting of the British Association in Dublin 402

CHAPTER XXII.

Edgeworthtown. — English Lakes. — York. — Doncaster. — Wentworth House 426

CHAPTER XXIII.

Brussels. — Bonn. — Weimar. — Winter in Dresden. — Intellectual and Social Resources. — Tieck. — Baron Lindenau. — Court and Royal Family 450

CHAPTER XXIV.

Dresden. — Prince John. — Count Circourt. — Von Raumer. — Retzsch 472

CHAPTER XXV.

Berlin. — Neander. — Humboldt. — Ancillon. — Savigny. — Bohemia. — Schloss Tetschen. — Prague 493

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LIFE OF GEORGE TICKNOR.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and Parentage. — Autobiographical Sketch.

GEORGE TICKNOR, son of Elisha and Elizabeth (Billings) Ticknor, was born in Boston, on the first day of August, 1791.

The circumstances of his birth were all favorable for happiness, and for moral and intellectual growth. His parents were of the true New England character, — firm in principle, amiable and affectionate, well instructed, and with a thorough value for all culture. In external condition they were neither rich nor poor, and his early life, therefore, was not pampered by luxury nor chilled by poverty. They lived in a free and active community, surrounded by intelligent friends, whose position and tastes were like their own, and with whom social intercourse was a benefit as well as a pleasure.

To have been born of such a father as his was especially a cause of daily and life-long gratitude. Elisha Ticknor was a man of great purity of character, considerable cultivation, an affectionate nature, and amiable manners, who through life enjoyed in a high degree the confidence and respect of the community in which he lived. Never were the duties of a father more faithfully and tenderly discharged than by him, and never was a father's memory cherished with more reverence, affection, and gratitude than was his by his son. Born at Lebanon, Conn., March 25, 1757, he was educated at Dartmouth College, where he took his degree in 1783. For the next two years he was the head of Moore's Charity School, so called, a preparatory academy connected with Dartmouth College. He then taught a school for about a year in Pittsfield, Mass.; and afterwards, in Boston, became principal of the Franklin public school. But his health declining under his labors, in 1795 he went into business as a grocer in Boston, in which he continued till 1812, when, not liking the occupation, and having acquired a property sufficient for his moderate wants and simple tastes, he retired from business, and lived a happy, useful, and active life, much occupied in measures of public good, until his death, which took place June 26, 1821, at Hanover, N. H., where he was on a visit to some friends.

While he was master of the Franklin School, he made a modest contribution to the literature of his time in the shape of a small grammar of the English tongue, called "English Exercises," which went through several editions, and was much used in the schools of Boston and other places, till superseded by the work of Lindley Murray.

During his life of active business, Mr. Elisha Ticknor had much to do with the establishment of the Massachusetts Mutual Fire Insurance Company. He was one of the originators of the excellent system of primary schools in Boston, by which the blessings of education were extended to children of tender years, so that they could be prepared, without charge to their parents, for the grammar schools.*

He was, in conjunction with his friend, James Savage, a principal founder of the earliest Savings-bank in Boston, — the first in New England, and the parent of numerous similar institutions, which have done more than any other single agency to teach habits of economy and thrift, and thus lessen the burden of poverty.

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* By the city regulations, no children could be admitted to the grammar schools under seven years, and those only could be admitted who could read. This excluded all who were too poor to pay for instruction, or whose parents were too ignorant to teach, — precisely the class to whom free schools are most important. In 1805, Mr. Ticknor, feeling deep interest in these neglected children, made efforts to draw attention to the subject; but it was not till 1818 that the selectmen could be induced to appropriate sufficient funds for these elementary schools. In that year four thousand dollars were voted for the experiment. There are at present (1873) three hundred and twenty-seven primary schools in Boston.

In the Connecticut "Common School Journal" for 1841, the establishment of these primary schools in 1818 is spoken of as "the most important step in the improvement of the public-school system in Boston."

Mr. Elisha Ticknor's appearance was striking and attractive. Tall and slim, his movements were dignified and easy. His features were strong and his expression grave, but a gentle blue eye and a bright smile prevented any shade of sternness. High principles carried into every movement of his life, thorough cultivation within moderate limits, strong practical sense, with energy to apply it for the benefit of others, — these admirable qualities were brightened and enriched by warm affections which never failed those who had the claims of kindred or had earned his regard by worth.*

Mr. Ticknor's mother was born in Sharon, Mass., and belonged to a family, composed mostly of farmers, which was scattered over the county of Norfolk, in considerable numbers, in the seventeenth century. At the age of sixteen she was employed as a teacher in one of the town schools of Sharon, and afterwards found similar occupation in the adjoining town of Wrentham. Being attractive in person, and more cultivated than most of her contemporaries, she early won the heart of Mr. Benjamin Curtis, of Roxbury, nephew of the Rev. Philip Curtis, long the clergyman of Sharon, who died in 1797. Young Curtis was graduated at Harvard College in 1771, when he was nineteen years old. They were married, when quite young, by the bridegroom's uncle. Meanwhile, Mr. Curtis pursued his education in medicine, and served as a surgeon in the Revolutionary army.*

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* A small trait illustrative of his character is worthy of being preserved. When in failing health, he was advised by his physician to take brandy once a day. He had never used it, and so strong was his dread of its power, and so thorough his resolution to resist it, that he every day walked from his store near the Old South Church to his house in Essex Street at the hour prescribed, drank the stimulant there, and returned to the store, fearing that a dangerous habit might be formed if he permitted himself to take the brandy at the latter place, where it was always at hand.

He was one of the first importers of Merino sheep into this country, and a large flock kept near Hanover, N. H., received his constant care, and at one time became valuable and remunerative. His frequent fatiguing journeys to Hanover were chiefly for this business. The flock was not sold till several years after his death.

At the end of the war he established himself as a physician in the south part of Boston, and with fair promise of success; but in 1784, when thirty-two years old, he died of an acute fever, leaving his widow with four children, the oldest of whom was only six years old, and without property, except a very good house in Essex, then Auchmuty, Street.

Mrs. Curtis, resuming her former occupation, opened in her own house a school for girls, which she found no difficulty in filling. She went on with her work for several years, having among her pupils the daughters of some of the best families in town. She always said that she liked the occupation, and certainly continued it, when it was no longer necessary, after her marriage with Mr. Ticknor, which took place May 1, 1790.

The children by her first marriage were Eliza, who married William H. Woodward, a respectable lawyer in Hanover, N. H., and the defendant in the memorable case of Dartmouth College *vs.* Woodward; Benjamin, a captain of a merchant ship lost at sea, who was the father of the two eminent members of the bar, Benjamin Robbins Curtis and George Ticknor Curtis; Harriet, who died at the age of twenty-two; and Augustus, who was lost at sea, on a northern voyage, at the age of eighteen.

Mr. Ticknor was the only child of the second marriage.

Elisha Ticknor, grandfather of George, was a farmer, residing in Lebanon, N. H., whither he had removed in 1774. He lived to a great age, dying in 1822, the year after his son.

We give here some recollections of him, and of his own early life, dictated by Mr. Ticknor in the leisure of his last peaceful years.

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* We have heard Mr. Ticknor mention a somewhat romantic incident connected with the first marriage of his mother. The ceremony took place privately, when young Curtis was about to join the army, and for some time, while the secret was kept, his letters to her bore the appearance of a lover's letters, but between the lines, in sympathetic ink, were written the husband's words for her eye only.

My grandfather's farm was at Lebanon, on Connecticut River. Dartmouth College, in Hanover, N. H., where my father was educated, was only a few miles off, and he liked to visit both. My mother went with him, and so did I, beginning in 1802. But it was a very different thing to travel then, and in the interior of New England, from what it is now. The distance was hardly one hundred and twenty miles, but it was a hard week's work, with a carriage and a pair of horses, — the carriage being what used to be called a coachee. One day, I recollect, we made with difficulty thirteen miles, and the road was so rough and dangerous that my mother was put on horseback, and two men were hired to go on foot, with ropes to steady the carriage over the most difficult places. But we got through at last, and I enjoyed it very much, for it was all new, and full of strange adventure. I was eleven when I took this, my first journey.

At Dartmouth College (or rather Hanover), we stayed at President Wheelock's. His wife was a daughter of a Dutch gentleman, governor of the island of St. Thomas, and connected with the Boudinot family, of New Jersey. Some of the furniture of her house, which I suppose she brought with her, made a curious contrast with the life about her. I remember that the sheets on my bed were of delicate linen, and that the pillow-cases were trimmed with lace. There were no carpets on the floors, and the cookery was detestable. I remember how I hated to sit down to dinner.

Dr. Wheelock was stiff and stately. He read constantly, sat up late, and got up early. He talked very gravely and slow, with a falsetto voice. Mr. Webster could imitate him perfectly. He had been in England, he had had a finger in politics, and had been a lieutenant-colonel in the army of the Revolution ; but there was not the least trace of either of these portions of his life, in his manners or conversation, at this time. He was one of the most formal men I ever knew. I saw a great deal of him, from 1802 to 1816, in his own house and my father's, but never felt the smallest degree of familiarity with him, nor do I believe that any of the students or young men did. They were generally very awkward, unused to the ways of the world. Many of them, when they went to the President on their little affairs, did not know when the time had come for them to get up and leave him : he, on the other hand, was very covetous of his time, and when the business was settled, and he had waited a little while, he would say, "Will you sit longer, sir, or will you go now?" It was a recognized formula, and no young man — that I ever heard of — ever sat longer after hearing it.

There was a political quarrel about the affairs of the college which changed its constitution in 1819. President Wheelock died in 1817.

My father took little interest in the college after this. He still, however, continued to go every summer to see his father at Lebanon.

It was at Hanover, at the house of an old and valued friend, that he died of sudden paralysis, in the summer of 1821. My grandfather died the next year, very soon after I had visited him. The old gentleman was a good farmer, gentle and winning in his ways, and much liked by his neighbors. He had enough to live upon, but nothing more. In my boyhood, I took great delight in all the farming operations, in which I was allowed to take such share as was suited to my age and strength. I remember I was very fond of a frock of checked stuff my mother made for me to work in, which I very soon spoiled. But I never knew anything of farming. There was one farm of a hundred acres, and another of forty. The house was of moderate size, with two large barns ; but there was nothing pretty or attractive in the appearance of the place. We often stayed there a month, sometimes longer.

One summer, when I was about thirteen, before I went to college, my grandfather, my father, and I went to Bath and Littleton, to see some relatives, — my father and I in a chaise, my grandfather on a famous mare that he was very proud of. Sometimes he exchanged with my father. I went to my grandfather's occasionally while I was in college, but not to stay. He came to the Commencement, when I took my degree, in 1807, and was then quite an old man.

My father, who was a good scholar for his time, fitted me for college. I never went to a regular school. He was much connected with Dartmouth College, where he was educated, and where, after he was graduated, he was the head of Moore's Charity School, then, and still, connected with that institution. In consequence of this circumstance, President Wheelock, Professor Woodward, and other persons connected with it, in later years, made my father's house their home when they came to Boston, in the long winter vacations. They took much notice of me, and, at the suggestion of President Wheelock, he examined me for college, and gave me a certificate of admission, before I was ten years old. I only remember that he examined me in Cicero's Orations and the Greek Testament.

Of course, I knew very little, and the whole thing was a form, perhaps a farce. There was no thought of my going to college then, and I did not go till I was fourteen ; but I was twice examined at the college (where I went with my father and mother every summer) for advanced standing, and was finally admitted as a Junior, and went to reside there from Commencement, August, 1805. Meantime, I continued to study with my father at home. In 1803 I was put to learn French with Mr. Francis Sales, with whom I made very good progress, though his pronunciation was bad, as he came from the South of France, and both he and I had to correct it later. I also learnt a little Spanish with him, — but very little; though he knew it tolerably well, having lived some time in Spain with an uncle, who, like himself, was a refugee in the time of the Revolution.

About the same time, Mr. Ezekiel Webster, an elder brother of Daniel, a graduate of Dartmouth College, kept a school in Short Street, near my father's house, which was in Essex Street; and my father, thinking Mr. Webster might know more Greek than he did, sent me to him at private hours, to read Homer's Iliad. It was a mistake. I very soon found out that Mr. Webster knew less Greek than my father, and could teach me nothing. But I did not tell of this. I read about half the Iliad with him, much amused by the original, and more with Pope, of which I read the whole.

At Hanover, from 1805 to 1807, I was in Dartmouth College. One main reason for my going there was that my half-sister, Miss Curtis, was married to an extremely respectable lawyer of that place, Mr. William Woodward, and I lived in her family. I had a good room, and led a very pleasant life, with good and respectable people, all more or less connected with the college; but I learnt very little. The instructors generally were not as good teachers as my father had been, and I knew it; so I took no great interest in study. I remember liking to read Horace, and I enjoyed calculating the great eclipse of 1806, and making a projection of it, which turned out nearly right. This, however, with a tolerably good knowledge of the higher algebra, was all I ever acquired in mathematics, and it was soon forgotten.

I was idle in college, and learnt little; but I led a happy life, and ran into no wildness or excesses. Indeed, in that village life, there was small opportunity for such things, and those with whom I lived and associated, both in college and in the society of the place, were excellent people.

Of my classmates, Joseph Bell afterwards became an eminent lawyer; Hunt, the father of the artist and the architect, was a member of Congress; Newcombe distinguished himself in the navy. But the two whom I knew the most were Holbrook — a gentle, careful, but not very successful scholar, who died at the South, where he was a schoolmaster — and Thayer, Sylvanus Thayer, who was the first scholar in the class, and with whom my intimacy, for sixty years, has never been at any time impaired. He made West Point what it has been to the military character of the country, and is still alive (1869) at a great age, — a man of very great ability, of the highest distinction in his profession, and of the purest and truest honor and virtue.*

Soon after I left college, — in 1807, — my father, who had a great regard for classical learning, and knew that I had acquired very little of it, proposed to me to study with the Rev. John Sylvester John Gardiner, Rector of Trinity Church, who was in the habit of preparing a few pupils for Harvard College, and instructing others who had left college. Dr. Gardiner was a very good scholar, bred in England under Dr. Parr, and his teaching was undoubtedly better of the sort than any to be had elsewhere in New England. He received his pupils in his library, in his slippers and dressing-gown. I went to him after the other scholars had left him, from twelve to one o'clock, but sometimes a little earlier, in order to hear some of the recitations. He was a strict and accurate teacher, stern and severe to the inattentive and stupid, but kindly and helpful to willing workers.

I prepared at home what he prescribed, and the rest of the time occupied myself according to my tastes. I read with him parts of Livy, the Annals of Tacitus, the whole of Juvenal and Persius, the Satires of Horace, and portions of other Latin Classics which I do not remember. I wrote Latin prose and verse. In Greek, I read some books of the Odyssey, I don't remember how many ; the Alcestis, and two or three other plays of Euripides ; the Prometheus Vinctus of Æschylus ; portions of Herodotus, and parts of Thucydides, — of which last I only remember how I was tormented by the account of the Plague at Athens. This was the work of between two and three years.

Dr. Gardiner's manners were kind and conciliating to me, and he always received me good-naturedly. He was fond of having a small circle at supper, and often invited me, — an attention which he showed to no other of his pupils, most of them being too young. I was then seventeen. I met, at these pleasant suppers, Mr. William S. Shaw, the founder of the Athenæum ; Mr. William Wells, a pretty good classical scholar, bred in England, from 1798 to 1800 a tutor in Harvard College ; the Rev. Joseph Buckminster, the most brilliant and cultivated preacher of the time ; James Ogilvie, a Scotchman, who gave very striking lectures in Boston, on various subjects, and made very effective recitations from Scott, Campbell, and Moore, some of which he sometimes repeated to us after supper; and Mr. James Savage, already one of my friends, and my father's.

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* General Thayer died September 7, 1872.

Other persons were there, and sometimes ladies, amongst whom was Miss Lucy Buckminster, sister of the clergyman, one of the most charming persons in society.

These little *symposia* were always agreeable, perfectly simple and easy, full of fun and wit, and always rich in literary culture. It was my first introduction to such society.

I attended Dr. Gardiner for nearly three years, and acquired a love for ancient learning which I have never lost. At the end of that time, that is, in the autumn of 1810, I entered the law-office of William Sullivan, Esq., son of Governor James Sullivan, and one of the most popular lawyers in Massachusetts. I read law with some diligence, but not with interest enough to attach me to the profession. I continued to read Greek and Latin, and preferred my old studies to any other. The only law-books which I remember reading with much interest were Plowden's Reports, Blackstone's Commentaries, Saunders's Reports, in Williams's edition, and Coke in black letter, which I think I never mastered.

In 1813 I was admitted to the bar, at the same time with my friend, Edward T. Channing; who knew, I think, just about as much law as I did, and who afterwards deserted it for letters, and became a professor, as I did, in Harvard College.

Mr. Buckminster, whose acquaintance I had made at Dr. Gardiner's, I met also at the houses of other friends. I often went to hear him preach, and, a little later (1810), began to visit him on Sunday evenings, when he liked to receive a few friends in his library, and to continue brilliant conversation, over a simple supper below stairs, at nine o'clock, with his sisters, if they were staying with him.* There I found, generally, Mr. Samuel Dexter, the eminent lawyer, and Chief Justice Parker, both of them Mr. Buckminster's parishioners. The conversation was mostly theological and political. Mr. Buckminster was very brilliant and charming, but sometimes uncertain and abrupt. He was very fond of music, and played on a small organ which stood in his study. I grew gradually more familiar with him, and during the last year of his life was with him frequently. I was then a member of the Anthology Club, as he was also.

I was at his church the last time he ever preached. He had for many years been liable to slight attacks of epilepsy, and once or twice they had occurred in the pulpit, but never so seriously as to disturb the service or the congregation. In the afternoon service of this last Sunday he stopped in the midst of his discourse, rolled up his sermon, and stepped down; then instantly came to the desk again, opened his papers, and went on as if nothing had disturbed him. No one moved. I sat with Dr. John C. Warren, Senior, and he whispered to me, "I don't know but I had better go to him: it has never been so bad before in the pulpit." But it was not necessary. I did not go to his house that evening.

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* Their home was in Portsmouth, N. H.

The next day, or the next but one, he was prostrated by a violent attack of epilepsy. Some one — I forget who — came to tell me of it, and I went immediately to his home. Dr. Oliver Keating, a connection of the family, was there, and Dr. John Warren. Dr. Keating, after consulting with Miss Lucy Buckminster, asked me if I could stay there, adding that he should be in the house as much as he could. Though formerly a physician, he was then an active merchant.

I was much gratified at being asked, and gladly consented. I left the house very little while he lived, attending to whatever I could do, and occasionally going to the room where lay my unconscious friend. Mrs. Theodore Lyman, also a connection, was much in the house, supporting the sorrowing sisters; and, with energy and good judgment, moved about like a presiding spirit, with a perfectly sustained and quiet manner.

At the time of his death no one was present but the two Dr. Warrens — father and son — and myself. I had my arm under his head when he passed away, without suffering.*

It was 1813 when I was admitted to the bar, and I immediately opened an office in Court Square, near where Niles's Block stands now, having for a neighbor in the same building Mr. Alexander H. Everett, who had also studied with me, under Mr. Sullivan's auspices. We neither of us were earnest in the study of our profession, but I did rather more law business than he did, and, at the end of a year, paid the expenses of the office, such as rent, boy, etc.

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* This was in June, 1812, when Mr. Ticknor was just twenty-one years old. He had the care of Mr. Buckminster's papers, after his death. Mr. Samuel Dexter, the distinguished lawyer, Judge Parker, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, — members of Mr. Buckminster's congregation, — and Mr. Ticknor, met early every morning, at Mr. Buckminster's house, and read together, for an hour or more, the sermons, to make a selection for publication. When they left the house, it became their habit, in fine weather, to walk together in the Tremont-Street Mall (the only one at that time), when the talk was animated and interesting. This was a period of excitement about the war with England; town meetings were frequent, and feeling ran high. At one of these meetings Mr. Dexter made a speech of a very different character from his usual tone and from what was expected from him, and it created a great sensation. The following morning the gentlemen met as before; but the work was done more silently than usual, no allusion was made to public affairs, and, when they left the house, Mr. Dexter and Mr. Parker bowed, and turned in opposite directions. Mr. Ticknor locked the door, — and the pleasant walks were given up.

But I tired of the life, and my father understood it; for I was very frank with him, and told him — what he knew very well — that I was more occupied with Greek and Latin than with law-books, of which he had given me a very good collection.*

In consultation with him, it was settled, that, after he had advised with Dr. Gardiner, Chief Justice Parker, and other friends, I should go to Europe, and study for two or three years. I therefore gave up my office, and turned all my attention and effort to learning what I could of the German language, and German universities, to which my thoughts and wishes had been already turned as the best places for education.

The first intimation I ever had on the subject was from Mme. de Staël's work on Germany, then just published. My next came from a pamphlet, published by Villers, — to defend the University of Göttingen from the ill intentions of Jérome Bonaparte, the King of Westphalia, — in which he gave a sketch of the University, and its courses of study. My astonishment at these revelations was increased by an account of its library, given, by an Englishman who had been at Göttingen, to my friend, the Rev. Samuel C. Thacher. I was sure that I should like to study at such a university, but it was in vain that I endeavored to get farther knowledge upon the subject. I would gladly have prepared for it by learning the language I should have to use there, but there was no one in Boston who could teach me.

At Jamaica Plains there was a Dr. Brosius, a native of Strasburg, who gave instruction in mathematics. He was willing to do what he could for me in German, but he warned me that his pronunciation was very bad, as was that of all Alsace, which had become a part of France. Nor was it possible to get books. I borrowed a Meidinger's Grammar, French and German, from my friend, Mr. Everett, and sent to New Hampshire, where I knew there was a German Dictionary, and procured it. I also obtained a copy of Goethe's "Werther" in German (through Mr. William S. Shaw's connivance) from amongst Mr. J. Q. Adams's books, deposited by him, on going to Europe, in the Athenæum, under Mr. Shaw's care, but without giving him permission to lend them. I got so far as to write a translation of "Werther," but no farther.

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* This collection, with many well-chosen volumes of classical and general literature, was stored in a house in Roxbury, when Boston was supposed to be in danger from the English in 1812. There were between three and four thousand books, most of which were sold when Mr. Ticknor went to Europe.

I was thus occupied through the summer and autumn of 1814. It was all very agreeable. I enjoyed my pursuits and mode of life very much. I had been much in whatever was most agreeable and intellectual in the society of Boston for four years, and was really familiar with it. A few agreeable young men came every Saturday evening to my study in my father's house, and we occupied ourselves entirely with reading and writing Latin, and repeating passages we had committed to memory, ending the evening with a little supper, which was often a hasty-pudding frolic. When I say that Alexander and Edward Everett, Edward T. Channing, Nathan Hale, William Powell Mason, and Jacob Bigelow constituted this *symposium*, it is plain that it must have been pleasant and brilliant. The first nucleus of it, for two years, was Hale, Bigelow, Channing, and myself. We kept our records in Latin poetry and prose, but we so abused one another that I afterwards destroyed them.

At this period I very much frequented the families of Mr. Stephen Higginson, Mr. S. G. Perkins, Mr. Richard Sullivan, Mr. William Sullivan, Dr. John C. Warren, Senior, and Mr. William Prescott.

But my first real sight and knowledge of the world was in the winter of 1814-15, when I made a journey to Virginia, — then a serious undertaking, — and for three months was thrown much on my own resources, in the Atlantic cities, as far south as Richmond. I was provided with excellent letters to each city. Among the rest, the elder President Adams gave me several, that introduced me to persons very interesting and important in public affairs.

When I visited him in Quincy, to receive these letters, I had a remarkable interview with him, which at the time disturbed me not a little. I was then twenty-three years old, and, though I had seen him occasionally, there was no real acquaintance between us. It was a time of great general anxiety. The war of 1812 was then going on, and New England was suffering from it severely. The Hartford Convention, about which I had known a good deal, from Mr. William Sullivan and Mr. Harrison G. Otis, was then in session. Mr. Adams was bitterly opposed to it. Mr. George Cabot, who was my acquaintance, and in some degree my friend, was its President.

Soon after I was seated in Mr. Adams's parlor, — where was no one but himself and Mrs. Adams, who was knitting, — he began to talk of the condition of the country, with great earnestness. I said not a word; Mrs. Adams was equally silent; but Mr. Adams, who was a man of strong and prompt passions, went on more and more vehemently. He was dressed in a single-breasted, dark-green coat, buttoned tightly, by very large, white, metal buttons, over his somewhat rotund person. As he grew more and more excited in his discourse, he impatiently endeavored to thrust his hand into the breast of his coat. The buttons did not yield readily: at last he *forced* his hand in, saying, as he did so, in a very loud voice and most excited manner, "Thank God, thank God! George Cabot's close-buttoned ambition has broke out at last: he wants to be President of New England, sir!"

I felt so uncomfortably, that I made my acknowledgments for his kindness in giving me the letters, and escaped as soon as I could.

A few days afterwards (22d Dec., 1814) I set out on my journey, having the advantage of Mr. Samuel G. Perkins's company as far as Washington. He was one of the prominent merchants in Boston, — a man of no small intellectual culture, and of a very generous and noble nature. He had been a great deal about the world, and understood its ways. His manners were frank, open-hearted, and decisive, and, to some persons, brusque. All men respected, many loved him.

Mrs. Perkins was the daughter of Mr. Stephen Higginson, Senior, — an important person at one time in the political affairs of the town of Boston, and the head of the commercial house of which Mr. Perkins was a member. Mrs. Perkins was at one time very beautiful. Talleyrand, when I was in Paris in 1818, spoke to me of her as the most beautiful young person he had ever known, he having seen her when in exile in this country. She was always striking in her person, and very brilliant in conversation. Her house was a most agreeable one, and I had become intimate and familiar there, dining with them generally every week.

The journey to Hartford occupied two days then; and one of those days, there being no one in the coach with us, Mr. Perkins filled wholly with an account of the Revolution in St. Domingo, where he then lived, and from which he barely escaped with his life. I have seldom been so much interested and entertained. We arrived at Hartford on Saturday afternoon. The Convention, as I have said, was in session. The members from Massachusetts — Mr. George Cabot, Mr. William Prescott, Mr. H. G. Otis, Mr. Timothy Bigelow, Mr. Stephen Longfellow, Mr. Wilde, and Mr. Waldo — had taken a house, and lived by themselves. We called on them immediately. Mr. Otis alone was at home, detained, by a committee, from the morning session where the other gentlemen were.

Mr. Otis was an intimate friend of Mr. Perkins, and he invited us both to take two rooms in their house that were unoccupied, an offer that we accepted at once. It was a most agreeable opportunity for seeing some of the most distinguished statesmen of New England.

The next day, Sunday, was Christmas, but in Connecticut they then paid little attention to that day. We went to church in the morning, but gave the rest of the day and evening to solid conversation, for which there were such rich materials in the circle. In the evening a considerable number of the members of the Convention came to pay their respects to Mr. Cabot (the President), and made a few hours very agreeable and interesting. Among them I recollect the modest and wise Mr. West, of New Hampshire, and the vigorous, decisive Mr. Hillhouse, of Connecticut.

I, of course, learnt nothing of the proceedings of the Convention, which sat with closed doors; but it was impossible to pass two days with such men, and hear their free conversation on public affairs, without feeling an entire confidence in their integrity and faithfulness to duty.

On Monday forenoon we drove to New Haven, where I saw Prof. Kingsley and Prof. Day, but more of Prof. Silliman than of any one else. Prof. Nathan Smith, the eminent anatomist and surgeon, whom I had known at Dartmouth College, Hanover, took Mr. Perkins and myself to one of Prof. Silliman's Chemical Lectures. He had a large audience, — about one hundred and eighty; and many of them took notes in a way I had never seen done before. He lectured with great spirit, extemporaneously, and with an earnestness I had not witnessed before in such teaching.

We also went about three miles from the town, to see a manufactory of muskets, made by very ingenious machinery, invented by the Whitney who made the fortune of the South, if not his own, through the invention of the cotton-gin, — which, more than any other single circumstance in the history of the South, gave the Slave States their resources for rebellion. I remember still with great interest the conversation we had with Mr. Whitney, and the explanations of his remarkable inventions, which he gave us with great earnestness. He was a man of clear and powerful mind, and a well-made, vigorous frame.

We arrived in New York the 28th. It was a larger city than I had ever seen ; it seemed to me very large, though it then contained only a fifth of its present population. We stayed there till after the 1st of January, and witnessed and shared that high holiday of Dutch origin, but at that time of almost universal observance.

The house I most frequented was that of Mr. Robert Lenox, a rich Scotch merchant, intelligent, hearty, and hospitable, with a very agreeable family.

We went to Philadelphia the 2d, and there Mr. John Vaughan, the Secretary of the Philosophical Society, took charge of me, and made me acquainted with every one whom I could desire to know. I was a great deal at the house of Mr. William Meredith, a lawyer held in much respect ; but his wife (of the Morris family in New York) was so uncommon for talent, knowledge, and brilliant conversation, that he was rather overshadowed at home. She educated her large family herself, entirely fitting her sons for college. She was a lady of warm feelings, strong prejudices, and great energy, and much attached to Philadelphia. Her oldest son, Mr. William Meredith, is a leading lawyer in Philadelphia, and at one time was Secretary of the Treasury, under General Taylor.

I dined with a large party at Mr. Daniel Parish's, and, for the first time in my life, saw a full service of silver plate, for twenty persons, with all the accompaniments of elegance and luxury to correspond, and a well-trained body of servants in full livery.

But — what was of more interest to me — John Randolph was one of the guests. The instant I entered the room my eye fell on his lean and sallow physiognomy. He was sitting ; and his head, with long hair, straight like an Indian's, seemed hardly larger than that of a well-grown boy. When I was presented to him, he rose to receive me, and seemed to tower at once a foot and a half above my own height. This arose from the peculiar conformation of his person : the upper part was small, and, until one was near enough to him to see the wrinkles in his face, it seemed boyish ; but his extremities were unnaturally protracted, and his hands and feet long and large. He talked but little at table.

I was a good deal at Mr. Hopkinson's, who was distinguished for the union of wit, sense, culture, and attractive manner. He was the son of Francis Hopkinson, of the Revolution, who wrote the Battle of the Kegs, and whose works have been published. Mr. Hopkinson was a prominent lawyer, and, later, was Judge of the United States District Court, for Pennsylvania. His house was one of the most agreeable in Philadelphia, for Mrs. Hopkinson was a lady of much cultivation and knowledge of the world.

At their table I met one day a brilliant party of eleven or twelve gentlemen. Amongst them were Mr. Randolph, the Abbé Correa, Dr. Chapman, and Mr. Parish. It was an elegant dinner, and the conversation was no doubt worthy of such guests; but one incident has overshadowed the rest of the scene. The Abbé Correa — who was one of the most remarkable men of the time, for various learning, acuteness, and wit, and for elegant suave manners* — had just returned from a visit to Mr. Jefferson, whom he much liked, and, in giving some account of his journey, which on the whole had been agreeable, he mentioned that he had been surprised at not finding more gentlemen living on their plantations in elegant luxury, as he had expected. It was quietly said, but Randolph could never endure the slightest disparagement of Virginia, if ever so just, and immediately said, with some sharpness, "Perhaps, Mr. Correa, your acquaintance was not so much with that class of persons." Correa, who was as amiable as he was polite, answered very quietly, — "Perhaps not; the next time I will go down upon the Roanoke, and I will visit Mr. Randolph and his friends." Mr. Randolph, who was one of the bitterest of men, was not appeased by this intended compliment, and said, in the sharpest tones of his high-pitched, disagreeable voice, "In *my* part of the country, gentlemen commonly wait to be *invited* before they make visits." Correa's equanimity was a little disturbed; his face flushed. He looked slowly round the table till every eye was upon him, and then replied, in a quiet, level tone of voice, — "Said I not well of the *gentlemen* of Virginia?" There was a pause, for every one felt embarrassed; and then a new subject was started. Many years afterwards Mr. Walsh told me that Randolph never forgot or forgave the retort.

Correa and Mr. Walsh were very intimate. Walsh lived for some years in Washington, and Correa, who was a single man, lived with him. One day Mr. Randolph called on Mr. Walsh. Mr. Walsh was not at home, but Mr. Randolph's penetrating voice was heard in the parlor by Mrs. Walsh. "Mind," said he to the servant, "*that* card is for *Mr. Walsh*, — I do not call on *Ministers* who board out." This was told me by Mr. Walsh.

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* The Abbé Correa de Serra, Portuguese Minister to the United States, was member of three classes of the French Institute and founder of the Royal Academy of Lisbon.

CHAPTER II.

Manners and Society in Boston at the Time of Mr. Ticknor's Birth. — His College Life. — Admitted to the Bar. — The Law not Congenial. — Determines to abandon it and devote Himself to a Life of Letters. — Decides to go to Europe and study there. — Visits Washington and Virginia in the Winter of 1814-15. — Visit to Jefferson at Monticello. — Sketch of Jeffrey.

MR. TICKNOR'S sketch of his early life is so full and graphic that little need be added by his biographer. I have only to describe, very briefly, the state of society and manners in Boston during his childhood and youth, thus suggesting some of the influences which helped to train his mind and character, and exhibit the poverty and limitations of that period in the means of education, compared with present resources, but which yet produced ripe scholars through individual resolution and desire for knowledge.

Boston, at the time of Mr. Ticknor's birth, was a small town, of about eighteen thousand inhabitants, forming a homogeneous community, nearly all of whom were of native birth and English descent. They were a people of primitive habits and a plain way of life, with certain peculiarities of character and manners which the great increase in wealth, population, and luxury during succeeding years has not entirely effaced. Though Dr. Freeman had been settled over King's Chapel in 1787, as a Unitarian clergyman, yet the stern faith of the Puritan settlers of New England held very general sway. Dr. Channing, Mr. Norton, and Mr. Buckminster, the real founders of liberal Christianity in New England, were in their childhood, —Dr. Channing, the oldest of them, having been born in 1780. And with the Puritan faith there lingered something of the Puritan spirit, which threw a shade of gravity and sternness over life and manners. One expression of this spirit was the drawing of the line of moral distinction in the wrong place, and branding as essentially evil that which was evil only in excess. Many amusements, now justly deemed innocent, were frowned upon as snares of Satan, spread for the capture of the soul. Indeed, in the austere Puritan code, happiness itself was almost regarded as a sin. Repression was the general rule of life. The joyous sense of existence common to healthy childhood was not allowed full play. The discipline of families was strict. Children were taught, not merely to obey, but to reverence, their parents. In the presence of their elders, they were not expected to speak unless first spoken to. They were rarely caressed, and a sense of restraint was always present, which, while it pressed heavily upon the timid and sensitive, had the good effect of producing a valuable habit of self-command.

While the narrowness of Puritan Protestantism was thus slowly yielding, before the advances of social civilization, it was not yet strenuously attacked, either by the influx of a foreign population bringing with it its own foreign creed, or by the cold scepticism of what is called modern thought. For many years after this there was but one Roman Catholic church in Boston.* At the same time the means of intellectual training were infinitely less than they are now. Books were scarce, and there were no large libraries rich with the spoils of learning.

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* Mr. Ticknor was present at the dedication of the first Roman Catholic church, built with the aid of Protestants. In 1865 he dictated the following account of the scene: —

"In 1803 the Catholic Church in Franklin Street was dedicated, and now, at sixty-two years' distance, I remember it as if it were yesterday. I went to the dedication, and to the service there the next Sunday, and was thoroughly frightened. There were very few Catholics here then, and the church was half filled with Protestants. We little boys were put on a bench in front of the upper pews, before the chancel. Bishop Cheverus, — who spoke English pretty well, — before he began the mass, addressed the Protestants, and told us all that we must not turn our backs to the altar. I dare say we boys had turned round to look at the singers, for the music was a good deal more gay and various than we were used to. Cheverus told us we must not turn round, for the Host would be raised, and the Holy Ghost would descend into the chancel and fill it. I did n't know what was coming; but I was well frightened, and *did n't turn round.*"

But a taste for reading and a love of knowledge were generally diffused, and there were few homes of those in comfortable circumstances where there was not at least a closetful of good books. These were carefully, almost reverently, read ; and such reading was productive of sound intellectual growth. Johnson was the favorite author in prose, and Pope in verse. Hervey's Meditations and Zimmerman on Solitude were popular books, and the glittering monotony of Darwin found admirers and imitators.

Few were rich, and none were very poor. The largest estates were not more than what would now be deemed a modest competence. Political independence and popular government were of too recent a date to have wholly effaced the social customs of a colonial period. A certain line of distinction was drawn between men, according to their wealth and station. Magistrates, men in authority, the learned professions, were treated with peculiar deference and consideration. Clergymen, especially, enjoyed from their office simply an influence now given to personal superiority alone.

Friends and acquaintances saw much of each other in a simple and unostentatious way. Those in easy circumstances exercised a frequent, cordial, and not expensive hospitality. Time was not so precious, and life was not so crowded, then as now, and men and women could afford to give a larger portion of the day to social pleasures. The traditions of the fathers did not forbid a certain measure of conviviality. Excellent Madeira flowed generously at rich men's tables, and punch was a liquor that held up its head in good society. It was a pleasant life they led, in spite of the Puritan frost that yet lingered in the air.

The resources of wealth and the refinements of luxury, however, fail of their end if they do not awaken the faculty of discourse, and make conversation finer and brighter. This result of society was secured in those days in measure not less ample than in our own. The women of that day were, in beauty of person, in grace of manner, in a high sense of duty, in the power of quiet self-sacrifice, and in clearness of thought, not inferior to those of later times. The contrasts of life were not so marked :

if its lights were not so bright, its shadows were less deep. The struggle alike for subsistence and superiority was less eager; and every capacity found employment in the rapid growth of a young country.

Boston has been compared to Athens, sometimes in good faith and sometimes as a sneer; but there is and was at least one marked point of resemblance between the two. In both cities the people were accustomed to hear public measures discussed by leading citizens, and were thus educated to a knowledge of their political duties. Athens and the Acropolis, Rome and the Capitol, are not more associated ideas than are Boston and Faneuil Hall. From a period earlier than the Revolutionary War, the people of Boston were accustomed to crowd that hall, and listen to men whom wisdom and eloquence raised to the rank of popular teachers and speakers; and at the time of Mr. Ticknor's birth there were two men in Boston — Harrison Gray Otis on the Federal side, and Charles Jarvis on the Democratic — who, in any age or country, would have been deemed excellent speakers.

Mr. Ticknor thus states his recollections of the town meetings of Boston in his youth: —

"I now (1865) feel sure — though at the time I did not so look upon them — that the town meetings held in Boston during the war of 1812 were more like the popular meetings in Athens than anything of the kind the world has ever seen. Commerce and trade were dead; the whole population was idle, and all minds intent on the politics of the day, as affecting their individual existence and happiness. Faneuil Hall could be filled with an eager and intelligent crowd at any moment of day or night. Town meetings were often continued two or three days, morning and evening. Caucuses were constantly held on Sunday evenings, and often it was necessary to adjourn from the small hall, where they might have been collected, to the Old South Church, for greater space. The orators were eloquent, and sometimes adverse parties met to discuss questions together. Governor Eustis, Mr. George Blake, and others on one side; Mr. H. G. Otis, Mr. Samuel Dexter, Mr. William Sullivan, on the other. All the speeches were extemporaneous; it would have lowered a man's reputation materially if it had been supposed that he had prepared and committed a speech to memory. Such a thing was never known; and no one thought of reporting any speech. Mr. Otis was a very captivating speaker; handsome, gesticulating gracefully, with a beautiful voice and fervent manner, he excited an audience sometimes to such a degree, that it was said, if it had pleased him, at the end of one of his speeches, to give a hurrah, and call on the people to follow him to burn the town, they would have done it. His manner was very natural."

In politics the town was strongly Federal. This was especially true of the educated and wealthier classes. The clergymen, lawyers, physicians, and merchants were nearly all of that party. Towards Washington their feeling was such as was due to his unequalled virtues and services, and hardly stopped short of idolatry. The opening scenes of the French Revolution were watched with the keenest interest by both parties, soon passing, with the Federalists, to aversion deepening into horror.

Mr. Ticknor remembered Washington's death, and says of it:—

"There never was a more striking or spontaneous tribute paid to a man than here in Boston, when the news came of Washington's death (1799). It was a little before noon; and I often heard persons say at the time that one could know how far the news had spread by the closing of the shops. Each man, when he heard that Washington was dead, shut his store as a matter of course, without consultation; and in two hours all business was stopped. My father came home and could not speak, he was so overcome; my mother was alarmed to see him in such a state, till he recovered enough to tell her the sad news. For some time every one, even the children, wore crape on the arm; no boy could go into the street without it. I wore it, though only eight years old."

In the household in which George was reared there was nothing of the Puritan austerity which has been spoken of as tingeing the domestic manners of New England at that time. Of the peculiar characteristics of the Puritans, his father had only their pure morals and their strong religious faith. Being the only child of his father, and much younger than his half brothers and sisters, he was naturally a good deal petted, but never unwisely indulged. He was a docile, affectionate, and engaging child, easily controlled, taking kindly to instruction, and early showing that love of knowledge which continued in him through life. He was very delicate in his childhood, and he believed it was owing to his mother's devoted care, and a very nourishing diet, that he was reared to man's estate.* Brought up by parents whose daily occupation had been instructing young persons, it was natural that they should give him the elements of knowledge early. He showed, especially, skill and facility in penmanship; and a copy-book is still preserved, filled by him very creditably when only four and a half years old.

Between him and his father there was the perfect love that casteth out fear. From the first he gave to this wise, good, and kind man his whole heart and full confidence, and was repaid by the most judicious care, the most thoughtful affection, the readiest and most comprehending sympathy. Mr. Ticknor carried with him through life the sweet remembrance of a happy childhood, a blessing the full value of which is only appreciated by those who have never had it.

It has always been deemed to be a sort of moral duty in New England for every one to study some profession or take up some calling. In Mr. Ticknor's youth the church and the bar divided between them the young men of studious habits and literary tastes. Mr. Ticknor's strong religious faith, pure morals, facility in writing, and easy and graceful elocution well qualified him for the sphere of a clergyman; but his thoughts were never turned that way; and, almost as a matter of course, he chose the law.

In due time he was admitted to the bar, opened an office, surrounded himself with a fair library of law-books, supplied by the kindness of his father, and stood for a year at the receipt of professional custom: nor was it a barren year; for the young lawyer who, at the start, pays all his office expenses during that period does well, and has no right to complain of fortune. And there can be no doubt that, had circumstances made it his duty to apply himself to the law, Mr. Ticknor would have been useful and eminent at the bar. He would have secured all the advantages that can be gained by invincible industry, sound judgment, and uncommon capacity in all business matters. Every lawyer knows that industry and judgment form the chief elements of professional success; and his habits of order, method, and punctuality would have secured the full confidence of his clients. He was the best man of business I have ever known of men not trained to it. His judgment in all things relating to the investment and care of property was excellent.

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* When eight or ten years old, he was allowed to get up as early as he pleased, to occupy himself quietly. In the winter he went to the kitchen, opened the fire, which, being of wood, was always covered with ashes the last thing at night, and there he read, or otherwise amused himself. He remembered and told with much amusement, his mortification when, coming down one winter night, with part of his clothes on his arm, he found the servants just preparing to go to bed, and, amidst many jokes, he was ignominiously dismissed to his own.

But having faithfully prepared himself for the law, and for a year patiently attended to its practice, Mr. Ticknor decided that the life of a lawyer would not satisfy his most simple ideas of usefulness or happiness. He therefore gave up his office, and turned his thoughts to plans of study and travel which should prepare him for the greater advantages of Europe. This was a conclusion not suddenly or unadvisedly formed, nor without the approval of his father, upon due consideration of the reasons which influenced his son in thus changing his course of life.

His motives for the step he took, and his hopes and views as to the future, may be learned from the following extract from a letter to his friend Mr. Haven, a young lawyer of Portsmouth, N. H., written in July, 1814: —

> "My plan, so far as I have one, is to employ the next nine months in visiting the different parts of this country, and in reading those books and conversing with those persons, from whom I can learn in what particular parts of the countries I mean to visit I can most easily compass my objects. The whole tour in Europe I consider a sacrifice of enjoyment to improvement. I value it only in proportion to the great means and inducements it will afford me to study — not men, but books. Wherever I establish myself, it will be only with a view of labor; and wherever I stay, — even if it be but a week, — I shall, I hope, devote myself to some study, many more hours in the day than I do at home."

In August of the same year he gave to Mr. Daveis, of Portland, Maine, much the same sketch of his plans: —

"This next winter I shall pass at the South, to see the men the cities contain, and get some notion of the state of my own country; and, in the spring, I shall go to the land of strangers. The prospect of the pleasures and profits of a voyage to Europe and of travelling there, grows dim and sad as I approach it. One who, like myself, has always been accustomed to live, in the strictest sense of the phrase, *at home*, and never to desire any pleasures which could not be found there, — one who has never had enough of curiosity to journey through his own country, — can hardly feel much exultation at the prospect of being absent two or three years from that country in which all his wishes and hopes rest, as in their natural centre and final home.

"I began, long ago, a course of studies which I well knew I could not finish on this side the Atlantic; and if I do not mean to relinquish my favorite pursuits, and acknowledge that I have trifled away some of the best years of my life, I must spend some time in Italy, France, and Germany, and in Greece, if I can. . . . . The truth is, dear Charles, that I have always considered this going to Europe a mere means of preparing myself for greater usefulness and happiness after I return, — as a great sacrifice of the present to the future; and the nearer I come to the time I am to make this sacrifice, the more heavy and extravagant it appears.

"But the resolution is taken and the preparation begun."

From these letters we learn the motives which led Mr. Ticknor to give up the law. Such a change is no very uncommon experience. Our paths in life are usually marked out by the force of circumstances over which we can exert but little control, and especially by that necessity of earning one's bread which is laid upon nine men out of ten. A young man of literary tastes may not like the profession to which he has been trained; but if he have good sense and strength of purpose, he will persevere in it, feeling assured that in this way he is certain of a sufficient support; while literature, which, as Scott well said, is a good staff but a poor crutch, gives no such pledge. But to this general rule there are exceptions. Some men, sooner or later, come to the dividing of the ways, and must decide for themselves whether they will take the right hand or the left. Some choose the wrong turn, and then the whole life becomes a failure, embittered by the feeling that the true vocation has been missed. Mr. Ticknor decided rightly. He gave up the law, not from a fickle temper, not from a restless and dissatisfied spirit, not because he preferred a life of indolence and ease to a life of toil, but because, upon reflection and experiment, he was satisfied that he should be more useful and happy as a man of letters than as a lawyer. He saw that the country would never be without good lawyers, because the bar presented such powerful attractions to able and ambitious young men; and that it was in urgent need of scholars, teachers, and men of letters, and that this want was much less likely to be supplied. Feeling in himself a strong love of literature, and, from the circumstances of his life, being able to indulge in it, he came to the conclusion that he should be of more service to his generation as a scholar than as a lawyer. A mere preference of taste would not alone have determined his choice; and it should always be borne in mind that, in turning from law to literature, he was merely exchanging one form of hard work for another. It was his purpose to labor in his new vocation as manfully as his contemporaries in the laborious profession he had left, and we shall see how nobly in the future he redeemed his self-imposed pledge.

This change in the plan of life involved a change in the course of study. If he were to be a scholar, and not a mere literary trifler, he must prepare himself for his new calling by diligent study, and must go where the best instruction was to be had, — to Europe, and first of all to Germany. Even at this day the earnest American scholar seeks to complete his education in Europe, for there he finds larger libraries, more accomplished teachers, and better appointed universities; but in all these respects the difference between the two countries was much greater forty or fifty years ago than it is now. The literary poverty of this country at that time cannot be better illustrated than by the fact which Mr. Ticknor gives, that when he wanted to study German he was obliged to seek a text-book in one place, a dictionary in a second, and a grammar in a third; the last two very indifferent in their kind. There are now, doubtless, more facilities in New England for the study of Arabic or Persian than there were then for the study of German.

But Mr. Ticknor spoke the simple truth when he said that he considered a residence in Europe as a sacrifice of enjoyment to improvement. He had all the elements of happiness in his own country. Very domestic in his tastes, he found under his father's roof a home in which affection, sympathy, and cultivation gave sweetness to every moment of life. The intelligent and agreeable society of Boston and its neighborhood, where he was always warmly welcomed, filled up pleasantly his hours of leisure, and we have seen by what strong ties of love and confidence he was bound to his friends. His was not the vacant mind which goes abroad in search of some object in life; nor did he sigh for the more highly flavored pleasures of a riper civilization than that of his own country.

Mr. Ticknor's journey to Washington and Virginia in the winter of 1814-15 was undertaken more as a matter of duty than of pleasure; for travelling in those days, in our country, was attended with wretched discomforts, of which those who were born in an age of railroads can have no conception. He felt that he ought not to go abroad without seeing something more of his own country than he had yet done; and he also hoped, in the course of his journey, to fall in with persons who had been in Europe and could give him information as to its universities and means of study.* His letters during this journey form a natural sequel to the autobiography. They were all written to his parents, except one to his friend, Mr. Edward T. Channing.

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* In the course of his journey Mr. Ticknor met at dinner, and I believe sat next to, Mr. William B. Astor, who, having recently returned home after a long residence in Germany, could have given him most valuable information as to its universities and teachers. But, unluckily, Mr. Ticknor was not aware of the fact, and the conversation did not take such a turn as to open the subject; and so the opportunity passed by unimproved, to his great regret when he learned what he had lost.

To Mr. E. Ticknor.

New York, December 31, 1814.

I devoted the greater part of this morning to Fulton's steam machinery. The first and most remarkable, of course, is the ship of war, which, instead of being called a frigate, is, in honor of its inventor, called a "Fulton," and instead of an appropriate appellation is numbered "1"; so that the mighty leviathan I went to see this morning is the "Fulton, No. 1." It is, in fact, two frigates joined together by the steam-enginery, which is placed directly in the centre, and operates on the water that flows between them. It has two keels and two bows, and will be rigged so as to navigate either end first. Its sides are five feet thick, and its bulwarks will be in proportion; so that it is claimed that it will be impervious to cannon shot. It will carry forty 32-pounders, and is intended chiefly for harbor defence. Here you have all I know, and perhaps all the inventor yet knows, of the prospects of this strange machine.

Philadelphia, January 6, 1815.

I dined to-day with Mr. Parish, a banker and a man of fortune. He is a bachelor, and lives in a style of great splendor. Everything at his table is of silver; and this not for a single course, or for a few persons, but through at least three courses for twenty. The meat and wines corresponded; the servants were in full livery with epaulets, and the dining-room was sumptuously furnished and hung with pictures of merit.

But what was more to me than his table or his fortune, John Randolph is his guest for some weeks. The instant I entered the room my eyes rested on his lean and sallow physiognomy. He was sitting, and seemed hardly larger or taller than a boy of fifteen. He rose to receive me as I was presented, and towered half a foot above my own height. This disproportion arises from the singular deformity of his person. His head is small, and, until you approach him near enough to observe the premature and unhealthy wrinkles that have furrowed his face, you would say that it was boyish. But as your eye turns towards his extremities, everything seems to be unnaturally stretched out and protracted. To his short and meagre body are attached long legs which, instead of diminishing, grow larger as they approach the floor, until they end in a pair of feet, broad and large, giving his whole person the appearance of a sort of pyramid. His arms are the counterparts of his legs; they rise from small shoulders, which seem hardly equal to the burden, are drawn out to a disproportionate length above the elbow, and to a still greater length below, and at last are terminated by a hand heavy enough to have given the supernatural blow to William of Deloraine, and by fingers which might have served as models for those of the goblin page.

In his physiognomy there is little to please or satisfy, except an eye which glances on all and rests on none. You observe, however, a mixture of the white man and the Indian, marks of both being apparent. His long straight hair is parted on the top, and a portion hangs down on each side, while the rest is carelessly tied up behind and flows down his back.

His voice is shrill and effeminate, and occasionally broken by those tones which you sometimes hear from dwarfs and deformed people. He spoke to me of the hospitality he had found in Philadelphia, and of the prospect of returning to a comfortless home, with a feeling that brought me nearer to him for the moment; and of the illness of his nephew Tudor, and the hopes that it had blasted, with a tenderness and melancholy which made me think better of his heart than I had before. At table he talked little, but ate and smoked a great deal.

To Mr. E. Ticknor.

GEORGETOWN, D. C., January 17, 1815.

As we drew near to the metropolis I got out and rode forward with the driver, that I might see all that was strange and new. We were travelling on the very road by which the British had approached before us. We crossed the bridge at Bladensburg by which they had crossed, and saw on its right the little breastwork by which it was so faintly and fruitlessly defended. The degree and continuance of the resistance were plainly marked by the small mounds on the wayside, which served as scanty graves to the few British soldiers who fell; and the final struggle, which took place about a mile from the spot where the opposition commenced, was shown by the tomb of Barney's captain and sailors. These few mounds, which the winters' frosts and rains will quickly obliterate, are all the monuments that remain to us in proof of the defence of the capital of the country.

We drove forward three miles farther, and in the midst of a desolate-looking plain, over which teams were passing in whatever direction they chose, I inquired of the driver where we were. "In the Maryland Avenue, sir." He had hardly spoken when the hill of the Capitol rose before us. I had been told that it was an imperfect, unfinished work, and that it was somewhat unwieldy in its best estate. I knew that it was now a ruin, but I had formed no conception of what I was to see, — the desolate and forsaken greatness in which it stood, without a building near it, except a pile of bricks on its left more gloomy than itself, and the ruins of the house from which General Ross was fired at, — no, not even a hill to soften the distant horizon behind it, or a fence or a smoke to give it the cheerful appearance of a human habitation.

Mr. Ticknor dined with President Madison soon after his arrival in Washington. In a letter to his father he gives an account of the dinner.

WASHINGTON, January 21, 1815.

About half the company was assembled when I arrived. The President himself received me, as the Secretary was not on hand, and introduced me to Mrs. Madison, and Mrs. Madison introduced me to Miss Coles, her niece. This is the only introduction, I am told, that is given on these occasions. The company amounted to about twenty. There were two or three officers of the army with double epaulets and somewhat awkward manners, but the rest were members of Congress, who seemed little acquainted with each other.

The President, too, appeared not to know all his guests, even by name. For some time there was silence, or very few words. The President and Mrs. Madison made one or two commonplace remarks to me and others. After a few moments a servant came in and whispered to Mr. Madison, who went out, followed by his Secretary. It was mentioned about the room that the Southern mail had arrived, and a rather unseemly anxiety was expressed about the fate of New Orleans, of whose imminent danger we heard last night. The President soon returned, with added gravity, and said that there was no news! Silence ensued. No man seemed to know what to say at such a crisis, and, I suppose, from the fear of saying what might not be acceptable, said nothing at all.

Just at dark, dinner was announced. Mr. Madison took in Miss Coles, General Winder followed with Mrs. Madison. The Secretary invited me to go next; but I avoided it, and entered with him, the last. Mrs. Madison was of course at the head of the table; but, to my surprise, the President sat at her right hand, with a seat between them vacant. Secretary Coles was at the foot. As I was about to take my place by him, the President desired me to come round to him, and seeing me hesitate as to the place, spoke again, and fairly seated me between himself and Mrs. M. This was unquestionably the result of President Adams's introduction. I looked very much like a fool, I have no doubt, for I felt very awkwardly.

As in the drawing-room before dinner, no one was bold enough to venture conversation. The President did not apparently know the guest on his right, nor the one opposite to him. . . . . Mrs. Madison is a large, dignified lady, with excellent manners, obviously well practised in the ways of the world. Her conversation was somewhat formal, but on the whole appropriate to her position, and now and then amusing. I found the President more free and open than I expected, starting subjects of conversation and making remarks that sometimes savored of humor and levity. He sometimes laughed, and I was glad to hear it; but his face was always grave. He talked of religious sects and parties, and was curious to know how the cause of liberal Christianity stood with us, and if the Athanasian creed was well received by our Episcopalians. He pretty distinctly intimated to me his own regard for the Unitarian doctrines. The conversation, however, was not confined to religion; he talked of education and its prospects, of the progress of improvement among us, and once or twice he gave it a political aspect, though with great caution. He spoke of Inchiquin's letters and the reply to them, but gave no opinion as to the truth or merits of either; and of Jeffrey, the editor of the "Edinburgh Review," whose name, when he had mentioned it, seemed to strike him with a sudden silence. I promise you I was careful in my replies, and did not suffer him to know that I had ever seen Jeffrey or his journal. He spoke to me of my visit to Monticello, and, when the party was separating, told me if I would go with him to the drawing-room and take coffee, his Secretary would give me the directions I desired. So I had another *tête-à-tête* with Mr. and Mrs. Madison, in the course of which Mr. M. gave amusing stories of early religious persecutions in Virginia, and Mrs. M. entered into a defence and panegyric of the Quakers, to whose sect, you know, she once belonged. . . . . At eight o'clock I took my leave.

To Edward T. Channing, Boston.

GEORGETOWN, D. C., January 22, 1815.

At the head-quarters of the assembled wisdom of the nation, I suppose, dear Edward, you will expect from me something on politics; and, if I write you anything, it must be about the last act or the last rumor, for such things here never survive the day or the hour that produced them. The last remarkable event in the history of this remarkable Congress is Dallas's Report. You can imagine nothing like the dismay with which it has filled the Democratic party. All his former communications were but emollients and palliatives, compared with this final disclosure of the bankruptcy of the nation. Mr. Eppes, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, or Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, read it in his place yesterday ; and when he had finished, threw it upon the table with expressive violence, and turning round to Mr. Gaston, asked him, with a bitter levity between jest and earnest : "Well, sir, will your party take the Government if we will give it up to them?" "No, sir," said Gaston, in a tone which, from my little acquaintance with him, I can easily believe to have been as equivocal as that in which the question was put. "No, sir ; not unless you will give it to *us* as we gave it to *you*." The truth is that this report is considered a plain acknowledgment that the administration can go forward no longer ; and though it is utterly impossible to foresee what will be the next measure, it is easy to believe that it will be violent and desperate.

To Mr. E. Ticknor.

Port Tobacco, Maryland, January 26, 1815.

We left Washington the 24th, just at sunrise, and drove five miles to a ferry, where our troops in their infatuation had burnt a bridge. It took an hour to cross the river through the ice, and then our way led through open fields, where only one wagon had preceded us. We had hardly driven a quarter of a mile when we broke through some ice ; one horse fell, and the carriage, as the phrase is, "mired up to the hubs." In half an hour we were extricated, and went on carefully by the track, often walking to lighten the carriage ; when the track suddenly turned into the woods, and left us without a guide. The snow was ten or fifteen inches deep, unbroken for a mile or two, when we again followed a cart a short distance. At last we reached the "Half-way House," a miserable hut of one room ; and as I went in, I saw a girl sitting by the fire, pale and feeble from illness ; and turning from her, lest she should think me too curious, saw a young man on a bed behind the door, whose countenance showed that he had not long to suffer. I was glad to leave this wretched hut. We went on at a moderate walk, foundered twice in the snow and mud, and at last broke the pole, when two miles from the nearest house. So Gray and I mounted one of the leaders and rode on, fording three brooks, one of them pretty deep. It was after three when we reached an inn, and soon sat down to our breakfast ! I had not eaten anything for twenty-four hours, and had worked hard, besides all the walking in the snow. When we had finished our meal we took another carriage, being solemnly warned of the difficulty of crossing the Matasmin, which, like all the other streams hereabout, has no bridge. We reached the ford just before sundown, found it frozen, broke the ice with poles; an hour and a half's hard driving and whipping got the horses into the middle of the stream, where they refused to go any farther. We got out of the carriage, and reached the bank on the ice. I left all my luggage, but a blanket, with the carriage in the middle of the stream. Through deep snow we walked a mile and a half to the first house. Though called a tavern, it was a miserable hovel; and when I went in I found two slaves stretched by the fire on one side, and two pigs on the other. As soon as the landlord had gone to the help of the driver, I began to look for accommodations for six passengers, two of whom were women. In the kitchen I found plenty of snow, but no fire or cooking utensils or eatables. I asked the boys if they had any beds. "Yes; one." "No more?" "No." "Have you any hay or straw?" "No." "Why, what does your master's horse live on?" "O, he lives on the borry." What "the borry" was, was not clear at first, but, finding it meant "borrowing," I told the boy to get in a good parcel of "borry." In an hour the coach was dragged up, and I began to talk about supper. It was a long time before the woman of the house would answer distinctly; but, after much urging and much searching, she gave us each a small tumbler of milk, and a short allowance of Indian cake. At ten o'clock the table was moved away, the pigs and negroes kicked out of the room, and two things misnamed beds were thrown down on some "borry," and I went supperless to bed. The wind came in through large cracks in four doors and two windows; yet I slept well, with three white companions and two negroes. I waked in the morning more hungry than when I went to sleep; but at "sun up," as they say here, set off without a mouthful of food. We went two miles, half on foot, and then stuck fast in the mud; and, after wasting our little strength in vain, Gray and I again mounted one of the horses, took a wrong track, went a mile before we discovered our mistake, at twelve reached the tavern only four miles from where we slept, sent back a yoke of oxen to pull out the coach, sent a man forward seven miles for horses and help, and then ordered breakfast. The people were very poor, and we found sickness and suffering more moving than we had seen it yesterday.

The breakfast was so poor that, hungry and fainting as we were, we could hardly eat enough to support us; but we could not complain, with such misery about us. Two miles farther we came to another stream; we had to break the ice, and, after an hour's delay, make our way to the opposite bank as we could. There, from a hill, we saw two saddle-horses and a tandem chaise coming to our relief; Gray and I took the horses, thinking a horse for each a luxury indeed. We soon reached this place, having in fifty-six hours had but one proper meal! We are in very good lodgings, and are promised better roads to Richmond. . . . . On many accounts I am not sorry that I have gone through these difficulties. You, my dear father, often talk to me of your sufferings as a Revolutionary soldier, and you, my dear mother, look down a little on the pet your indulgence has made. — but now I can answer you both.

To Mr. E. Ticknor.

Richmond, February 1, 1815.

You will expect from me some account of Mr. Wickham, and of the Chief Justice of the United States, the first lawyer — if not, indeed, the first *man* — in the country. You must then imagine before you a man who is tall to awkwardness, with a large head of hair, which looked as if it had not been lately tied or combed, and with dirty boots. You must imagine him, too, with a strangeness in his manners, which arises neither from awkwardness nor from formality, but seems to be a curious compound of both; and then, perhaps, you will have before you a figure something like that of the Chief Justice. His style and tones in conversation are uncommonly mild, gentle, and conciliating; and, before I had been with him half an hour, I had forgotten the carelessness of his dress and person, and observed only the quick intelligence of his eye, and the open interest he discovered in the subjects on which he spoke, by the perpetual variations of his countenance.

Mr. Wickham, who has long been at the head of the Virginia bar, was by far too well bred to let me learn anything more of him in the course of a visit of twenty minutes, than that he was an uncommonly courteous, elegant gentleman. Mr. Wirt, who is the author of "The British Spy," etc., seems a little more reserved, and perhaps affected, in his manners and remarks. Indeed, on the whole, if I had not known better, I might have set him down for one of those who were "pretty fellows in their day," but who were now rather second-hand in society. But this is all wrong. He is undoubtedly a powerful advocate and a thorough lawyer, by general consent.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, February 7, 1815.

We left Charlottesville on Saturday morning, the 4th of February, for Mr. Jefferson's. He lives, you know, on a mountain, which he has named Monticello, and which, perhaps you do not know, is a synonyme for Carter's mountain. The ascent of this steep, savage hill, was as pensive and slow as Satan's ascent to Paradise. We were obliged to wind two thirds round its sides before we reached the artificial lawn on which the house stands; and, when we had arrived there, we were about six hundred feet, I understand, above the stream which flows at its foot. It is an abrupt mountain. The fine growth of ancient forest-trees conceals its sides and shades part of its summit. The prospect is admirable. . . . . The lawn on the top, as I hinted, was artificially formed by cutting down the peak of the height. In its centre, and facing the southeast, Mr. Jefferson has placed his house, which is of brick, two stories high in the wings, with a piazza in front of a receding centre. It is built, I suppose, in the French style. You enter, by a glass folding-door, into a hall which reminds you of Fielding's "Man of the Mountain," by the strange furniture of its walls. On one side hang the head and horns of an elk, a deer, and a buffalo; another is covered with curiosities which Lewis and Clarke found in their wild and perilous expedition. On the third, among many other striking matters, was the head of a mammoth, or, as Cuvier calls it, a mastodon, containing the only *os frontis*, Mr. Jefferson tells me, that has yet been found. On the fourth side, in odd union with a fine painting of the Repentance of Saint Peter, is an Indian map on leather, of the southern waters of the Missouri, and an Indian representation of a bloody battle, handed down in their traditions.

Through this hall — or rather museum — we passed to the dining-room, and sent our letters to Mr. Jefferson, who was of course in his study. Here again we found ourselves surrounded with paintings that seemed good.

We had hardly time to glance at the pictures before Mr. Jefferson entered; and if I was astonished to find Mr. Madison short and somewhat awkward, I was doubly astonished to find Mr. Jefferson, whom I had always supposed to be a small man, more than six feet high, with dignity in his appearance, and ease and graciousness in his manners. . . . . He rang, and sent to Charlottesville for our baggage, and, as dinner approached, took us to the drawing-room, — a large and rather elegant room, twenty or thirty feet high, — which, with the hall I have described, composed the whole centre of the house, from top to bottom. The floor of this room is tessellated. It is formed of alternate diamonds of cherry and beech, and kept polished as highly as if it were of fine mahogany.

Here are the best pictures of the collection. Over the fireplace is the Laughing and Weeping Philosophers, dividing the world between them; on its right, the earliest navigators to America, — Columbus, Americus Vespuccius, Magellan, etc., — copied, Mr. Jefferson said, from originals in the Florence Gallery. Farther round, Mr. Madison in the plain, Quaker-like dress of his youth, Lafayette in his Revolutionary uniform, and Franklin in the dress in which we always see him. There were other pictures, and a copy of Raphael's Transfiguration.

We conversed on various subjects until dinner-time, and at dinner were introduced to the grown members of his family. These are his only remaining child, Mrs. Randolph, her husband, Colonel Randolph, and the two oldest of their unmarried children, Thomas Jefferson and Ellen; and I assure you I have seldom met a pleasanter party.

The evening passed away pleasantly in general conversation, of which Mr. Jefferson was necessarily the leader. I shall probably surprise you by saying that, in conversation, he reminded me of Dr. Freeman. He has the same discursive manner and love of paradox, with the same appearance of sobriety and cool reason. He seems equally fond of American antiquities, and especially the antiquities of his native State, and talks of them with freedom and, I suppose, accuracy. He has, too, the appearance of that fairness and simplicity which Dr. Freeman has; and, if the parallel holds no further here, they will again meet on the ground of their love of old books and young society.

On Sunday morning, after breakfast, Mr. Jefferson asked me into his library, and there I spent the forenoon of that day as I had that of yesterday. This collection of books, now so much talked about, consists of about seven thousand volumes, contained in a suite of fine rooms, and is arranged in the catalogue, and on the shelves, according to the divisions and subdivisions of human learning by Lord Bacon. In so short a time I could not, of course, estimate its value, even if I had been competent to do so.

Perhaps the most curious single specimen — or, at least, the most characteristic of the man and expressive of his hatred of royalty — was a collection which he had bound up in six volumes, and lettered "The Book of Kings," consisting of the "Memoires de la Princesse de

Bareith," two volumes ; " Les Memoires de la Comtesse de la Motte," two volumes ; the "Trial of the Duke of York," one volume ; and "*The Book*," one volume. These documents of regal scandal seemed to be favorites with the philosopher, who pointed them out to me with a satisfaction somewhat inconsistent with the measured gravity he claims in relation to such subjects generally.

On Monday morning I spent a couple of hours with him in his study. He gave me there an account of the manner in which he passed the portion of his time in Europe which he could rescue from public business ; told me that while he was in France he had formed a plan of going to Italy, Sicily, and Greece, and that he should have executed it, if he had not left Europe in the full conviction that he should immediately return there, and find a better opportunity. He spoke of my intention to go, and, without my even hinting any purpose to ask him for letters, told me that he was now seventy-two years old, and that most of his friends and correspondents in Europe had died in the course of the twenty-seven years since he left France, but that he would gladly furnish me with the means of becoming acquainted with some of the remainder, if I would give him a month's notice, and regretted that their number was so reduced.

The afternoon and evening passed as on the two days previous ; for everything is done with such regularity, that when you know how one day is filled, I suppose you know how it is with the others. At eight o'clock the first bell is rung in the great hall, and at nine the second summons you to the breakfast-room, where you find everything ready. After breakfast every one goes, as inclination leads him, to his chamber, the drawing-room, or the library. The children retire to their school-room with their mother, Mr. Jefferson rides to his mills on the Rivanna, and returns at about twelve. At half past three the great bell rings, and those who are disposed resort to the drawing-room, and the rest go to the dining-room at the second call of the bell, which is at four o'clock. The dinner was always choice, and served in the French style ; but no wine was set on the table till the cloth was removed. The ladies sat until about six, then retired, but returned with the tea-tray a little before seven, and spent the evening with the gentlemen ; which was always pleasant, for they are obviously accustomed to join in the conversation, however high the topic may be. At about half past ten, which seemed to be their usual hour of retiring, I went to my chamber, found there a fire, candle, and a servant in waiting to receive my orders for the morning, and in the morning was waked by his return to build the fire.

To-day, Tuesday, we told Mr. Jefferson that we should leave Monticello in the afternoon. He seemed much surprised, and said as much as politeness would permit on the badness of the roads and the prospect of bad weather, to induce us to remain longer. It was evident, I thought, that they had calculated on our staying a week. At dinner, Mr. Jefferson again urged us to stay, not in an oppressive way, but with kind politeness ; and when the horses were at the door, asked if he should not send them away ; but, as he found us resolved on going, he bade us farewell in the heartiest style of Southern hospitality, after thrice reminding me that I must write to him for letters to his friends in Europe. I came away almost regretting that the coach returned so soon, and thinking, with General Hamilton, that he was a perfect gentleman in his own house.

Two little incidents which occurred while we were at Monticello should not be passed by. The night before we left, young Randolph came up late from Charlottesville, and brought the astounding news that the English had been defeated before New Orleans by General Jackson. Mr. Jefferson had made up his mind that the city would fall, and told me that the English would hold it permanently — or for some time — by a force of Sepoys from the East Indies. He had gone to bed, like the rest of us ; but of course his grandson went to his chamber with the paper containing the news. But the old philosopher refused to open his door, saying he could wait till the morning ; and when we met at breakfast I found he had not yet seen it.

One morning, when he came back from his ride, he told Mr. Randolph, very quietly, that the dam had been carried away the night before. From his manner, I supposed it an affair of small consequence, but at Charlottesville, on my way to Richmond, I found the country ringing with it. Mr. Jefferson's great dam was gone, and it would cost $30,000 to rebuild it.

There is a breathing of notional philosophy in Mr. Jefferson, — in his dress, his house, his conversation. His setness, for instance, in wearing very sharp toed shoes, corduroy small-clothes, and red plush waistcoat, which have been laughed at till he might perhaps wisely have dismissed them.

So, though he told me he thought Charron, " De la Sagesse," the best treatise on moral philosophy ever written, and an obscure Review of Montesquieu, by Dupont de Nemours, the best political work that had been printed for fifty years, — though he talked very freely of the natural impossibility that one generation should bind another to pay a public debt, and of the expediency of vesting all the legislative authority of a State in one branch, and the executive authority in another, and leaving them to govern it by joint discretion, — I considered such opinions simply as curious *indicia* of an extraordinary character.

GEORGETOWN, February 19, 1815.

. . . . This evening, Mr. Sullivan, Colonel Perkins, and myself passed delightfully at Mr. Thomas Peter's, who married Miss Nellie Custis, granddaughter of Mrs. Washington, whom you see in the picture of "The Washington Family." They are both of the Boston stamp in politics; and while Mr. Peter, as an extraordinary treat for an extraordinary occasion, regaled the "delegates" with a bottle of wine from General Washington's cellar, Mrs. Peter gave me an account of her grandfather's mode of life and intercourse with his family. He rose at six during the whole year, and breakfasted precisely at seven in the summer and at eight in winter. After breakfast he went to his study for an hour, which he devoted to writing letters; then rode out, and was absent on his plantation till two; returned and dressed for dinner carefully; sat down to table at three, without waiting for any guests whom he might have invited; remained at table all the afternoon, if there were strangers who could claim such civility, but otherwise retired soon to his study; came to tea at seven or eight, and finished the evening with his family and friends.

Mrs. Peter also gave us, with a good deal of vivacity, the best account I have ever heard of the proceedings of the British at the capture of Washington; for, as she said, she was too much of a Tory to run, and therefore was an eyewitness of what happened. Of her politics you may judge by the names of her daughters, one of whom she has called Columbia Washington, another America Pinkney, and a third Britannia Wellington. What familiar abbreviations they use in common parlance for those names I did not venture to inquire. . . . .

GEORGETOWN, February, 1815.

I passed the whole of this morning in the Supreme Court. The room in which the Judges are compelled temporarily to sit is, like everything else that is official, uncomfortable, and unfit for the purposes for which it is used. They sat — I thought inconveniently — at the upper end; but, as they were all dressed in flowing black robes, and were fully powdered, they looked dignified. Judge Marshall is such as I described him to you in Richmond; Judge Washington is a little, sharp-faced gentleman, with only one eye, and a profusion of snuff distributed over his face ; and Judge Duval very like the late Vice-President. The Court was opened at half past eleven, and Judge Livingston and Judge Marshall read written opinions on two causes.

After a few moments' pause, they proceeded to a case in which Dexter, Pinkney, and Emmett were counsel. It was a high treat, I assure you, to hear these three lawyers in one cause. Pinkney opened it as junior counsel to Emmett ; and it was some time before I was so far reconciled to his manner as to be able to attend properly to his argument. His person, dress, and style of speaking are so different from anything which I ever saw before, that I despair of being able to give you an idea of him by description or comparison.

You must imagine, if you can, a man formed on nature's most liberal scale, who, at the age of fifty, is possessed with the ambition of being a pretty fellow, wears corsets to diminish his bulk, uses cosmetics, as he told Mrs. Gore, to smooth and soften a skin growing somewhat wrinkled and rigid with age, and dresses in a style which would be thought foppish in a much younger man. You must imagine such a man standing before the gravest tribunal in the land, and engaged in causes of the deepest moment ; but still apparently thinking how he can declaim like a practised rhetorician in the London Cockpit, which he used to frequent. Yet you must, at the same time, imagine his declamation to be chaste and precise in its language, and cogent, logical, and learned in its argument, free from the artifice and affectation of his manner, and, in short, opposite to what you might fairly have expected from his first appearance and tones. And when you have compounded these inconsistencies in your imagination, and united qualities which on common occasions nature seems to hold asunder, you will, perhaps, begin to form some idea of what Mr. Pinkney is.

He spoke about an hour, and was followed by Mr. Dexter, who, with that cold severity which seems peculiarly his own, alluded to the circumstance of his being left alone (his coadjutor not having come) to meet two such antagonists ; then went on to admit all that Mr. Pinkney had said, and to show that it had nothing to do with the case in hand, and finally concluded by setting up an acute, and, as I suppose it will prove, a successful defence.

Mr. Emmett closed the cause in a style different from either of his predecessors. He is more advanced in life than they are ; but he is yet older in sorrows than in years. There is an appearance of premature age in his person, and of a settled melancholy in his countenance, which may be an index to all that we know of himself and his family. At any rate, it wins your interest before he begins to speak.

He was well possessed of his cause, and spoke with a heartiness which showed that he desired to serve his client rather than to display himself. He was more bold and free in his language, yet perhaps equally exact and perspicuous; and if Mr. Pinkney was more formally logical, and Mr. Dexter more coldly cogent, Mr. Emmett was more persuasive.

When he had finished, I was surprised to find that he had interested me so much that, if he had not stopped, I should have lost my dinner.

February 21, 1815.

I was in court all this morning. The session was opened by Judge Story and the Chief Justice, who read elaborate opinions. During this time Mr. Pinkney was very restless, frequently moved his seat, and, when sitting, showed by the convulsive twitches of his face how anxious he was to come to the conflict. At last the judges ceased to read, and he sprang into the arena like a lion who had been loosed by his keepers on the gladiator that awaited him.

The display was brilliant. Notwithstanding the pretension and vehemence of his manner, — though he treated Mr. Emmett, for whom I had been much interested yesterday, with somewhat coarse contempt, — in short, notwithstanding there was in his speech great proof of presumption and affectation; yet, by the force of eloquence, logic, and legal learning, by the display of naked talent, he made his way over my prejudices and good feelings to my admiration and, I had almost said, to my respect. He left his rival far behind him; he left behind him, it seemed to me at the moment, all the public speaking I had ever heard. With more cogency than Mr. Dexter, he has more vivacity than Mr. Otis; with Mr. Sullivan's extraordinary fluency, he seldom or never fails to employ precisely the right phrase; and with an arrangement as logical and luminous as Judge Jackson's, he unites an overflowing imagination. It is, however, in vain to compare him with anybody or everybody whom we have been in the habit of hearing, for he is unlike and, I suspect, above them all.

He spoke about three hours and a half, and when he sat down, Emmett rose very gravely. "The gentleman," said the grand Irishman, in a tone of repressed feeling which went to my heart, — "the gentleman yesterday announced to the court his purpose to show that I was mistaken in every statement of facts and every conclusion of law which I had laid before it. Of his success to-day the court alone have a right to judge; but I must be permitted to say that, in my estimation, the manner of announcing his threat of yesterday, and of attempting to fulfil it to-day, was not very courteous to a stranger, an equal, and one who is so truly inclined to honor his talents and learning. It is a manner which I am persuaded he did not learn in the polite circles in Europe, to which he referred, and which I sincerely wish he had forgotten there, wherever he may have learnt it."

Mr. Pinkney replied in a few words of cold and inefficient explanation, which only made me think yet less well of him, and impelled me to feel almost sorry that I had been obliged so much to admire his high talents and success.*

BALTIMORE, March 1, 1815.

I called this morning on the venerable Archbishop Carroll. The good old man was employed in writing a pastoral letter to his Massachusetts diocesan. By his side was a beautiful copy of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," open on a frame, an apt indication of the union of letters with official duties. He recollected me, inquired after Mr. Jefferson and his library, and seemed interested in what I told him. When I came away he bestowed a patriarchal benediction upon me.

I dined at Mr. Robert Oliver's, with a large company of some of the more considerable men of Maryland ; the most distinguished being Mr. Charles Carroll, the friend of Washington, one of the three surviving signers of the Declaration of Independence, at one time Senator of the United States, and the richest landholder, I suppose, in the country. At eighty he reads and enjoys his classical books more than most young men of the present generation. He is a specimen of the old *régime*, one of the few who remain to us as monuments of the best bred and best educated among our fathers. He wears large gold buckles in his shoes and broad lace ruffles over his hands and bosom, the fashion, I suppose, of the year '60. His manner has a grave and stately politeness, and his tact and skill in conversation lead him to the subjects most familiar to his hearer ; while he is so well read that he appears to have considered each himself.

Mr. Ticknor, like all young men of full minds and warm hearts, was a frequent and copious correspondent. Of the letters written to his friends before his departure for Europe, many are still preserved, and of these two are given as specimens of his intellectual activity and the warmth of his affections. The sketch of Mr. Jeffrey, in the letter to Mr. Daveis, will be recognized as an admirable pen-portrait, especially for so young an artist. The power of drawing characters with a firm and discriminating touch does not usually come till later in life. Mr. Jeffrey came to America in a cartel, in the depth of winter. Having, in Edinburgh, made the acquaintance of Miss Wilkes, of New York, he crossed the ocean to seek her for his wife, and won her.

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* The case in which Mr. Pinkney and Mr. Emmett came into collision, described in this letter, was the Nereide, reported in 9 Cranch, 388. That spoken of in the previous letter, in which Mr. Dexter was opposed to Mr. Pinkney and Mr. Emmett, must have been The Frances, 9 Cranch, 183.

To Edward T. Channing.

Essex St., April, 1812, 11 p. m.

Dear Ned, — By Jove, you are a rare one! Nature may run over all the old spoons in her mint, and never make two ninepences like you. Two such as you don't come in one generation. "Non terra duos soles, neque Asia, duos reges tolerare potest"; and if two Ned Channings should fall together, the world would not know which end it stood upon. Only an hour ago you went off, convincing me that I was a fool, and did not know my Horace. You shut up my mouth, when I was *right*, by a sleight of hand peculiar to yourself; and these presents are to let you know that I shall understand you for the future.

Touching that passage, — Sat. 1, line 100, — the facts are these. Horace, in conversation with a miser, endeavors to dissuade him from parsimony, by telling him that one Numidius had his brains beat out for it by his servant. This wench he calls "fortissima Tyndaridarum," not because she was one of the descendants of Tyndarus, but because she was more brave than the daughters of Tyndarus, Helen and Clytemnestra, who had murdered their husbands, Deiphobus and Agamemnon. The same objection, therefore, lies against this, which meets us in Paradise Lost, Book IV.; for Horace had no more right to say that this *liberta* was the boldest of the daughters of Tyndarus — when she was none of them — than Milton had to call "Adam the goodliest man of men since born his sons."

The cases, you must confess, are parallel, and, to save your feelings, literary vanity, etc., etc., I will acknowledge that the case of Milton is the strongest and most obvious.

Homer, however, settles the whole question. He says that Thetis went to heaven and implored Jupiter to honor her son, telling him, as a motive, that his life would be very short. But, on your ground, how could he be the most short-lived of *the rest?*

My last example is similar to this one. In enumerating the Grecian heroes, and assigning them their several qualities and virtues, he gives Nereus beauty.

Here it is again. Milton is a fool to this! The example is tangible, — it cannot be evaded; you may as well try to jump clear of space, or forget yourself into nonentity, as to run away from it. To make assurance doubly certain, however, I will show you, on the authority of Pope, that I have not mistaken the meaning of the passages I cite. The first is done badly enough, to be sure: —

> "Some mark of honor on my son bestow,
> And pay in glory what in life you owe.
> Fame is at least by heav'nly promise due
> To life so short," etc.

This is miserable enough; the other is better: —

> "Nereus, in faultless shape and blooming grace,
> The loveliest youth of all the Grecian race."

I suppose you are convinced against your will; and I know from Hudibras what I am to expect in such a case; but still, in spite of precedent and authority, I calculate on your submission to Horace, Homer, Milton, and George Ticknor! *Vive atque vale.*

To Charles S. Daveis, Portland.

Boston, February 8, 1814.

"If all the world had their deserts," said the heir-apparent of Denmark in my hearing last night, "who should escape whipping?" And so, my dear Charles, though I knew when I received your letter, a few moments ago, that it was a great deal more than I deserved, yet I felt much less compunction, I fear, than I ought, and less than I should have felt, if I had not been persuaded that other people were the objects of greater kindness than they merit. . . . .

I had seriously intended to send you a sketch of the Abraham of the "Edinburgh Review," while I was running over with speculations and opinions about him; and as you seem to regret that I did not, and as it is impossible to hear too much about a man who exercises some influence over every one of us, I think I may venture to give you a page about him.

You are to imagine, then, before you, a short, stout, little gentleman, about five and a half feet high, with a very red face, black hair, and black eyes. You are to suppose him to possess a very gay and animated countenance, and you are to see in him all the restlessness of a will-o'-wisp, and all that fitful irregularity in his movements which you have heretofore appropriated to the pasteboard Merry Andrews whose limbs are jerked about with a wire. These you are to interpret as the natural indications of the impetuous and impatient character which a further acquaintance develops.

He enters a room with a countenance so satisfied, and a step so light and almost fantastic, that all your previous impressions of the dignity and severity of the "Edinburgh Review" are immediately put to flight, and, passing at once to the opposite extreme, you might, perhaps, imagine him to be frivolous, vain, and supercilious. He accosts you, too, with a freedom and familiarity which may, perhaps, put you at your ease and render conversation unceremonious; but which, as I observed in several instances, were not very tolerable to those who had always been accustomed to the delicacy and decorum of refined society. Mr. Jeffrey, therefore, I remarked, often suffered from the prepossessions of those he met, before any regular conversation commenced, and almost before the tones of his voice were heard. It is not possible, however, to be long in his presence without understanding something of his real character, — for the same promptness and assurance which mark his entrance into a room carry him at once into conversation. The moment a topic is suggested — no matter what or by whom — he comes forth, and the first thing you observe is his singular fluency.

He bursts upon you with a torrent of remarks, and you are for some time so much amused with his earnestness and volubility, that you forget to ask yourself whether they have either appropriateness or meaning. When, however, you come to consider his remarks closely, you are surprised to find that, notwithstanding his prodigious rapidity, the current of his language never flows faster than the current of his thoughts. You are surprised to discover that he is never, like other impetuous speakers, driven to amplification and repetition in order to gain time to collect and arrange his ideas; you are surprised to find that, while his conversation is poured forth in such a fervor and tumult of eloquence that you can scarcely follow or comprehend it, it is still as compact and logical as if he were contending for a victory in the schools or for a decision from the bench.

After all this, however, you do not begin to understand Mr. Jeffrey's character; for it is not until you become interested in the mere discussion, until you forget his earnestness, his volubility, and his skill, that you begin to feel something of the full extent of his powers.

You do not, till then, see with how strong and steady a hand he seizes the subject, and with what ease, as well as dexterity, he turns and examines it on every side. You are not, until then, convinced that he but plays with what is the labor of ordinary minds, and that half his faculties are not called into exercise by what you at first supposed would tax his whole strength. And, after all, you are able to estimate him, not by what you witness, — for he is always above a topic which can be made the subject of conversation, — but by what you imagine he would be able to do if he were excited by a great and difficult subject and a powerful adversary.

With all this, he preserves in your estimation a transparent simplicity of character. You are satisfied that he does nothing for effect and show ; you see that he never chooses the subject, and never *leads* the conversation in such a way as best to display his own powers and acquirements. You see that he is not ambitious of being thought a wit ; and that, when he has been most fortunate in his argument or illustration, he never looks round, as some great men do, to observe what impression he has produced upon his hearers. In short, you could not be in his presence an hour without being convinced that he has neither artifice nor affectation ; that he does not talk from the pride of skill or of victory, but because his mind is full to overflowing, and conversation is his relief and pleasure.

But, notwithstanding everybody saw and acknowledged these traits in Mr. Jeffrey's character, he was very far from winning the good opinion of all. There were still not a few who complained that he was supercilious, and that he thought himself of a different and higher order from those he met ; that he had been used to dictate until he was unwilling to listen, and that he had been fed upon admiration until it had become common food, and he received it as a matter of course.

There is some ground for this complaint ; but I think the circumstances of the case should take its edge from censure. It seems to me that Mr. Jeffrey has enough of that amiable feeling from which politeness and the whole system of the *petite morale* springs, but that he has not learned the necessary art of distributing it in judicious proportions. He shows the same degree of deference to every one he meets ; and, therefore, while he flatters by his civility those who are little accustomed to attention from their superiors, he disappoints the reasonable expectations of those who have received the homage of all around them until it has become a part of their just expectations and claims.

This, at least, was the distinction here. The young men and the literary men all admired him; the old men and the politicians found their opinions and dignity too little regarded by the impetuous stranger. The reasons of this are to be sought, I should think, in his education and constitution; and I was, therefore, not disposed to like him the less for his defect. I was not disposed to claim from a man who must have passed his youth in severe and solitary study, and who was not brought into that class of society which refines and fashions all the external expressions of character, until his mind and habits were matured, and he was brought there to be admired and to dictate, — I was not disposed to claim from *him* that gentleness and delicacy of manners which are acquired only by early discipline, and which are most obvious in those who have received, perhaps, their very character and direction from early collision with their superiors in station or talents.

Besides, even admitting that Mr. Jeffrey could have been early introduced to refined society, still I do not think his character would have been much changed; or, if it had been, that it would have been changed for the better. I do not think it would have been possible to have drilled him into the strict forms of society and *bienséance* without taking from him something we should be very sorry to lose.

There seems to me to be a prodigious rapidity in his mind which could not be taken away without diminishing its force; and yet it is this rapidity, I think, which often offended some of my elder friends, in the form of impatience and abruptness. He has, too, a promptness and decision which contribute, no doubt, to the general power of his mind, and certainly could not be repressed without taking away much of that zeal which carries him forward in his labors, and gives so lively an interest to his conversation; yet you could not be an hour in his presence without observing that his promptness and decision very often make him appear peremptory and assuming.

In short, he has such a *familiar* acquaintance with almost all the subjects of human knowledge, and consequently such an intimate conviction that he is right, and such a habit of carrying his point; he passes, as it seems to me, with such intuitive rapidity from thought to thought, and subject to subject, — that his mind is completely occupied and satisfied with its own knowledge and operations, and has no attention left to bestow on the tones and manners of expression. He is, in fact, so much absorbed with the weightier matters of the discussion, — with the subject, the argument, and the illustrations, — that he forgets the small tithe of humility and forbearance which he owes to every one with whom he converses ; and I was not one of those who ever wished to correct his forgetfulness, or remind him of his debt.

You will gather from these desultory and diffuse remarks, that I was very much delighted with Mr. Jeffrey. . . . . All that he knew — and, as far as I could judge, his learning is more extensive than that of any man I ever met — seemed completely incorporated and identified with his own mind ; and I cannot, perhaps, give you a better idea of the readiness with which he commanded it, and of the consequent facility and fluency of his conversation, than by saying, with Mr. Ames, that "he poured it out like water."

You have by this time, I suspect, heard enough of Mr. Jeffrey ; at any rate, it is a great deal more than I thought I should send you when I began, as soon as I received yours. I was very soon interrupted. The next day was Edward Everett's ordination, but still I wrote a little. Yesterday I added another page, and this morning (February 11) have finished it. I hope it has coherence and consistency. . . . .

Yours affectionately,

Geo. Ticknor.

CHAPTER III.

Departure for Europe. — Arrival in England. — State of feeling there. — Mr. Roscoe. — Chirk Castle. — Dr. Parr. — Arrival in London. — Mr. Vaughan. — Mr. Sharp. — Sir Humphry Davy. — Gifford. — Lord Byron. — Anecdotes of Bonaparte. — Mr. Murray. — Mr. West. — Mr. Campbell. — Mrs. Siddons. — Leaves London. — Arrival in Göttingen.

MR. TICKNOR was now twenty-three' years old, in full vigor of health and activity of mind, having faithfully used his powers and opportunities for the acquisition of knowledge, both of books and men. In person he was slight, of medium height, and well proportioned. He was light and active in his movements, and continued so through life. His complexion was dark and rich; his eyes, large, and so dark that they might almost be called black, were very bright and expressive. His hair, also dark, was thick, and inclined to curl. His memory was exact and retentive, enabling him to enrich conversation with fact, anecdote, and quotation. His vivacity of feeling, quick perceptions, and ready sympathy not only made him socially attractive, but secured him attached friends.

He was cordially welcomed in the society of Boston, and was a favored guest in its best houses. Intercourse with cultivated minds, the affection of a few friends of his own age and similar tastes, and the happy influences of his home were necessities to him; while, with fresh, unworn spirits, he enjoyed, like others, the forms and amusements of general society.

He had now completed, as far as was possible, his preparation for a residence and course of study abroad; and, on reaching home after his journey to Virginia, found, to his surprise, that his passage had been taken for the voyage. During his absence several of his friends had decided to go to Europe, some in search of health and some of instruction; and his father, anticipating his wishes, had secured for him a place in the same vessel. The separation from home cost him a severe struggle, and nothing could have enabled him to keep his resolution but the clear perception that it was the only means by which he could fit himself for future usefulness in the path he had chosen. He sailed in the Liverpool packet, on the 16th of April, 1815. He had the happiness of the companionship of four of his most valued and intimate friends, — Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Perkins, Mr. Edward Everett, and Mr. Haven, of Portsmouth, N. H. Among other passengers were two young sons of Mr. John Quincy Adams, on their way to join their father, then United States Minister at St. Petersburg.

Mr. Ticknor wrote many pages during his voyage to his father and mother, full of affection and cheering thoughts, and giving incidents and details, to amuse their solitary hours. The last page gives his first natural feeling at the startling news that met the passengers as they entered the Mersey.

May 11, 1815, evening.

The pilot who is carrying us into Liverpool, told us of Bonaparte's return to Paris, and re-establishment at the head of the French Empire. We did not believe it; but from another pilot-boat, which we have just spoken, we have received an account which is but too sufficient a confirmation of the story. Even in this age of tremendous revolutions, we have had none so appalling as this. We cannot measure or comprehend it. . . . . When Napoleon was rejected from France, every man in Christendom, of honest principles and feelings, felt as if a weight of danger had been lifted from his prospects, — as if he had a surer hope of going down to his grave in peace, and leaving an inheritance to his children. But now the whole complexion of the world is changed again. . . . . God only can foresee the consequences, and He too can control them. Terrible as the convulsion may be, it may be necessary for the purification of the corrupt governments of Europe, and for the final repose of the world.

Many years later he dictated his recollections of the state of feeling he observed on his arrival in England.

In May, 1815, I arrived in Liverpool. When I left Boston, Bonaparte was in Elba, and all Europe in a state of profound peace. The pilot came on board as we approached the mouth of the Mersey, and told us that Bonaparte was in Paris, and that everything was preparing for a general war against him. Having been bred in the strictest school of Federalism, I felt as the great majority of the English people felt, in that anxious crisis of their national affairs; but, on reaching Liverpool, I soon found that not a few people looked upon the matter quite differently. Mr. Roscoe, mild and philosophical in his whole character, was opposed to the war, and, at a dinner at Allerton, gave the usual whig argument against it, in a manner that very much surprised me.

On my way up to London I stopped at Hatton, and made a visit to Dr. Parr. He certainly was not very gentle or philosophic in his opposition. "Sir," said he, in his solemn, dogmatical manner, with his peculiar lisp, which always had something droll about it, — "thir, I should not think I had done my duty, if I went to bed any night without praying for the success of Napoleon Bonaparte."

. . . . .

Another fact belonging to this period and state of feeling in England was told me at Keswick, in 1819, by Mr. Southey. He said that in the spring of 1815 he was employed in writing an article for the "Quarterly Review" upon the life and achievements of Lord Wellington. He wrote in haste the remarkable paper which has since been published more than once, and the number of the "Review" containing it was urged through the press, so as to influence public opinion as much as possible, and to encourage the hearts of men throughout the country for the great contest.

At the same time a number of the "Edinburgh" was due. Sir James Mackintosh had written an able and elaborate article, to show that the war ought to have been avoided, and that its consequences to England could only be unfortunate and inglorious. The number was actually printed, stitched, and ready for distribution; but it was thought better to wait a little for fear of accidents, and especially for the purpose of using it instantly after the first reverse should occur, and to give it the force of prophecy.

The battle of Waterloo came like a thunder-clap. The article was suppressed, and one on "Gall and his Craniology" was substituted for it. There it may still be found. I think Mr. Southey said he had seen the repudiated article.

While in Liverpool, Mr. Ticknor made the acquaintance of Mr. Roscoe, then in the enjoyment of wealth as well as fame, and gives a sketch of him in a letter to his friend, Mr. Daveis: —

"Of the acquaintances whom I found or formed in Liverpool, I know not that you will be much interested to hear of any but Mr. Roscoe, whom you already know as an author, and probably as the Lorenzo of his native city; for, like the happy subject he has chosen, he is himself a lover of, and a proficient in, the fine arts, and has done more to encourage and patronize learning than all his fellow-citizens put together. But he is now beginning to bend with age, and has retired from active pursuits, both as a man of letters and a banker. Still, however, he loves society, and his fine house (Allerton Hall, eight miles from Liverpool) is open to all strangers, — whose company he even solicits. There he lives in a style of splendor suited to his ample fortune; and, what is singular, he lives on the very estate where his father was gardener and his mother housekeeper. There I passed one day with him, and called on him afterwards and spent a couple of hours, and found him exceedingly simple in his manners, and uncommonly pleasant in his conversation.

"For a man of sixty-five, his vivacity and enthusiasm were very remarkable, and were very remarkably expressed, as he showed me a large collection of Burns's original MSS., beginning with the earliest effusions, as contained in the copy-books mentioned, I believe, in his brother's letter to Dr. Currie, and ending with the last letter he ever wrote, — the letter to his wife, — which, if I recollect right, concludes Dr. Currie's collection. These papers, Mr. Roscoe seems to preserve with a sort of holy reverence, and he read me from among them several characteristic love-letters, and some Jacobite pieces of poetry, which have never been, and never will be published, with a degree of feeling which would have moved me in one of my own age, and was doubly interesting in an old man."

Mr. Ticknor left Liverpool on the 17th of May, and arrived in London on the 25th of the same month, travelling in the leisurely style of those days; passing through Chester, St. Asaph's, Llangollen, Shrewsbury, Birmingham, and Warwick; everywhere charmed with the aspect of a rich and cultivated country glowing with the bloom and verdure of an English spring. In addition to a copious correspondence with relatives and friends at home, it was his custom to keep full journals of his life and experiences during his whole residence in Europe, from which we shall often draw.

Framingham State College
Framingham, Massachuse

JOURNAL.

May 20, 1815. — A few miles after we left the valley [Llangollen], to which we cast back many a longing, lingering look, we came to Chirk Castle, the seat of the Middletons; which seems, in all its more ancient division, one extensive monument of fidelity to the Stuarts. Even the old housekeeper, who showed us the apartments, was a thorough Jacobite. The banqueting-room was filled with pictures which proved their sufferings from Cromwell, and their loyalty to their sovereign; and the chamber of state was preserved with a sort of reverence in the same condition, with the same tapestry, furniture, and bedclothes that it had when Charles I. slept there, on his way to his ruin at Chester. Among the fine pictures in the collection, I was struck with that of a beautiful lady, with an uncommonly meek and subdued expression of countenance, and dressed in the humble weeds of a nun. I inquired of the old housekeeper, who claimed to know the private history of every piece of furniture in the establishment, who the nun was. "She was the sister of Owen Tudor," the old lady replied, "but no nun at all, sir, for her seventh husband was a Middleton, and that 's the reason the picture is here. They tell an odd story," the old lady went on, "that when she was riding to the burying of her fourth, the gentleman she was behind — for it was before carriages were known in England — thought it was best to be in season, and so put the question to her as they came home from the grave. She told him, she was very sorry indeed he was too late, but if she had that melancholy office to perform again, she would certainly remember him."

Hatton, *May* 23, 1815. — Dr. Parr lives at Hatton, but four miles from Warwick, and I was resolved not to pass so near to one who is the best Latin scholar, and almost the best Greek one in England, without seeing him, at least for a moment. Mr. Roscoe had volunteered me a letter, but I left Liverpool half a day before I intended, and the consequence was, that I did not receive it till I reached London. So I went to the doctor's with a traveller's effrontery, and sent in a note, asking leave to visit him, as a stranger. He came out to the carriage immediately, — received me with a solemnity of politeness which would have been grotesque, if it had not obviously been well meant, — carried me in, asked me to stay to dinner, — and come again when I had more time; and, in fact, treated me with as much kindness as if I had carried a volume of introductions. He is, I should think, about seventy; and though a good deal smaller, looks somewhat like his old friend Dr. Johnson, — wears just such a coat and waistcoat, and the same kind of dirty bob-wig, — and rolls himself about in his chair, as Boswell tells us Johnson did. His conversation was fluent and various, — full of declamation and sounding phrases like his writings, — and as dictatorial as an emperor's. He chose those subjects which he thought would be most interesting to me; and, though he often mistook in this, he never failed to be amusing.

On American politics, he was bold and decisive. He thought we had ample cause for war, and seemed to have a very favorable opinion of our principal men, such as Jefferson and Madison, and our late measures, such as Monroe's conscription plan, and the subject of taking Canada, — though it was evident enough that he knew little about any of them. "Thirty years ago," said he in a solemn tone, which would have been worthy of Johnson, — "thirty years ago, sir, I turned on my heel when I heard you called *rebels*, and I was always glad that you beat us." He made some inquiries on the subject of our learning and universities, of which he was profoundly ignorant, and spoke of the state of religion in our section of the country — in particular of Dr. Freeman's alterations of the Liturgy, which he had seen — with a liberal respect, much beyond what I should have expected from a Churchman. When I came away, he followed me to the door, with many expressions of kindness, and many invitations to come and spend some time with him, on my return to England, and finally took leave of me with a bow, whose stately and awkward courtesy will always be present in my memory whenever I think of him.

His first evening in London was spent at the theatre, witnessing the performance of Miss O'Neil in "The Gamester," of whom he thus writes to his father: "I can truly say I never knew what acting was until I saw her.* The play was 'The Gamester.' I cried like a school-boy, to the great amusement of the John Bulls who were around me in the pit. All night my dreams did homage to the astonishing powers of this actress, and my first waking imaginations this morning still dwelt on the hysterical laugh when she was carried off the stage. I absolutely dread to see her again."

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* This must be taken as a proof of the power Miss O'Neil exercised, for Mr. Ticknor had often seen Cooke in Boston, and placed his acting above that of any male actor whom he saw in Europe. He saw Cooke in Shylock nine times in succession, generally leaving the theatre after Shylock's last scene.

Mr. Ticknor remained in London a little more than a month, which was to him a period of animated interest and high enjoyment. It was the height of the London season, when Parliament was in session, and the great metropolis gathered within its folds a large proportion of the science, literature, and art of the whole country. Uncommon social opportunities were held out to him, and the kindness with which he was received was an unbiassed tribute to his social gifts; for London society, though hospitable, is fastidious, and will not tolerate any one who cannot contribute his fair share to the common stock of entertainment. In some respects his good fortune was rare and exceptional, for it so happened that he saw frequently, and on easy and familiar terms, Lord Byron, the most brilliant man of letters in England, and Sir Humphry Davy, the most brilliant man of science. Every hour of his time was agreeably filled with social engagements or visits to the many points of interest with which his reading had made him familiar, and the high pulse of his enjoyment is felt in his letters and journals.

To Elisha Ticknor.

London, May 26, 1815.

At last, my dear father, I address you from this great city. . . . . I feel no uncommon elation at finding myself in the world's metropolis. I only feel that I am in the midst of a million of people, whom I know not, and that I am driven forward by a crowd in whose objects and occupations and thoughts I have no share or interest. . . . . I fear, my dear father, that you may be anxious about my going to the Continent, in consequence of the change of affairs in France. I assure you there is not the least occasion for anxiety. . . . . It is not at all dangerous. Mr. Adams, who arrived in town the same day that we did, assures us there is, and will be, no hazard or embarrassment in going now, or after hostilities have commenced, even directly to France, much less to Holland, and to a university which knows no changes of war or peace. Besides, Americans are now treated with the most distinguished kindness and courtesy wherever they are known to be such. This I know from the testimony of very many of our countrymen, who have just returned from France and Germany. But not only Americans, but Englishmen go every day to the Continent, without molestation. I pray you, therefore, be perfectly easy, for I shall run no risk. . . . . We left Liverpool on the 17th, and arrived here on the 25th, and are just settled in our respective lodgings, and ready to present our letters of introduction.

JOURNAL.

May 30. — To-day I dined at Mr. William Vaughan's, the brother of Mr. Benjamin Vaughan, of Hallowell, and of Mr. John Vaughan, of Philadelphia, and as actively kind and benevolent as either of them. Dr. Rees, the editor of the Cyclopædia, was there, and, though now past seventy, and oppressed with the hydrothorax, he still retains so much of the vigor and vivacity of youth, that I think he may yet live to complete the great work he has undertaken. He is a specimen, in excellent preservation, of the men of letters of the last century, and is full of stories in relation to them, which are very amusing. He was present, and gave us a lively account of Dilly's famous dinner, when Wilkes won his way, as Boswell says, by his wit and good-humor, but, as Dr. Rees says, by the grossest flattery, to Dr. Johnson's heart. Dr. Rees said, that long before Johnson's death it was understood that Boswell was to be his biographer, and that he always courted Boswell more than anybody else, that he might be sure of the point of view in which he was to be exhibited to posterity. Boswell, in his turn, ruined his fortune and alienated the affections of his wife, by living so much of his time — at considerable expense — in London, that he might be near his subject and in good society.

June 6. — We dined at Mr. Vaughan's with several men of letters, but I saw little of them, excepting Mr. Sharp, formerly a Member of Parliament, and who, from his talents in society, has been called "Conversation Sharp." He has been made an associate of most of the literary clubs in London, from the days of Burke down to the present time. He told me a great many amusing anecdotes of them, and particularly of Burke, Porson, and Grattan, with whom he had been intimate ; and occupied the dinner-time as pleasantly as the same number of hours have passed with me in England.

He gave me a new reading in Macbeth, from Henderson, to whom Mrs. Siddons once read her part for correction, when Mr. Sharp was present. The common pointing and emphasis is : —

Macbeth. If we should fail?
Lady Macbeth. We *fail.*
But screw your courage to the *sticking* place,
And we 'll not fail.

"No," said Henderson, on hearing her read it thus, "that is inconsistent with Lady Macbeth's character. She never permits herself to doubt their success, and least of all when arguing with her husband. Read it thus, Mrs. Siddons: —

Macbeth. If we should fail?
Lady Macbeth (*with contempt*). *We* fail?
But screw *your* courage to the sticking place
And we 'll *not* fail."

June 7. — This morning I breakfasted with Mr. Sharp, and had a continuation of yesterday, — more pleasant accounts of the great men of the present day, and more amusing anecdotes of the generation that has passed away.

After breakfast he carried me through the Stock Exchange into the London Exchange, the square area of a large stone pile built in the time of Charles II.; from there to Lloyd's Coffee-House, and finally to Guildhall.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor.

London, June 8, 1815.

. . . . I cannot tell you how happy your letters have made me.* It is all well, and I am sure home must still be to you what it always has been to me, the place of all content and happiness. You, my dear father, are now, I suppose, at Hanover, and I know all that you are enjoying there. . . . . Tell the children how dear they will be to me wherever I may go, and do not suffer them to forget me, for there are few things I should dread so much as to return, after my long and wearisome absence, and find the little hearts that parted from me in so much affection receiving me as a stranger. You, dear mother, are at any rate at home, and I fear may have some wearisome hours in your solitude. Would that I could be with you, to relieve them of some of their tediousness.

. . . . England and London have much more than satisfied my expectations, as far as I have seen them, which is only on the surface. The country is much more beautiful than I thought any country could be, and the people to whom I have presented letters are much less cold, and more kind and hospitable, than I expected them to be.

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* See Vol. II. p. 499.

JOURNAL.

June 13. — I breakfasted this morning with Sir Humphry Davy, of whom we have heard so much in America. He is now about thirty-three, but with all the freshness and bloom of five-and-twenty, and one of the handsomest men I have seen in England. He has a great deal of vivacity, — talks rapidly, though with great precision, — and is so much interested in conversation, that his excitement amounts to nervous impatience, and keeps him in constant motion. He has just returned from Italy, and delights to talk of it, — thinks it, next to England, the finest country in the world, and the society of Rome surpassed only by that of London, and says he should not die contented without going there again.

It seemed singular that his taste in this should be so acute, when his professional eminence is in a province so different and remote ; but I was much more surprised when I found that the first chemist of his time was a professed angler ; and that he thinks, if he were obliged to renounce fishing or philosophy, that he should find the struggle of his choice pretty severe.

Lady Davy was unwell, and when I was there before, she was out, so I have not yet seen the lady of whom Mad. de Staël said, that she has all Corinne's talents without her faults or extravagances.

After breakfast Sir Humphry took me to the Royal Institution, where he used to lecture before he married a woman of fortune and fashion, and where he still goes every day to perform chemical experiments for purposes of research. He showed me the library and model-room, his own laboratory and famous galvanic troughs, and at two o'clock took me to a lecture there, by Sir James Smith, on botany, — very good and very dull.

June 15. — As her husband had invited me to do, I called this morning on Lady Davy. I found her in her parlor, working on a dress, the contents of her basket strewed about the table, and looking more like home than anything since I left it. She is small, with black eyes and hair, a very pleasant face, an uncommonly sweet smile, and, when she speaks, has much spirit and expression in her countenance. Her conversation is agreeable, particularly in the choice and variety of her phraseology, and has more the air of eloquence than I have ever heard before from a lady. But, then, it has something of the appearance of formality and display, which injures conversation. Her manner is gracious and elegant ; and, though I should not think of comparing her to Corinne, yet I think she has uncommon powers. . . . .

June 16. — We dined at Mr. Vaughan's, with Dr. Schwabe, a learned German clergyman, who gave us considerable information on the state of letters in Germany ; Mr. Maltby, the successor of Porson in the London Institution, (Gifford says he is the best Greek scholar left, since Porson's death), and Elmsley, the writer of the Greek articles in the "Quarterly Review." * He expressed to me his surprise that I spoke so good English, and spoke it, too, without an accent, so that he should not have known me from an Englishman. This is the first instance I have yet met of this kind of ignorance. He is himself a cockney.

June 19. — Among other persons, I brought letters to Gifford, the satirist, but never saw him until yesterday. Never was I so mistaken in my anticipations. Instead of a tall and handsome man, as I had supposed him from his picture, — a man of severe and bitter remarks in conversation, such as I had good reason to believe him from his books, I found him a short, deformed, and ugly little man, with a large head sunk between his shoulders, and one of his eyes turned outward, but, withal, one of the best-natured, most open and well-bred gentlemen I have met. He is editor of the "Quarterly Review," and was not a little surprised and pleased to hear that it was reprinted with us, which I told him, with an indirect allusion to the review of Inchiquin. He very readily took up the subject, and defended that article, on the ground that it was part of the system of warfare which was going on at that time, — and I told him that it had been answered on the same ground, and in the same temper. As he seemed curious to know something about the answer, I told him I would send it to him ; and, as he is supposed to be the author of the article in question, I could hardly have sent it to a better market. He carried me to a handsome room over Murray's bookstore, which he has fitted up as a sort of literary lounge, where authors resort to read newspapers and talk literary gossip. I found there Elmsley, Hallam, — Lord Byron's "Classic Hallam, much renowned for Greek," now as famous for being one of his lordship's friends, — Boswell, a son of Johnson's biographer, etc., so that I finished a long forenoon very pleasantly.

June 20. — I called on Lord Byron to-day, with an introduction from Mr. Gifford. Here, again, my anticipations were mistaken. Instead of being deformed, as I had heard, he is remarkably well built, with the exception of his feet. Instead of having a thin and rather sharp and anxious face, as he has in his pictures, it is round, open, and smiling; his eyes are light, and not black; his air easy and careless, not forward and striking; and I found his manners affable and gentle, the tones of his voice low and conciliating, his conversation gay, pleasant, and interesting in an uncommon degree. I stayed with him about an hour and a half, during which the conversation wandered over many subjects. He talked, of course, a great deal about America; wanted to know what was the state of our literature, how many universities we had, whether we had any poets whom we much valued, and whether we looked upon Barlow as our Homer. He certainly feels a considerable interest in America, and says he intends to visit the United States; but I doubt whether it will not be indefinitely postponed, like his proposed visit to Persia. I answered to all this as if I had spoken to a countryman, and then turned the conversation to his own poems, and particularly to his "English Bards," which he has so effectually suppressed that a copy is not easily to be found. He said he wrote it when he was very young and very angry; which, he added, were "the only circumstances under which a man would write such a satire." When he returned to England, he said, Lord Holland, who treated him with very great kindness, and Rogers, who was his friend, asked him to print no more of it, and therefore he had suppressed it. Since then, he said, he had become acquainted with the persons he had satirized, and whom he then knew only by their books, — was now the friend of Moore, the correspondent of Jeffrey, and intimate with the Wordsworth school, and had a hearty liking for them all, — especially as they did not refuse to know one who had so much abused them. Of all the persons mentioned in this poem, there was not one, he said, with whom he now had any quarrel, except Lord Carlisle; and, as this was a family difference, he supposed it would never be settled. On every account, therefore, he was glad it was out of print; and yet he did not express the least regret when I told him that it was circulated in America almost as extensively as his other poems. As to the poems published during his minority, he said he suppressed them because they were not worth reading, and wondered that our booksellers could find a profit in reprinting them. All this he said without affectation; in fact, just as I now repeat it. He gave great praise to Scott; said he was undoubtedly the first man of his time, and as extraordinary in everything as in poetry, — a lawyer, a fine scholar, endowed with an extraordinary memory, and blessed with the kindest feelings.

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* In a note subsequently added, Mr. Ticknor stated that Elmsley was not the writer of the articles ascribed to him.

Of Gifford, he said it was impossible that a man should have a better disposition; that he was so good-natured that if he ever says a bitter thing in conversation or in a review he does it unconsciously!

Just at this time Sir James Bland Burgess, who had something to do in negotiating Jay's Treaty, came suddenly into the room, and said abruptly, "My lord, my lord, a great battle has been fought in the Low Countries, and Bonaparte is entirely defeated." "But is it true?" said Lord Byron, — "is it true?" "Yes, my lord, it is certainly true; an aide-de-camp arrived in town last night; he has been in Downing Street this morning, and I have just seen him as he was going to Lady Wellington's. He says he thinks Bonaparte is in full retreat towards Paris." After an instant's pause, Lord Byron replied, "I am d—d sorry for it"; and then, after another slight pause, he added, "I did n't know but I might live to see Lord Castlereagh's head on a pole. But I suppose I sha' n't, now." And this was the first impression produced on his impetuous nature by the news of the battle of Waterloo. . . . .

As I was going away, he carried me up stairs, and showed me his library, and collection of Romaic books, which is very rich and very curious; offered me letters for Greece; and, after making an appointment for another visit, took leave of me so cordially that I felt almost at home with him.

While I was there, Lady Byron came in. She is pretty, not beautiful, — for the prevalent expression of her countenance is that of ingenuousness. "Report speaks goldenly of her." She is a baroness in her own right, has a large fortune, is rich in intellectual endowments, is a mathematician, possesses common accomplishments in an uncommon degree, and adds to all this a sweet temper. She was dressed to go and drive, and, after stopping a few moments, went to her carriage. Lord Byron's manner to her was affectionate; he followed her to the door, and shook hands with her, as if he were not to see her for a month.

June 21. — I passed an hour this morning very pleasantly indeed with Sir Humphry Davy, from whom I have received great courtesy and kindness. He told me that when he was at Coppet, Mad. de Staël showed him part of a work on England similar in plan to her *De l'Allemagne*, but which will be only about two thirds as long. Murray told me she had offered it to him, and had the conscience to ask four thousand guineas for it. When I came away, Sir Humphry gave me several letters for the Continent, and among them one for Canova, one for De la Rive at Geneva, and one for Mad. de Staël, which I was very glad to receive from him, — for there is nobody in England whom Mad. de Staël more valued, — though I have already two other introductions to her. I parted from Sir Humphry with real regret. He goes out of town to-morrow.

We dined to-day with Mr. Manning, — brother of Mrs. Benjamin Vaughan, — a very intelligent gentleman. He told us a story of Bonaparte, which, from the source from which he had it, is likely to be true. Lord Ebrington, son of Lord Fortescue, was in Elba, and Bonaparte, finding he was the nephew of Lord Grenville, asked him to dinner. Nobody was present but Drouot, who soon retired, and left the host and the English guest *tête-à-tête.* The nobleman is a modest, indeed bashful man, and was so disconcerted by the awkwardness of the situation, that conversation began to fail, — when Bonaparte said to him, "My lord, at this rate we shall soon be dumb; and so I propose to you that you shall answer all the questions I put to you, and then I will answer all that you put to me." The convention was accepted, and the first inquiry made by Bonaparte was, whether the people of England hated him as much as they were reported to hate him. To this, and to a series of similar questions, the Englishman answered very honestly, as he says, and in return asked several no less personal; for his courage, like that of most bashful men, on being roused, went to the opposite extreme. Among other things, he inquired about the murder at Jaffa, and Bonaparte admitted it, with all its aggravations, but defended himself with "the tyrant's plea, — necessity." Soon after this they separated.

There was a Captain Fuller present, who was in one of the frigates stationed off Elba to keep in Bonaparte and to keep out the Algerines. He told us several anecdotes of the rude treatment of Bonaparte by the English sailors, which were very amusing. Among them he said that Captain Towers, or "Jack Towers," as he called him, gave a ball, at which many of the inhabitants of Elba were present, and Bonaparte was invited.

When he came alongside, and was announced, the dancing stopped, out of compliment to him, as Emperor; but "Jack Towers" cried out, "No, no, my boys, none of that. You 're aboard the King's ship, and Bony 's no more here than any other man. So, strike up again." The band was English, and obeyed.

When they first received an intimation of the unfriendly dispositions of the Algerine government, and before their determinations were known, two of the frigates went down to Algiers, to ascertain by personal inquiry. Captain Fuller and the other captain had an audience of the Dey, but the only answer they could get was this: "Your masters were fools, when they had the Frenchman in their hands, that they did not cut off his head. If I catch him, I shall act more wisely."

At three o'clock, I went to the literary exchange at Murray's bookstore. Gifford was there, as usual, and Sir James Burgess, who, I find, is the man of whom Cumberland so often speaks, and in conjunction with whom he wrote the Exodiad; and before long Lord Byron came in, and stayed out the whole party. I was glad to meet him there; for there I saw him among his fellows and friends, — men with whom he felt intimate, and who felt themselves equal to him. The conversation turned upon the great victory at Waterloo, for which Lord Byron received the satirical congratulations of his ministerial friends with a good-nature which surprised me. He did not, however, disguise his feelings or opinions at all, and maintained stoutly, to the last, that Bonaparte's case was not yet desperate.

He spoke to me of a copy of the American edition of his poems, which I had sent him, and expressed his satisfaction at seeing it in a small form, because in that way, he said, nobody would be prevented from purchasing it. It was in boards, and he said he would not have it bound, for he should prefer to keep it in the same state in which it came from America.

He has very often expressed to me his satisfaction at finding that his works were printed and read in America, with a simplicity which does not savor of vanity in the least.

June 22. — I dined with Murray, and had a genuine booksellers' dinner, such as Lintot used to give to Pope and Gay and Swift; and Dilly, to Johnson and Goldsmith. Those present were two Mr. Duncans, Fellows of New College, Oxford, Disraeli, author of the "Quarrels and Calamities of Authors," Gifford, and Campbell. The conversation of such a party could not long be confined to politics, even on the day when they received full news of the Duke of Wellington's successes; and, after they had drunk his health and Blücher's, they turned to literary topics as by instinct, and from seven o'clock until twelve the conversation never failed or faltered.

Disraeli, who, I think, is no great favorite, though a very good-natured fellow, was rather the butt of the party. The two Duncans were acute and shrewd in correcting some mistakes in his books. Gifford sometimes defended him, but often joined in the laugh; and

Campbell, whose spirits have lately been much improved by a legacy of £5,000, was the life and wit of the party. He is a short, small man, and has one of the roundest and most lively faces I have seen amongst this grave people. His manners seemed as open as his countenance, and his conversation as spirited as his poetry. He could have kept me amused till morning; but midnight is the hour for separating, and the party broke up at once.

June 23. — We spent half the forenoon in Mr. West's gallery, where he has arranged all the pictures that he still owns. . . . . He told us a singular anecdote of Nelson, while we were looking at the picture of his death. Just before he went to sea for the last time, West sat next to him at a large entertainment given to him here, and in the course of the dinner Nelson expressed to Sir William Hamilton his regret, that in his youth he had not acquired some taste for art and some power of discrimination. "But," said he, turning to West, "there is one picture whose power I do feel. I never pass a paint-shop where your 'Death of Wolfe' is in the window, without being stopped by it." West, of course, made his acknowledgments, and Nelson went on to ask why he had painted no more like it. "Because, my lord, there are no more subjects." "D—n it," said the sailor, "I did n't think of that," and asked him to take a glass of champagne. "But, my lord, I fear your intrepidity will yet furnish me such another scene; and, if it should, I shall certainly avail myself of it." "Will you?" said Nelson, pouring out bumpers, and touching his glass violently against West's, — "will you, Mr. West? then I hope that I shall die in the next battle." He sailed a few days after, and the result was on the canvas before us.

After leaving Mr. West, I went by appointment to see Lord Byron. He was busy when I first went in, and I found Lady Byron alone. She did not seem so pretty to me as she did the other day; but what she may have lost in regular beauty she made up in variety and expression of countenance during the conversation. She is diffident, — she is very young, not more, I think, than nineteen, — but is obviously possessed of talent, and did not talk at all for display. For the quarter of an hour during which I was with her, she talked upon a considerable variety of subjects, — America, of which she seemed to know considerable; of France, and Greece, with something of her husband's visit there, — and spoke of all with a justness and a light good-humor that would have struck me even in one of whom I had heard nothing.

With Lord Byron I had an extremely pleasant and instructive conversation of above an hour. He is, I think, simple and unaffected. When he speaks of his early follies, he does it with sincerity; of his journeys in Greece and the East, without ostentation; of his own works he talks with modesty, and of those of his rivals, or rather contemporaries, with justice, generosity, and discriminating praise. In everything, as far as I have seen him, he is unlike the characters of his own "Childe Harold" and "Giaour," and yet, those who know him best and longest, say that these stories are but the descriptions of his early excesses, and these imaginary characters but the personification of feelings and passions which have formerly been active, but are now dormant or in abeyance. Of this, of course, I know nothing, but from accounts I have received from respectable sources, and the internal evidence, which I have always thought strongly in favor of them.

This morning I talked with him of Greece, because I wished to know something of the modes of travelling there. He gave me a long, minute, and interesting account of his journeys and adventures, not only in Greece, but in Turkey; described to me the character and empire of Ali Pacha, and told me what I ought to be most anxious to see and investigate in that glorious country. He gave me, indeed, more information on this subject than all I have before gathered from all the sources I have been able to reach; and did it, too, with so much spirit, that it came to me as an intellectual entertainment, as well as a valuable mass of instruction.

An anecdote was told me to-day of the Great Captain, which, as it is so characteristic, and, besides, — coming to me only at second-hand, from his aid who brought the despatches, — so surely authentic, that I cannot choose but record it. "During the first and second days,"* said Major Percy, "we had the worst of the battle, and thought we should lose it. On the third and great day, from the time when the attack commenced in the morning until five o'clock in the evening, we attempted nothing but to repel the French. During all this time we suffered most terribly, and three times during the course of the day we thought nothing remained to us but to sell our lives as dearly as possible. Under every charge the Duke of Wellington remained nearly in the same spot; gave his orders, but gave no opinion, — expressed no anxiety, — showed, indeed, no signs of feeling. They brought him word that his favorite regiment was destroyed, and that his friends had fallen, — nay, he saw almost every one about his person killed or wounded, — but yet he never spoke a word or moved a muscle, looking unchanged upon all the destruction about him. At last, at five o'clock, the fire of the French began to slacken. He ordered a charge to be made along the whole line, — a desperate measure, which, perhaps, was never before ventured under such circumstances; and when he saw the alacrity with which his men advanced towards the enemy, then, for the first time, laying his hand with a sort of convulsive movement on the pistols at his saddle-bow, he spoke, as it were in soliloquy, and all he said was, 'That will do!' In ten minutes the route of the French was complete. And yet this great man, twice in India and once in Spain, had almost lost his reputation, and even his rank, by being unable to control the impetuosity of his disposition. In the night one of his aids passed the window of the house where he had his quarters, and found him sitting there. He told the Duke he hoped he was well. 'Don't talk to me of myself, Major,' he said; 'I can think of nothing, and see nothing, but the Guards. My God! all destroyed! It seems as if I should never sleep again!' This was his favorite regiment; and when they were mustered, after the battle, out of above a thousand men, less than three hundred answered."

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* By the "first and second days" Major Percy must have meant the battle at Quatre Bras on the 16th and the retreat to Waterloo on the 17th. The battle of Waterloo was begun and ended in one day.

June 25. — Mr. Campbell asked me to come out and see him to-day, and make it a long day's visit. So, after the morning service, I drove out, and stayed with him until nearly nine this evening. He lives in a pleasant little box, at Sydenham, nine miles from town, a beautiful village, which looks more like an American village than any I have seen in England. His wife is a bonny little Scotchwoman, with a great deal of natural vivacity; and his only child, a boy of about ten, an intelligent little fellow, but somewhat injured by indulgence, I fear. .... They seem very happy, and have made me so, for there was no one with them but myself, except an old schoolmate of Campbell's, now a barrister of considerable eminence. .... Campbell had the same good spirits and love of merriment as when I met him before, — the same desire to amuse everybody about him; but still I could see, as I partly saw then, that he labors under the burden of an extraordinary reputation, too easily acquired, and feels too constantly that it is necessary for him to make an exertion to satisfy expectation. The consequence is, that, though he is always amusing, he is not always quite natural.

He showed me the biographical and critical sketches of the English Poets which he is printing. .... They will form three volumes, and consist, I imagine, chiefly of the lectures he delivered at the Institution, newly prepared with that excessive care which is really a blemish in his later works, and which arises, I suppose, in some degree from a constitutional nervousness which often amounts to disease.

Lord Byron told me that he had injured his poem of "Gertrude," by consulting his critical friends too much, and attempting to reconcile and follow all their advice. His lectures at the Institution, from the same cause, though extremely popular at first, gradually became less so, though to the last they were remarkably well attended.

June 26. — I passed the greater part of this morning with Lord Byron. When I first went in, I again met Lady Byron, and had a very pleasant conversation with her until her carriage came, when her husband bade her the same affectionate farewell that struck me the other day. Soon after I went in, Mrs. Siddons was announced as in an adjoining parlor. Lord Byron asked me if I should not like to see her; and, on my saying I should, carried me in and introduced me to her. She is now, I suppose, sixty years old, and has one of the finest and most spirited countenances, and one of the most dignified and commanding persons, I ever beheld. Her portraits are very faithful as to her general air and outline, but no art can express or imitate the dignity of her manner or the intelligent illumination of her face. Her conversation corresponded well with her person. It is rather stately, but not, I think, affected; and, though accompanied by considerable gesture, not really overacted. She gave a lively description of the horrible ugliness and deformity of David the painter; told us some of her adventures in France, a year ago; and, in speaking of Bonaparte, repeated some powerful lines from the "Venice Preserved," which gave me some intimations of her powers of acting. She formed a singular figure by Lady Byron, who sat by her side, all grace and delicacy, and this showed Mrs. Siddons's masculine powers in the stronger light of comparison and contrast. Her daughter, who was with her, is the handsomest lady I have seen in England. She is about twenty.

After she was gone, the conversation naturally turned on the stage. Lord Byron asked me what actors I had heard, and, when I told him, imitated to me the manner of Munden, Braham, Cooke, and Kemble, with exactness, as far as I had heard them. Kemble has been ill ever since I arrived, and is now in Scotland, and of course I could not judge of the imitation of him.

Afterwards I had a long and singular conversation with Lord Byron, in which, with that simplicity which I have uniformly found to mark his character, he told me a great deal of the history of his early feelings and habits ; of the impressions of extreme discontent under which he wrote "Childe Harold," which he began at Joannina and finished at Smyrna ; and of the extravagant intention he had formed of settling in Greece, which, but for the state of his affairs, that required his presence in England, he should have fulfilled. The "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," he told me, he wrote at his paternal estate in the country, the winter before he set forth on his travels, while a heavy fall of snow was on the ground, and he kept house for a month, during which time he never saw the light of day, rising in the evening after dark, and going to bed in the morning before dawn. "The Corsair," he told me, he wrote in eleven days, and copied on the twelfth, and added, that whenever he undertook anything, he found it necessary to devote all his thoughts to it until he had finished it. This is the reason why he can never finish his "Childe Harold." It is so long since he laid it aside, that he said it would now be entirely impossible for him to resume it. From some of his remarks, I think it not unlikely that he may next turn his thoughts to the stage, though it would be impossible, in a mind constituted like his, to predict the future from the present.

After all, it is difficult for me to leave him, thinking either of his early follies or his present eccentricities ; for his manners are so gentle, and his whole character so natural and unaffected, that I have come from him with nothing but an indistinct, though lively impression of the goodness and vivacity of his disposition.

June 27. — This evening I went to Drury Lane, to see Kean in the part of Leon. Lord Byron, who is interested in this theatre, and one of its managing committee, had offered me a seat in his private box. . . . . There was nobody there, this evening, but Lord and Lady Byron, and her father and mother. It was indeed only a very pleasant party, who thought much more of conversation than of the performance ; though Kean certainly played the part well, much better than Cooper does. In the next box to us sat M. G. Lewis ; a very decent looking man compared with the form my imagination had given to the author of the "Monk," and the "Castle Spectre."

Lord Byron was pleasant, and Lady Byron more interesting than I have yet seen her. Lord Byron told me one fact that surprised me very much, — that he knew the Prince Regent to be very well read in English literature, and a pretty good scholar in Latin and Greek, the last of which he had known him to quote in conversation. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*

Lady Milbank, Lady Byron's mother, is a good-natured old lady, — a little fashionable, however, I fear, — and her husband, a plain, respectable Englishman, who loves politics, and hates the French above everything. The afterpiece was "Charles the Bold," a genuine melodrama, full of drums and trumpets, and thunder and music, and a specimen of the state of the English stage, which I had never felt fully till now. However, the pleasant conversation in the box prevented me from being much annoyed by the piece, and I was really sorry when it was over; and I shook hands with Lord Byron for the last time with unexpected regret.

I think I have received more kindness from Lord Byron than from any person in England on whom I had not the regular claim of a letter of introduction. Besides the letters he has sent me for Fauriel and Ali Pacha, he accompanied the last with a present of a splendid pistol, which is to insure me a kind reception with the perverse Turk, and a copy of his own poems, and one of Dr. Holland's "Travels in Greece," which was given to him by the author, — with whom he has authorized me to use his name, to procure further facilities for my journey, if I should meet him on the Continent.

June 29. — To-day, after some trouble, though none arising unnecessarily in the public offices, I have obtained my passport, and gone through the melancholy duty of calling on the friends who have been kind to me, — bade farewell to the loungers at Murray's literary Exchange, and called on Lord Byron, who told me that he yet hoped to meet me in America. He said he never envied any men more than Lewis and Clarke, when he read the account of their expedition.

Mr. Ticknor left London on the 30th of June with the same delightful party of friends with whom he had crossed the ocean, and, crossing by Harwich, landed at Helvoetsluys. There, he says, "We took the only two machines in the village, — a coach, which seemed to be without springs, and a wagon, which did not even pretend to have any, — to transport us to Rotterdam. Our road, the whole distance, went over a dyke, and some portions of it were on the coast, 'where the broad ocean leans against the land.'" From Rotterdam, they went to the Hague, Leyden, Haarlem, Amsterdam, and Utrecht, where he parted from Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, and Mr. and Miss Haven; and with Mr. Everett and young Perkins,* went on his way to

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* To be placed at school in Göttingen.

Göttingen. Of this parting, he says: "It was not, indeed, like the bitterness of leaving home, but it was all else, and, indeed, in the sense of desolation, the same. For more than three months we had lived together as one family, ... and the affections which had long existed were ripened into the nearest intimacy."

On the 13th of July, at Amsterdam, he tells his father that he has been busy in buying books and seeing sights, and then says: —

> "The country itself is a standing miracle perpetually before my eyes, which loses none of its power to excite my wonder by losing its novelty. It is impossible to give any good reason for it, but I cannot entirely divest myself of a sensation of insecurity, whenever I recollect that I am living many feet below the surface of the sea, and protected from its inundation only by works of human invention and strength, which in other cases avail so little against the power of the element.
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> "When, on entering Amsterdam, I passed over the narrow neck that unites it to the mainland, and saw the sea chafing against the shores on each side of me, much higher than the road on which I was travelling, I could not help feeling something as a French gentleman did, who, after receiving an invitation to dine in Amsterdam, had occasion to pass over the isthmus on a stormy day, when the ocean was rather more violent than it commonly is, and, instead of returning to observe his engagement, hastened to the Hague, and sent back, for an excuse, that he had seen the water breaking over the dike, and was sure that Amsterdam could not exist two days longer; and yet nothing can be more absurd, though I am sure nothing can be more natural, than these feelings and fears. . . . ."

From Amsterdam he proceeded directly to Göttingen, where he arrived on the 4th of August.

CHAPTER IV.

Residence in Göttingen till the end of 1815. — *University Life.* — *His own Studies.* — *Benecke, Eichhorn, Blumenbach, Schultze, Michaelis, Kästner.* — *Wolf.* — *Excursion to Hanover.*

ON arriving at Göttingen, which was to be Mr. Ticknor's home for twenty months, he felt like the pilgrim who had reached the shrine of his faith; here he found the means and instruments of knowledge in an abundance and excellence such as he had never before even imagined. Göttingen was at that time the seat of the leading university in Germany, occupying much the same comparative position as that of Berlin does now. Founded by George II., it owed its rank and eminence, in a great measure, to the fostering care of the king's enlightened Hanoverian minister, Baron Münchausen, who watched over its interests with a vigilance and constancy which had something of the warmth of personal affection. Another of its benefactors, in a different way, was the illustrious Heyne, who had died in 1812, after having been connected with it, in various capacities, for half a century. He was not only a scholar of eminence and varied attainments, and an unrivalled teacher in the department of philology, but also a man of sound practical wisdom and tact in the conduct of life, and had, for many years before his death, been the leading spirit in the government and administration of the University. His high and wide reputation had brought to it a great number of pupils.

At the time of Mr. Ticknor's residence in Göttingen, there were many distinguished teachers and scholars connected with its University, such as Dissen, Benecke, Schultze, Eichhorn, and others, and especially two men of world-wide fame, — Gauss in mathematics, and Blumenbach in natural history. The latter was attracting pupils from all over Europe, not merely by his immense and accurate knowledge, but by his peculiar felicity in communicating it. His learned and instructive lectures were brightened by a rich vein of native humor, which was always under the control of tact and good sense, and never degenerated into buffoonery. He retained to the last the high spirits of a boy, and was not entirely free from a boy's love of mischief. Though not much interested in natural history, Mr. Ticknor attended the lectures of Blumenbach, who seemed to have formed a strong attachment for his studious and animated pupil from the far-distant West. Easy and cordial relations grew up between them, and when Mr. Ticknor took leave of the great naturalist, he felt almost as if he were parting from a European father.

The way of life into which he fell at Göttingen, continuing with little interruption for twenty months, was not only in marked contrast with his brilliant experience in London, but was unlike that which he had been accustomed to lead at home. Though he had always been a diligent student, yet his warm domestic affections and strong social tastes had claimed some portion of his time; but now all his hours, from early morning till night, were given to hard work, unrelieved by either amusement or society. A daily walk with his friend Mr. Everett was all that varied the monotony of continuous study. Having never been dependent for happiness upon amusements, it cost him little to renounce these; but it was a loss and a sacrifice to give up society, — that full and free exchange of feelings and opinions with those whom we love and trust, which is one of the highest pleasures of life. His only relaxation was found in a change of employment.

But his life in Göttingen was a happy one. For all his privations and sacrifices there was this great compensation, that here, for the first time, a deep and ever-flowing fountain was opened to him in which his passionate love of knowledge could be slaked. Here, for the first time, he was made to understand and feel what is meant by instruction. At home he had had teachers, that is, he had had men who knew somewhat more than he did, to whom he recited his lessons, who corrected his mistakes and allowed him to learn. But at Göttingen he was made to understand the difference between reciting to a man and being taught by him. Here he took lessons in Greek, for instance, of a scholar who had not only learned Greek thoroughly, but had also learned the art of teaching it. The delight he took in his new charters and privileges was in proportion to his ardent love of knowledge and his previous imperfect opportunities for gratifying it.

Another source of happiness, as well as of intellectual growth, was opened to him at Göttingen in its magnificent library of over two hundred thousand volumes, especially rich in modern literature, and adminstered so liberally that any number of books might be taken from it and kept as long as the student had any need of them. This immense treasury of knowledge was all the more impressive and the more welcome from its contrast with the meagre collections he had left at home.* Every student knows what a pleasure it is to be able to lay his hands on every book he wants when he is studying a subject, as well as the exaggerated value he will put upon the particular book he cannot find. Here our ardent young scholar could be sure of lighting upon every book of which he had even ever heard; and the delight with which his eye ran along the endless shelves of the University library was only tempered by the sigh called forth by the thought of the disproportion between these boundless stores of knowledge and the length of any human life, or the measure of any human powers.

Mr. Ticknor's enjoyment of the new and copious sources of knowledge which were now opened to him, and his sense of the intellectual growth derived from them, were alloyed both by the painful comparison he was forced to make between what he found in Göttingen and what he had left at home, and the sad thought of how much more he might have done and known if, in childhood and youth,* he had had the advantages he was now enjoying. He saw men around him, his contemporaries, not superior to him in capacity or industry, but far beyond him in extent and accuracy of knowledge, and he could not but recall with a bitter pang the precious hours he had lost for want of books and teachers. The tone of his correspondence, however, is never desponding, but always cheerful. The following extract from a letter to his father, written in November, 1815, — certainly not a season of exhilarating influences in Northern Germany, — is but a fair specimen of the spirit which animates all his communications.

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* Mr. Ticknor once said to me that nothing more marked the change produced in him by his long residence in Europe than the different impressions made by the library of Harvard College before his departure and after his return. "When I went away," he said, "I thought it was a large library; when I came back, it seemed a closetful of books."

"The shortest days are soon coming, and I am glad of it. . . . . At home I used to delight in the silence and darkness of the morning, and a long, uninterrupted winter's evening had pleasures that were all its own; but here, where the sun hardly rises above the damp and sickly mists of the horizon through the whole day, where candles must be burnt till nine in the morning and lighted again at three, — here the darkness becomes a burden of which I shall rejoice to be rid. It no longer seems to me like that 'grateful vicissitude of day and night' that Milton says 'flows from the very throne of God,' but like the Cimmerian darkness in which Homer has involved the gloomy regions of death and despair. I would not write thus to you, my dear father, if I did not know that, when you receive this letter, you will be able to console yourself with the recollection that I have already emerged to the light of day. The climate and weather are much like our own in fickleness, though more damp and rainy. . . . . But I care nothing for this. My health is perfect and constant; and, as for 'the seasons and their changes, all please alike.'"

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* This feeling occasionally finds expression in his letters. Writing to his father, November 10, 1815, and speaking of his Greek tutor, Dr. Schultze, he says: "Every day I am filled with new astonishment at the variety and accuracy, the minuteness and readiness, of his learning. Every day I feel anew, under the oppressive weight of his admirable acquirements, what a mortifying distance there is between a European and an American scholar! We do not yet know what a Greek scholar is; we do not even know the process by which a man is to be made one. I am sure, if there is any faith to be given to the signs of the times, two or three generations at least must pass away before we make the discovery and succeed in the experiment. Dr. Schultze is hardly older than I am. . . . . It never entered into my imagination to conceive that any expense of time or talent could make a man so accomplished in this forgotten language as he is."

Mr. Ticknor always was an easy and ready writer, and the exercise of writing was never distasteful to him. His letters and journals, during his residence in Europe, were so copious that they alone, had he done nothing else, would have saved him from the reproach of idleness. They contain so full and continuous a record of his life and thoughts, that little is left for his biographer to relate. They should be read, however, not merely as fresh and animated sketches of what he witnessed and felt, but as unconscious revelations of character, addressed, as they were, to his father and mother, with that frank and affectionate confidence which had always existed between them. They reveal to us a rare degree of self-denial and force of character in a young man of four-and-twenty, suddenly exchanging the loving and watchful supervision of a New England home for the absolute freedom of Europe, but yielding to none of the temptations of his new position; devoting himself to an unbroken life of hard study, making his plans deliberately and adhering to them resolutely, and renouncing not merely all debasing but all frivolous pleasures. And from these letters and journals we also learn that his love of study was not the effect of a solitary temper or an ascetic spirit, but that he was fond of society as well as of books, that he was a social favorite, everywhere well received, and treated with marked kindness by many of the most distinguished men in Europe.

TO MR. ELISHA TICKNOR, BOSTON.

GÖTTINGEN, August 10, 1815.

Well, my dear father, here I am regularly settled in my own lodgings, and regularly matriculated as a member of the "University of Göttingen"; and the first and pleasantest use I can make of my new apartments and privileges is to sit down and give you an account of them. . . . .

The town itself, as you know, is now within the dominions of Hanover, and was formerly just comprehended within that of Westphalia. It is an old town, and all the houses I have observed are old, though evidently comfortable and neat, and quite filled with tenants from all quarters of the world. The whole town was originally surrounded with pretty strong walls; but they are now in ruins, and serve only as the foundation of a public walk, shaded with fine trees, which extends round the city. The number of inhabitants is about ten thousand, and, as far as I have come in contact with them during the last three days, I have found them as all the Germans are reputed to be, — kind, courteous, and not only willing, but anxious, to assist the strangers who come among them. One circumstance, I believe, must strike everybody who establishes himself at Göttingen: it is a place which subsists so entirely upon literature, the town and the University have been by the policy of the government so completely adapted to the wants of foreigners, and the manners and habits of the citizens and faculty so entirely accommodated to this fluctuating population, that the moment a student comes here, his situation is so well understood that every request and wish is anticipated. Wherever you go, it seems to be the express business of the persons you meet, — whether they be professors, faculty, or citizens, — to see that you are in lodgings, that you know the persons whom you ought to choose for instructors, and that you are properly furnished with everything you want. In consequence of this, a student can hardly feel himself to be a stranger here, after the first day or two.

The University, as you know, was founded by George II., and was always under the especial patronage of the British throne, until Hanover was seized by the French. Ever since then it has shared a better fate than the other literary establishments of the Continent. Bonaparte, indeed, once sent Denon, the Egyptian traveller, and another *savant*, to look among the treasures of its Library, but they carried nothing away. While Halle, Leipsic, and Jena were suffering under his brutal depredations on their funds and among their books, he declared that he considered Göttingen as an establishment which belonged neither to Hanover nor to Germany, but to Europe and the world; and he was not only true to the promise he made to the faculty here, to protect them, but, under the government of Jerome, they were liberally assisted by the influence and even the wealth of the throne. In consequence of this, Göttingen, instead of coming from the hands of the French nearly abolished, like the universities of Holland, or mutilated and abridged in its funds and privileges, like those of Saxony, now stands higher than it ever stood before, and at this moment — when an immense proportion of the young men of the country are in the ranks of the army, from choice or compulsion, and all the other literary establishments, even those at Halle, Leipsic, and Berlin, are languishing for want of pupils — reckons on its books above eight hundred and forty regular pupils. The number of professors is proportionally great. There are nearly forty, appointed and paid by the government, and there are, besides, as many more men of science and letters, who live here for the purpose of lecturing and instruction ; so that at least seventy or eighty different courses of lectures, all in the German language, are going on at the same time.

Two courses of lectures, or two *semestres*, as they are called, are given by each professor, or lecturer, in each year, with a vacation of three weeks at the end of every semestre. One semestre begins a fortnight after Easter (in April), and ends a week before Michaelmas ; the other begins a fortnight after Michaelmas, and ends a week before Easter. Everything is done by solitary study and private instruction (*privatissime*, as it is called), or else by public lectures. . . . .

My first object, of course, will be German. This will be taught me by Prof. Benecke, the Professor of English Literature, who speaks English quite well. . . . . Besides him, however, I intend to procure some scholar who will come to my chambers and read and speak with me. In this way, by October I think I shall be able to attend the lectures profitably, and then I shall probably resort to those of Eichhorn on literary history, and to those of some other professors on Greek, Roman, and German literatures. If I find this mode of instruction profitable, and nothing calls me sooner to France, I shall remain here until next April.

You now know, my dear father, all that I know myself about Göttingen and my prospect in it. . . . . There is no such thing as a royal road to learning ; but in the means, opportunities, and excitements offered here, there is a considerable approximation to it. Nothing now remains but to see how I shall improve my advantages. . . . .

JOURNAL.

GÖTTINGEN, *August* 22. — Michaelis, I find, was not much respected here. He had a quarrelsome and fretful temper, a mean and avaricious heart. A great many stories are told to his discredit, and to the credit of the wit and good feeling of Kästner, who was at the same time Professor of Mathematics, and was always a thorn in Michaelis's side. A scholar here, whose poverty had not extinguished his love of learning, went to Michaelis, and told him that he was extremely desirous to hear his lectures, but had no money, explained the reasons of it, and begged him to admit him without the customary *honorarium*. Michaelis hesitated, said he had a family to support, etc.; but, observing that the young man wore silver buckles in his shoes, told him that he did not think one in his circumstances should wear such ornaments, and actually had the brutality to hint that he would receive them instead of his fee. The young man gave them to him, and with a heavy heart, and unstrapped shoes, went to Kästner on the same errand. Kästner forgave him the fee, and said, "If you are so poor, you must like to buy clothes cheap"; and going to his wardrobe brought out a pair of old leather breeches. "Here," said he, "are a pair of breeches, — very good, too, though you don't seem to like them, — which you shall have for half nothing. What will you give?" The young man was confounded, — tried to excuse himself, — said he did not want clothes, etc., but in vain. The professor insisted, said they were as good as new, though they were really not fit to be seen, and ended by saying he should have them for half a dollar. The poor fellow took them, gave to Kästner all the money he had, and went away more overwhelmed with this insult than with the first. He sat down in his chair in despair, and threw the wretched breeches on the table. They fell like something heavy, and, on examining, he found a purse of gold in the pocket. He hurried with it to the professor. "No," said Kästner, "a bargain is a bargain. When you bought the breeches, you bought all there was in them," and pushed him out of the room to avoid his thanks and gratitude.

Kästner lost no occasion to trouble and vex Michaelis, and at last his persecutions proceeded to open insult, and the Regency at Hanover interfered and ordered him to beg Michaelis's pardon. On receiving the intimation, Kästner, the next morning at daybreak, dressed himself in a full suit, with a sword and *chapeau*, and went to the house of Michaelis. The servant said her master was not up; but Kästner insisted on his being called, and, instead of waiting till he came down, followed the maid directly into his chamber, and, pretending to be surprised beyond measure in finding him in bed with his wife, darted suddenly back, cried out, "I beg ten thousand pardons," turned on his heel, and never made the professor any further satisfaction, or in any other way fulfilled the commands of the Regency.

Being rather weary after six weeks of constant study, Mr. Ticknor and Mr. Everett made a visit of five days to Hanover, leaving Göttingen September 19th, and returning the 24th, and found much interest in making the acquaintance of Feder, — for twenty-nine years professor in Göttingen, — Count Munster, Minister of State, Professor Martens, author of a work on the

Law of Nations, "much read in America," and Mad. Kestner, the original of Goethe's "Charlotte." The following are passages from his journal in Hanover: —

HANOVER, *September* 20, 1815. — This morning I called on Count Munster, Minister of State for Hanover. I found him a man of about forty-five, well-built, tall, and genteel. He speaks English like a native, and though his conversation was not very acute, it was discursive and pleasant. I remained with him only a few moments, as there were several persons in waiting when I was admitted, whose business was much more important, I doubt not, than mine; but the impression I brought away of his character was distinct, — that he is a man of benevolence, considerable activity, and, though not of extraordinary talents, yet of such talents as fit him to be at the head of such a little principality as this. I shall not soon forget the praise which Blumenbach gave him, that he is a minister who never made a promise which he did not fulfil. . . . . The rest of the morning I passed in the library. I found there many curiosities. Indeed, the library itself, considered as the work of Leibnitz, — which for a long time was so small that he kept it in his house, but which now amounts to eighty thousand volumes, — is no common curiosity. But, besides this, we were shown the MSS. of the Bishop of Salisbury (Burnet), which Dr. Noehden has recently published; his letters to Leibnitz, and indeed the whole of Leibnitz's immense correspondence, filling forty or fifty large drawers; the handwriting of Luther, which was fine; that of Melancthon, which was execrable; a curious and exquisitely beautiful MS. of the German translation of the book of Esther, made about a hundred years ago, on one roll of parchment: but, above all the rest, the entire collection of Leibnitz MSS on subjects of politics, mathematics, philosophy, history, divinity, and indeed nearly every branch of human knowledge, in Latin, Greek, English, French, Italian, and German, in prose and poetry, printed and unprinted. They made an enormous mass. . . . . Yet no man ever wrote with more care, no man ever blotted, and altered, and copied more than Leibnitz. There are instances in this collection in which he had written the same letter three times over, and finally amended it so much as to be obliged to give it to his secretary to make the last copy; and all this, too, on an occasion of little importance. Still he found time for everything, and was, I imagine, the most general scholar of his time. At any rate, in the extent of his acquirements he far surpassed his more fortunate and greater rival.

To Elisha Ticknor, Esq., Boston.

Göttingen, November 5, 1815.

The time has passed with surprising speed since I have been here. This evening finishes the third month since I drove into Göttingen with a heavy heart, doubtful, from what I had seen of the towns on the road, whether I should be contented to live here even the five or six months I then proposed to myself. A month's experience determined me to remain till the spring, and now I am ready to tell you that I do not think I shall ever again find its equal. Even while I was struggling with the language, and of course was cut off from half the means and opportunities the University could afford, — even then the conviction was continually pressing upon me of the superiority of their instructions and modes of teaching. Now I know it. . . . .

Now I am ready to tell you just how I shall divide and dispose of my time for five months to come. In the first place, I rise precisely at five, and sit down at once to my Greek ; upon which I labor three mornings in the week till half past seven, and three days till half past eight. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at the striking of eight o'clock, I am at Prof. Benecke's for my lesson in German. This has become a light study. I read with him only some of the most difficult parts of their poets, and carry to him the passages I do not understand in books I read for other purposes. He is perfectly at home in all their literary history, and familiar with all the secret allusions and hints in their ancient and modern classics, and is an uncommonly good English scholar, so that I find this hour's instruction very pleasant and useful.

At nine, every day, I go to Prof. Eichhorn's lectures on the first three Evangelists. Though I do not agree with him in his doctrine respecting the origin and formation of the Gospels, and am not often satisfied with his general reasoning, yet this forms but a small part of his course ; and in return I am delighted with his exposition of particular parts, his luminous elucidation of dark and doubtful passages, his acute and curious learning, which he brings most happily to the assistance of the exegetical part of his work, and, above all, with his eloquence and enthusiasm, and deep and genuine love of truth. At ten this lecture breaks up, and I catch a walk of fifteen minutes as I come home ; and from that time till dinner at twelve I go on with my Greek, and thus divide my day pretty equally, — at least my day of labor. After dinner I take a nap of half an hour, which refreshes me very much, and then half a cup of coffee, which wakes me up and gives me spirit for the afternoon.

At half past one I read the passages in Blumenbach's Manual which he will expound in his lecture, and at three go to his lecture on natural history, which would be amusement enough for me, if I had no other the whole day. He is now nearly or quite seventy years old, has been professor here above forty years, and is now delivering, to an overflowing class, his eightieth course of lectures on natural history. He is the first naturalist in Germany, — perhaps in the world, — has an astonishingly wide and intimate familiarity with his subject, and a happy humor in communicating his instruction, which makes doubly amusing what is, itself, the most interesting of all studies. His jokes, however, are never frivolous; they are always connected with some important fact or doctrine which they are intended to impress; and when we come out of his lecture-room, after having laughed half the time we were there, we are sure to have learnt twice as much, and to remember it twice as well, as if we had never laughed at all. After this I take a walk, and at five go to Dr. Schultze, a young man, but at least to me an extraordinary Greek scholar, and held to be decidedly the best Greek instructor in Göttingen, and recite to him in Greek. . . . . He is as completely at home in Greek as if it were a modern language which he had learnt in the ordinary way; and before the spring comes, I trust I shall have learnt something from him which I shall not forget.

Finding it impossible, from the continual rains and intolerable mud of the streets, to get exercise enough, Everett and myself have fallen into the universal fashion, and go an hour to the University fencing-master three times a week, from six to seven. We find it useful and pleasant too; for, except at Blumenbach's lectures, where we cannot talk, we seldom meet in the week, except at these fencing hours. The evenings I pass in reading German, principally such books as will profit me in Italy and Greece. Just before ten I go to bed, and "sleep the sleep that knows no waking" till my punctual Frederick comes in, and says, "It is striking five, sir, and your breakfast is ready."

You will ask whether my acquaintance and visitors do not sometimes interrupt me. Visiting, as it is done in our colleges, is a thing absolutely unknown here. If a man, who means to have any reputation as a scholar, sees his best friend once a week, it is thought quite often enough. As for acquaintance, except an English student in divinity, whom I see at my two lectures and the fencing master's, a German student, whom I do not visit, but who comes to see me about once a fortnight, and a modern Greek, whom I see about once a month, I have no acquaintance. Our Sunday evenings Everett and I commonly spend either at Blumenbach's, Heeren's, or Eichhorn's.

To Elisha Ticknor, Esq., Boston.

Göttingen, November 10, 1815.

.... I wrote you, in my last, less decisively about my Greek instructor than about the rest. .... This week, however, has satisfied me that he will soon become my favorite instructor, as his subject has always been my favorite branch. I learn the language entirely through the German. My lexicon, grammar, etc., are German, and from this language I mean hereafter to acquire my Greek, since the means in it are vastly better than our language will afford, or even the Latin. At first we had some difficulty in fixing upon a common medium of translating. I did not like to render it into broken German, and I would not disgrace the language of Pericles and Demosthenes by rendering it into French. Latin, of course, was all that remained; and, after discarding my Latin and Greek lexicons, and renouncing forever the miserable assistance of Latin versions, I undertook to render into it, with some misgivings. I had never done it, I had never spoken a word of Latin; but the moment I began, the difficulty vanished. I found that I could translate thus nearly as fast as into my mother tongue; in short, I found that I knew a great deal more Latin than I suspected, I shall hereafter use it upon all emergencies without hesitation.

My instructor, Dr. Schultze,* is one of the private lecturers here, and is considered very skilful in teaching; how he is, comparatively with others here, I cannot tell from my own experience, but I know that he is such a scholar as we have no idea of in America. To be sure, he looks as if he had fasted six months on Greek prosody and the Pindaric metres, but I am by no means certain that he has not his reward for his sacrifices.

To E. Ticknor.

Göttingen, November 18, 1815.

.... If I desired to teach anybody the value of time, I would send him to spend a semestre at Göttingen. Until I began to attend the lectures, and go frequently into the streets, I had no idea of the accuracy with which it is measured and sold by the professors. Every clock that strikes is the signal for four or five lectures to begin and four or five others to close. In the intervals you may go into the streets and find they are silent and empty; but the bell has hardly told the hour before they are filled with students, with their portfolios under their arms, hastening from the feet of one Gamaliel to those of another, — generally running in order to save time, and often without a hat, which is always in the way in the lecture-room. As soon as they reach the room, they take their places and prepare their pens and paper. The professor comes in almost immediately, and from that time till he goes out, the sound of his disciples taking notes does not for an instant cease. The diligence and success with which they do this are very remarkable. One who is accustomed to the exercise, and skilful in it, will not only take down every idea of the professor, but nearly every word; and, in this land of poverty, lectures are thus made to serve as a kind of Lancastrian education in the high branches of letters and science.

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* Schultze was a man of genius, and a poet as well as a scholar. He wrote "Psyche," "Cecilia," "The Enchanted Rose," (which last has been translated into English,) and many miscellaneous poems. He was but two years older than Mr. Ticknor, having been born in 1789. He died in 1817. After his death, his works were collected and published by his friend Bouterweck, with a short sketch of his life. A new edition appeared in Leipsic in 1855, in four volumes, with a more full biography. An account of his life and works may be found in the third volume of Taylor's "Historic Survey of German Poetry."

About two minutes before the hour is completed, the students begin to be uneasy for fear they shall lose the commencement of the next lecture they are to attend; and if the professor still goes on to the very limit of his time, they make a noise of some kind to intimate that he is intruding on his successor, and the hint is seldom unsuccessful. Eichhorn, who has a great deal of enthusiasm when he finds himself in the midst of an interesting topic, sometimes asks, with irresistible good-nature, for "another moment, — only a moment," and is never refused, though if he trespasses much beyond his time, a loud scraping compels him to conclude, which he commonly does with a joke. The lecture-room is then emptied, the streets again filled, to repeat the same process in other halls.

Just so it is in the private instruction I receive. At eight o'clock I go to Benecke, and though in three months and a half I have never missed a lesson or been five minutes tardy, I have seldom failed to find him waiting for me. At the striking of nine, I must make all haste away, for the next hour is as strictly given to somebody else. At five P. M., I go to Schultze for my Greek lesson. As I go up stairs he can hear me, and, five times out of six, I find him looking out the place where I am to recite. The clock strikes six, and he shuts up the book. From the accuracy with which time is measured, what in all other languages is called a *lesson* is called in German "an hour." You are never asked if you take lessons of such a person, but whether you take "hours" of him. . . . .

To E. T. Channing.

Göttingen, December 9, 1815.

. . . . Your apprehensions for the quiet of Göttingen, in case Bonaparte had succeeded, were very natural. Amidst all the fluctuations of empire, this little spot has stood as the centre of German learning, unconscious of convulsions; and though all calculation and precedent would have been confounded if this new Marius, rushing from the marshes of Minturnæ, had attained his former power, yet I think, unless the students had been as patriotic as they were at Jena, everything would have continued to go on in its accustomed order. They did, indeed, discover a strong and honorable and even imprudent feeling, on Bonaparte's retreat from Moscow, and Jerome was for the moment very angry; but I think he would soon have forgotten his vengeance. Even before the spirit had begun to awake in Poland and Prussia, the young men here felt its deep and dangerous workings. Secret clubs, which even the vigilance of the police could not discover, though it suspected them, were cautiously but resolutely formed, and the whole cemented into a body by an institution which they called "the League of Patriotism."

Bonaparte's routed army crossed the Beresina, and the Prussians (students) disappeared; it entered the borders of Germany, and the Mecklenburgers were gone; and in this way, as he advanced towards any country or principality, the young men escaped, to share and encourage the spirit which finally crushed him. The dangers they ran were very great. The French government and police were still in full activity here, and more vigilant than ever, because more than ever stimulated by fear and suspicion. The young men, therefore, were obliged to escape in secret and in disguise, and make their way through unfrequented roads, through the woods, and in the night, with the constant apprehension of arrest and death before them. . . . . The benches in the lecture-rooms began to be obviously empty, and the streets grew still and deserted.

The retreating army was now about a hundred and fifty miles from the Westphalian capital, and Jerome began to think that, for a time, he might be himself exiled, and thought it necessary to make some show of personal spirit. He therefore came with a suitable guard to Göttingen, and called the professors together in the library hall.

He was extremely impudent and abusive, but had not self-command enough to know when he had come to the end of a set speech some body had written for him, and so began again at the beginning, and repeated it word for word. The professors concealed first their indignation and then their mirth and contempt, as well as they could, but still both were visible, and the little tyrant was put beside himself by it. "Do not think," said he, "that I am ignorant of the disaffection in Göttingen, or that it will escape unpunished. You flatter yourselves that I shall lose my throne, but you are mistaken. As long as my brother sits on the throne of France, so long I shall be your king, and I will use my power to punish your ingratitude. The University shall be remodelled, — it shall be a French University. I will have French professors, — men of virtue and patriotism," etc., etc.

After a considerable tirade like this, his Majesty returned to Cassel, and Eichhorn, in the next number of the University's Review, — which he conducts, — gave a side-blow at "the never-to-be-forgotten speech of his Most Gracious," etc., for which, but that the Cossacks stopped all heart-burnings a week later, he might have lost his head.

This is the only time the privileges of the University have been in danger, and Jerome was such a weak and uncertain little blockhead that he would probably never have had resolution and constancy enough to execute his threat. Since I have been here, everything has been as still as if it were one vast monastery, except that about five thousand of the Russian Guards marched through the city, three weeks ago, and made a beautiful show, and gave me a splendid proof of the fidelity of Bürger's description of the march of an army in "Lenore," with horns and cymbals, etc.

The life here would in many respects suit you remarkably well. There is a regularity, evenness, and calmness, which are fitted to one who was almost made to be a hermit, and, at the same time, a freedom which is absolutely necessary to one who never was and never will be quite patient under family government. All that is wanting is a few friends and a little more variety. . . . . Remember me to your brother William, and to my old master, and don't let your sister Susan's children forget me.

Yours affectionately,

Geo. T.

To E. Ticknor.

Göttingen, December 17, 1815.

. . . . No change has taken place in my condition or circumstances, dear father, since I wrote last. The only thing which has happened, which does not happen every day, is, that Everett and myself have been taken into the only club in Göttingen, and, of course, you will expect some account of it. Its name is "The Literary Club," and, like all literary clubs that ever survived the frosts of the first winter, its chief occupation is to eat suppers. There are twenty-four members, eight or ten of whom are professors; and the students who make up the number are only such as these professors choose, and, of course, are commonly the best of the University. As many of these members as like — for there is no compulsion — meet once a fortnight at eight o'clock, eat a moderate supper, drink a little wine, laugh and talk two or three hours, and then go home. We were taken in as a kind of raree-show, I suppose, and we are considered, I doubt not, with much the same curiosity that a tame monkey or a dancing bear would be. We come from such an immense distance, that it is supposed we can hardly be civilized; and it is, I am told, a matter of astonishment to many that we are white, though I think in this point they might consider me rather a fulfilment than a contradiction of their ignorant expectations. However, whatever may be the motives from which we were taken in, there we are, and we have as good a right to be there as the best of them. The only time I have been I found it pleasant enough, but I doubt whether I shall go often.

DICTATED IN 1859.

A Mr. Balhorn dedicated to Mr. John Pickering the thesis which he wrote for his doctorate, and, when I went to Germany, Mr. Pickering asked me, if I ever met Mr. Balhorn, to say that he had written twice to thank him for the compliment, but did not believe his letters had ever reached him, and that he begged him to receive his thanks through me. Their acquaintance was formed at Utrecht, where Balhorn was studying, and when Mr. Pickering was Secretary of Legation in Holland. I had been some time in Göttingen, and had neither heard nor thought anything of the Herr Balhorn; but one day, remembering my commission, asked Prof. Blumenbach if he knew such a person, "Why, to be sure; he 's here, he 's here"; and I found that he was tutor to some small prince, and probably when he had educated him he would be his Prime Minister. I made his acquaintance and delivered my message.

Before I left home I had made several attempts to read Dante, and found it not only difficult to get a copy, but impossible to get help in reading. Balhorn knew everything about Dante. He was not fully occupied, but he could not be hired, — he was too well off to be paid in money. A brother of my friend Mr. James Savage had sent me from Hamburg a box of very fine Havana cigars, and I found that

Herr Balhorn would read and explain Dante to me, and consider some of those fine cigars — so rare in Germany — a full compensation; and he continued the reading, certainly as long as the cigars lasted. Mr. B. was a lawyer, — an upright, strong man, — and he was virtually promised, that, if he would superintend the education of the young princes of Lippe, he should have the place of Chancellor of their little principality when it was completed; and I suppose the promise was fulfilled.

A memorandum made in 1868, by Mr. Ticknor, on the fly-leaf of the first volume of his early journal, contains some facts about his Göttingen studies, and though it refers also to later experiences, it seems appropriate here.

It is only that part of my time which I gave to travelling, society, and amusements, of which I have spoken at any length in this journal, written out wherever I stopped long enough to do it, from slight memoranda made on the spot, in small note-books which I carried with me. I, however, prepared myself as well as I could, by collecting beforehand, in other manuscript note-books, statistical, historical, and geographical facts concerning the countries I intended to visit. This was no very easy task. Murray's Hand-Book, or anything of the sort worth naming, was not known in 1815. There was not even a good Gazetteer to help the traveller, for I think the first was Constable's, published at Edinburgh, a little later; and as for such works as Reichard's for Germany, and Mrs. Starke's for Italy, — which were the best to be had, — I found them of little value. . . . .

I read what I could best find upon Italy, and took private lectures on the Modern Fine Arts, delivered in Italian by Professor Fiorello, author of the "History of Painting"; on the Ancient Fine Arts, by Professor Welcker, in German, afterwards the first archæologist of his time; on Statistics, in French, by Professor Saalfeld, and in German, on the Spirit of the Times; of all of which I still have at least six volumes of notes, besides two miscellaneous volumes on Rome, and other separate cities and towns of Italy. . . . . But in Spain and Portugal I was reduced very low, travelling much on horseback, though with a postilion, who took a good deal of luggage; but I like to remember that even in those countries I carried a few books, and that I never separated myself from Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, and the Greek Testament, which I have still in the same copies I then used.

CHAPTER V.

Residence in Göttingen till the close of 1816. — *German Literature.* — *German Metaphysics.* — *Anecdotes of Blumenbach and Wolf.* — *Leipsic.* — *Dresden.* — *Berlin.* — *Weimar.* — *Visit to Goethe.* — *Receives the offer of the Professorship of French and Spanish Literature at Harvard.*

To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

Göttingen, February 29, 1816.

. . . . You will perhaps expect from me some notices of German literature, as I am now established in the very midst of it; and if you do not, I may as well write you about it as about something not half so interesting. . . . . To come to the subject, then, and begin in defiance of Horace, — *ab ovo Ledæ,* — you know there are in this land of gutturals and tobacco two dialects: high German, so called because it is indigenous in the interior and higher parts of the country; and low German, so called because it is indigenous in the North, among the lowlands, and on the coast. How long these dialects have existed, it is not now possible to determine; but they are probably as old as the earliest population of the country, since traces of them have been found in Tacitus. The low German, which is the vernacular of the lowest class in this part of the country, is a much more harmonious and happy language in its elements than the high German, which is the language of all people of any education through the whole country, but which is a vernacular only at the South. Both were equally rude, indigent, and unpolished, until the time of the Reformation, — the epoch from which all culture is dated in Germany.

This great revolution accidentally gave the empire of literature to high German. It happened to be the native dialect of Luther. He translated his Bible into it, wrote in it his hymns and catechisms, which are still in use, and made it the language of the pulpit and religion, and, of course, the language of letters; for in Germany they have ever since been inseparably connected. The Thirty Years' War, however, which immediately followed, and wasted and degraded Germany more, perhaps, than a country was ever wasted and degraded by war before or since, effectually stopped the progress of cultivation, and to this, and to the troubles which for above a century afterwards continued to arise as often as they were appeased, from their division into religious parties and principalities, is clearly to be traced the slow progress the Germans made, while the nations around them were fast advancing to the luxuries of a refined literature. At length, when time and collision had worn them down to an uncomfortable kind of quietness, such as you would naturally expect from their clumsy and shapeless constitution, they began to put forth their awkward strength. Their circumstances, however, did not all favor them. From local situation and political interest they were more connected with France than with any other nation ; and the gay splendor of literature at the Court of Louis XIV. at once carried captive their imagination and taste. Nothing could be more unfortunate than this, for nothing would less apply to the rude and powerful language, and the fiery, but untempered talents of Germany, than the straitlaced rules of French criticism. In this prison-house, however, the shorn and manacled strength of the land toiled half a century with ignominious skill and success ; and the many monuments it has left behind are as much the subject of patriotic abhorrence and contempt at the present day as the more recent ones, which lately covered their hills, to mark their political servitude and degeneracy. . . . At length, between 1760 and 1770, from causes which perhaps it is impossible accurately to trace and estimate, but the chief of which are certainly to be sought in the humble servitude under which it had so long suffered, German literature underwent a sudden and violent and total revolution. It is equally difficult to determine precisely to whom is to be given the honor of leading the way in this emancipation. If any one author or work must be selected, it would probably be the "Literary Letters," — a periodical publication managed by Lessing ; but this was so instantly succeeded and surpassed by the earliest works of Klopstock, Wieland, and Goethe, that it is evident the spirit of regeneration had long been working in the land, and that, if Lessing was the first to call it forth, it was rather from accident than extraordinary genius or boldness.

The literature of Germany now sprang at once from its tardy soil, like the miraculous harvest of Jason, and like that, too, seems in danger of perishing without leaving behind it successors to its greatness. Besides the four whom I have named, I know of no authors who have enjoyed a general and decisive popularity, and who have settled down into regular classics, except Haller, Müller, the elder Voss, Schiller, and Bürger. This number is certainly small, and Goethe alone survives, to maintain the glory of the deceased generation of his friends and rivals. But, narrow as the circle is, and though the strictness of posterity will perhaps make it yet narrower, still I know of none in the modern languages — except our own — where one so interesting can be found as the circle of German literature. It has all the freshness and faithfulness of poetry of the early ages, when words were still the representatives of sensible objects, and simple, sensible feelings rather than of abstractions and generalities ; and yet, having flourished so late, it is by no means wanting in modern refinement and regularity. In this singular state, uniting much of the force and originality of the barbarous ages to enough of the light polish of those that are more civilized, it has continued just about fifty years ; but in the last thirty no considerable author has appeared. Much of this barrenness is, I am persuaded, to be charged to the philosophy of Kant, which for nearly twenty years ruled unquestioned, and absorbed and perverted all the talents of the land. It was a vast "Serbonian bog, where armies whole have sunk," and from which even the proud and original genius of Schiller hardly escaped. Its empire, however, was soon gone by ; but then followed the French usurpation, which overturned at pleasure the literary establishments of the land, and silenced systematically all authors who did not write as they were bidden. This, too, has gone by ; but whether their literature will return with their returning independence and peace, is a problem time only can solve.

To Edward T. Channing, Boston.

Göttingen, April 19, 1816.

. . . . You tell me you have been amused with the occasional hints I have given you of the life of a student at a German university. You shall then have more of them, and particularly an account of some events connected with this subject, which have lately occurred here under my immediate observation.

There are, at all the considerable literary establishments in Germany, secret associations among the students, consisting of all persons from the same country or province, which are not only connected with all similar associations at the same university, but with all similar associations throughout Germany. The bond of their union is a chivalrous, or, if you please, a captious rule of honor, and its basis is the sword. The object is not literary, but strictly municipal, and the whole advantage is the irresistible influence which the combination can give to its decisions, either against a student or a citizen.

At Göttingen, there have been, time out of mind, seven of these societies, — according to the seven principal States from which the students come, — as the Hanoverians, the Prussians, the Brunswickers, etc. They are in defiance of the laws of the University, and have often been broken up by the government, but have always reappeared under new names. Sometimes they have been called "Orders," sometimes "Bonds of Virtue," sometimes "Clubs of Honor," etc. The last were called "Landsmannschafts," or "Associations of Countrymen." Their object was twofold : to settle quarrels among their members, and to defend themselves against all impositions of the citizens. But the great power their combination gave them proved tyranny in injudicious hands, and the members were obliged to fight duels where no offence was really given, and the citizens were punished where no injustice or fraud had been practised. They had but two modes of proceeding, and both were sufficiently summary. If one member was offended with another, his society compelled him to fight a duel, appointed the seconds and the witnesses, and saw that satisfaction was properly given. To be sure, these duels hardly deserve so imposing a name, for they were fought with such weapons and such armor that they were seldom bloody and could never be fatal ; but still their number was so considerable that they were absolutely a nuisance, for every slight offence was settled by them.

This was the first mode ; the second was when a member offended the club, or a citizen a member, and then the punishment was by "verschüss," or non-intercourse. If, for instance, a tradesman had cheated a student, if his landlord had treated him unkindly, or anybody with whom he had connection had offended him, he complained to his club. If they found the complaint supported and sufficient, the offender was put into "verschüss," — that is, no student was allowed to have anything to do with him. If he was a shopkeeper, his custom was gone ; if he was a *restaurateur*, nobody would have his dinner from him, any more than if he sent out poison ; and if he let rooms, nobody would take lodgings of him. In short, whatever might be the occupation of the offender, it was gone. Instances of this sort of punishment are not at all rare. Last year, a student, for having spoken disrespectfully of the "Landsmannschaft," was put under the ban of the Empire, and, after braving the whole University some weeks, and its marked contempt, went to Leipsic, but found himself received there with the same injuries, and was finally obliged to change his name and go to Jena. A baker, who had done nothing worse than sue a student for his regular bill, was put into "verschüss," and, after striving in vain to live independently of the students in a town supported entirely by them, found himself so much in debt, that in despair he shot himself. And the very man in whose house I live, having offended a student in his capacity of confectioner, was compelled, above a year since, to let his shop to another, and has been starving on its rent in the vain hope that the students will at last give up the persecution; but he has just sold it in despair.

These are the bad effects of this remarkable system. That it has its good effects also, you will easily believe; for, if it had not, it would not be tolerated a moment by the government, and indeed could not long exist among a large body of young men who are really studious and regular to a remarkable degree, and whose notions of justice are, like those of all young men, essentially pure and unperverted.

The advantages of the system are, that it gives a character and *esprit de corps* to the whole motley mass of the students, which, in universities like these in Germany, could not otherwise be given to them; that it enables the pro-rector and professors, by governing a few of the heads of the clubs, to control the entire multitude under them more effectually than the laws will enable, or the spirit of the institution permit them to do directly; and that it introduces in their behavior to one another, and their conduct to the government, a degree of order and decorum, and a general gentlemanly spirit, which nothing else can give to a thousand young men brought together where they have no responsibility, at an age when they have not yet learnt to behave well without a superior influence in some sort to compel to it. The evils, on the contrary, are the captious rules of honor which are maintained by it among the students, terminating in innumerable contemptible duels, and occasionally a flagrant injustice to a citizen, — though certainly to the citizens it does much more good than harm, for they are much more disposed and interested to cheat the students than the students can be to oppress them.

On the whole, therefore, the system seems to me to be bad, and one which ought to be exterminated, though at the same time I must confess to you that many of the professors think otherwise, and are persuaded that, while the laws of the University are so loose and weak, the students must have a municipal system of their own.

Much undoubtedly depends on the government for the time being. Under a vigilant pro-rector, who prevents these clubs from gaining too much strength or boldness, they may do good; but under such pro-rectors as professors may commonly be expected to be, who are interested to preserve their own popularity, and especially under a decidedly weak pro-rector, they must do much mischief. This has lately been the case here.

During the year ending in February, the pro-rectorship had fallen to two professors who did anything rather than execute the duties of first magistrates of the University, and, of course, during their government these secret "Landsmannschafts" had increased in boldness until their existence and acts were as notorious as those of the academical senate; and the duels multiplied till, contemptible as they are individually, they became an intolerable nuisance. Just at this time Prof. Mitscherlich, the editor of Horace, became in his turn pro-rector, and proved to be as much too severe as his predecessors had been too feeble and lax. He cited at once many students for inconsiderable and forgotten offences, committed under the reign of the last pro-rectors, and was going on to purge the University of its follies more thoroughly than was prudent, or even desirable, when an event occurred which gave a higher direction to his inquiries and punishments. A student quarrelled with his club in the following manner. A house had been put into "verschüss," and a student being found still to frequent it, the sentence he had violated fell on himself. Exasperated at this, he threatened, if he were not reinstated, to expose the whole secret system to the pro-rector. You will easily imagine that this injudicious threat produced exactly the opposite effect from what he had intended. He was excommunicated with book and bell, and received with contempt and injuries whereever he went. Still further enraged at what he ought to have expected, he actually sent a regular and ample memoir to the pro-rector, and fled the city. The moment the fact was known, or rather suspected, such a sensation was excited as no one can imagine who did not witness it.

There was no tumult or violence, but the whole appearance of the city was changed. The streets, always before filled only with young men hastening to their lectures, were now crowded with little "assemblages," as Gov. Gerry would call them, so that it was difficult to pass on the sidewalks; the benches in the lecture-rooms, where a vacant seat was a rarity, grew visibly thin and empty, and wherever you met a student he had the hurried and anxious air of a man of business. The whole character of things was altered. The first determination was to have personal vengeance on the traitor. Guards were posted on the roads to prevent his escape ; for two nights a watch of three hundred patrolled the ramparts and the streets ; and if he had been caught, he might have escaped with his life, but he would have boasted of nothing else. Fortunately his prudence, or that of the pro-rector, had secured his flight before his treason was suspected, and he has not since been seen or heard of. His information, however, has enabled the pro-rector to arrest the heads of the clubs, and possess himself of their records, where he found a regular list of all the officers and members, amounting to between five or six hundred ; and, among other curious documents, seized a protocol containing a detailed account of ninety-six of these harmless duels fought in five months.

So full a discovery precluded all subterfuge or defence. After a week of excitement and cabal, during which all study was suspended, and there was a kind of reign of terror in the University, the most prominent members of the clubs began to leave the city. This was immediately prevented by a public ordinance, laying them all under city arrest, and forbidding them to go out of the city gates under any pretence. This excited a new effervescence, for it indeed was a measure of needless severity, and fell upon the just as well as the unjust. New councils were held, and after much deliberation a deputation was sent to the government at Hanover, praying for its interference. This, however, produced no effect. The pro-rector still went on with his investigations, which were undoubtedly often vexatious and unwise, though certainly, in general, just ; and at length, after three weeks of anxious and burning excitement, such as I should not have imagined the affair would have justified, five students were publicly exiled, *ab urbe et agro ;* twenty-four received a *consilium abeundi*, or common expulsion ; and the rest a general reprimand and warning.

Thus for the fifth or sixth time these secret clubs — which really grow out of the circumstances of the German Empire, and are perhaps formed by a kind of instinct in the German character — have been suppressed. About two hundred students have left the University in disgust ; but they will not be missed three months hence, even if none of them return, as I suppose many will, on cooler reflection.

It is thought, however, that the want of these troublesome aids to the order of academic life will be occasionally felt during the next year in the rudeness, which, in such an interregnum, is always observed to creep into the manners of the students; and nobody doubts that under some other name or form they will reappear and be again crushed.

I did not mean, my dear Edward, to have written you such an alarming epistle, and you will perhaps repent having set my pen going on a subject where it is so much easier to be voluble than amusing. But this is your affair; and, good or bad, it is a double letter, and I shall expect two in return. . . . .

Do you think of me sometimes as the sun sets behind the Brookline hills? We have a sunset here, too, and I never see it without thinking how often we have admired it together from the Mall.

Farewell,

GEO. T.

TO DR. WALTER CHANNING.

GÖTTINGEN, May 17, 1816.

. . . . You ask me a great many questions about Blumenbach, and I imagine you have received anticipated answers to them, for in several letters to you and to other friends I have said a great deal about him. He is the first man in the University, past all doubt, whether in relation to his original talents, to the vast variety and accuracy of his knowledge, or to his influence over the other professors and with the government, and his general knowledge of the world and of men. . . . . His collections in all the different branches of natural history are very remarkable; the most curious is that of one hundred and seventy-three skulls, of all ages, countries, and people, which he has brought together to illustrate his doctrines respecting the human anatomy, and which are arranged with philosophical neatness in a room to which his family have well given the name of Golgotha. It is extremely amusing, as well as instructive, to hear the old gentleman pour out his learning and enthusiasm in explaining the advantages of the collection, and the distinctive peculiarities of each of its members. "What can be more beautiful," said he, day before yesterday, "than the fair forehead and Grecian nose of that Circassian, — what can be more deformed than the wide interval between the eyes of that Calmuck and the projecting chin of that Hottentot, — or what more loathsome than the low sensuality expressed in the sharp projection of the upper jaw of that Jew?" The marks he pointed out were certainly all there; but it is impossible to go into the details of this system here. . . . .

To Elisha Ticknor.

Göttingen, June 5, 1816.

. . . . I was telling you of my acquaintance. Saturday evening I commonly spend with Eichhorn, whose immense learning, joined to his extreme vivacity, make it as pleasant as it is useful. In the last respect, however, I find the time I spend with Prof. Dissen the most profitable. He is still a young man of hardly thirty, and yet has been already called as professor to three universities, and is looked upon here as superior to Heyne. I desired to have two hours a week of him, to pursue the literary history of Greece systematically, under his direction. This, however, he declined, saying that what he could do for me in this way he should not consider as instruction, but as an amusement; and therefore, if I would come every week and spend one or two evenings with him, his advice and assistance would always be at my service. I commonly go, therefore, once or twice in the week at eight in the evening to him, and if I get home before eleven I think I am early, though I have trespassed beyond my rule.

Indeed, there is no man in Göttingen of my acquaintance who comes so entirely up to my idea of what a scholar ought to be as he does. His prodigious learning has not by its amount impaired the freshness of his feelings, or quenched an enthusiasm which is so lively as to be even injurious to his feeble constitution, nor by its minuteness prevented him from having the most general and philosophical views of the nature and objects of his profession; while at the same time he has a deep religious sensibility, of which I know no other example here, and an earnest and prevalent desire to impart his learning and do good, which consecrates all his exertions.

You see, therefore, my plan. I have every day three recitations, and besides these study nine hours, which is as much, I suppose, as my health will bear. My chief objects are still Greek and German, my subsidiary objects Italian and French, my amusement literary history, chiefly ancient, and books that will fit me for my future travels. . . . . Add to all this that I am perfectly well, and just contented enough to keep me always industrious, that I may not fall into the horrors of homesickness, and I do not think you will be dissatisfied with my situation.

To Edward T. Channing.

Göttingen, June 16, 1816.

. . . . In one of your last letters, dear Edward, you told me that your brother William* would like to hear something about the kind of metaphysics taught in the schools here. I forgot at the moment to answer this inquiry, and should perhaps have forgotten it still longer, if I had not last week read his third pamphlet in the controversy with Worcester; and the natural desire which this excited, of recalling myself to the memory of one who had just given me so much pleasure, reminded me of his wish, and I determined to take the first leisure hour I should find to fulfil it.

In the first place, it is necessary to take a few dates, to see how rapidly the metaphysical systems have followed each other. From 1790 to 1800 Kant ruled unquestioned through all Germany. For three or four years succeeding, Fichte was the lord of the ascendant, till Schelling pushed him from his stool, and kept it a few years. But before 1809 had closed, a rebellion of common-sense through the land had dispossessed them all, and since that no one has succeeded to their influence. Of their systems it is not necessary to speak. It is only necessary to know that Fichte and Schelling divided the system of Kant, and that the one, by pushing his idealism too far, in the German phrase, made Nature independent of God, or undeified Nature; while the other, being a man of poetical feeling, went into the other extreme, and almost identified God and Nature, — so that before the defeat of Kant's system as a whole, and then in both parts separately, his school came to a total bankruptcy. In this state you must now consider German metaphysics, taken as a system, or a collection of systems, and in this state they must remain till some man of high talents comes forward, like Kant, at once to destroy and to build up.

But you will ask whether these systems and revolutions left no traces behind them which are still visible. Certainly, very many and very important ones. First, you may observe an extreme excitement in the minds of the Germans upon all metaphysical subjects, produced by such rapid and important revolutions. These three great metaphysicians were men of very rare endowments, of uncommon weight and force of talents, and to the sort of uproar and tumult in which they kept the country for twenty years, is undoubtedly to be traced no inconsiderable portion of that general metaphysical activity and acuteness, and that spirit of philosophical vehemence, which now distinguish Germany from all other nations. I mean that vehement exertion which is now making to have all sciences and knowledge reduced to philosophical systems, which is certainly doing wonders in some respects. And, secondly, you may observe an extreme unwillingness to receive any new system. The whole generation, in this respect, seem like men who have just come out from a long campaign, and are pleased with nothing less than the thought of beginning a new one.

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* The Rev. William Ellery Channing.

To these two consequences of the success and failure of Kant, Fichte, and Schelling, is, I think, in a great measure to be traced the present condition of metaphysics in Germany. Within the lives of the present generation of instructors, these three systems have had their respective triumphs, and of course every one who wishes to be thought a metaphysician must lay the very foundation of his pretensions in a thorough knowledge of them all. But within the same period, too, they have all been exploded, and of course every one who recollects the mortification of that fall will be careful how he exposes himself to a similar fate. The first makes them thorough, deep, and acute ; the last makes them cautious. The consequence of both is that the number of powerful metaphysicians in Germany is at this moment very great, and that they are almost all eclectic.

I do not mean, when I talk of the overthrow of these three systems, that no adherents to them are now to be found. Far from it. In Leipsic, where revolutions in modes of thinking are effected with difficulty, perhaps the majority of those who examine such subjects are still followers of Kant. In Berlin, where Fichte still lives and has lately much distinguished himself by some very powerful pieces to arouse and sustain the Prussian spirit against the French usurpation, his philosophy has still some active friends. And, in Jena, the feelings awakened by Schelling's eloquence and enthusiasm have not yet grown cold.

But, after all, the number is comparatively small, and the spirit feeble ; and if you go through Germany and take the whole mass of metaphysicians together, you will rarely, *very* rarely, find one who professes himself of either of the schools. Particularly at the universities, you will find that each one has a system of his own, collected from the *disjecta membra* of the systems of Kant, Fichte, and Schelling. These fragments he has commonly formed, with his own additions, into a more or less harmonious whole, to which his hearers listen with all due attention and reverence, but in which they trust hardly more than in the forgotten heresies of Leibnitz and Wolf. So that you may set it down as an almost universal fact that the teachers and disciples are alike eclectics.

A young man at the university commonly gets this freedom by hearing three or four different professors expound and defend as many different systems.

This is a very remarkable, but I am not ready to say an unfortunate state of things. The worthiest object of metaphysical studies is to excite and enlarge the faculties, and form deep and thorough thinkers. Never was this so completely and so generally effected as it now is in Germany; and, as the object is attained, why should we complain or regret that it is not done by the means which we have usually considered indispensable?

As to the peculiar character of these metaphysics, you will get all the information necessary from Mad. de Staël. They are undoubtedly very different from the metaphysics taught by Locke, Reid, and Stewart. The Germans reproach the English with treating such subjects psychologically, or, in other words, not sufficiently distinguishing the difference between ideas and sensations; and the English reply that the Germans are unintelligible idealists. The difference between the two is very great, and, moreover, it is, I think, a natural and constitutional difference.

In England, from the character of the people and the nature of the government, which for a thousand years have been continually acting and reacting upon each other, many things must be made to serve some *practical* purpose, and nothing is valued which is not *immediately* useful. In Germany, on the contrary, the national character, from the first intimation of it in Tacitus, and the tendency of the government, from its first development to the present day, have always had an effect directly opposite. A man of science here lives entirely isolated from the world; and the very republic of letters, which is a more real body in Germany than it ever was in any other country, has no connection with the many little governments through which it is scattered without being broken or divided. From this separation of the practical affairs from science and letters to the extraordinary degree in which it is done in Germany, comes, I think, the theoretical nature of German literature in general, and of German metaphysics in particular.

This is the way in which I account for the origin and prevalence of Locke's system of sensations, and Hartley's and Priestley's materialism in the one country, and Kant's and Fichte's high, abstract idealism in the other; because in England the man of letters must be more or less a practical man; in Germany, he is necessarily as pure a theorist or idealist as the Greeks were. But, whether my explanation of the cause be right or wrong, the fact remains unquestionable, and the next thing you will desire to know, will be the effects of this system of things.

They are undoubtedly manifold; more perhaps than I suspect, and certainly more than the Germans themselves believe; but two are very obvious, and more important probably than all the others. The first is an extreme freedom, and, as I should call it, latitudinarianism in thinking, speaking, writing, and teaching on all subjects, even law, religion, and politics, with the single exception of the actual measures of the government. A more perfect freedom, and in most cases a more perfect use and indulgence of it, cannot be imagined than is now to be found in Germany; and nobody can read the books published, without observing their high abstract nature, and seeing that their free tone is derived almost, perhaps altogether, from the general character of the prevalent metaphysics. The second is an extreme mental activity, produced by the necessity which every scholar has felt himself under to understand all three of the great systems which, within the last thirty years, everybody has been obliged to talk about; and then a consequent necessity that he who writes a book must, whatever be his subject, write it in a philosophical, discriminating spirit, and on a broad and systematic plan.

On this last are founded the chief improvements which the Germans are now making in literature and science, and both are to be almost exclusively attributed to the peculiar character of their metaphysics. These, then, are the two most important results of the German metaphysics: the first, bad in the extravagance to which it is now carried; and the second, essentially good, and continually tending, I think, — unless my views of human nature are too favorable, — to diminish and extirpate the evil of the first.

I have now, my dear Edward, explained to you as well as I am able in a letter the three points I intended to explain. . . . . Such as it is, it is as good an idea as I can give you, in so short a space, of the present condition of metaphysics in Germany. . . . .

To Elisha Ticknor.

Göttingen, June 20, 1816.

. . . . We have always been accustomed to hear and to talk of the republic of letters as a state of things in which talent and learning make the only distinction; and the good-natured Goldsmith even went so far as to make a book about it, and describe it as accurately as a dealer in statistics and topography. But, after all that has been said, and after all his description, the thing itself remained as unreal as Sidney's "Arcadia," or Sir Thomas More's "Utopia." The system of universal patronage in England, which it did not need Miss Edgeworth to show, is essentially bad, even when most successfully applied; the splendor of the Court of France, which made all its literature and literary men as cold and polished as itself; the little tyrants of Italy and the great ones of Spain and Portugal,— prevented everything like a liberal union of the men of letters, and an unbiassed freedom in the modes of thinking in all these countries.

In Germany, however, from the force of circumstances and character, a literary democracy has found full room to thrive and rule. Here, there can be no broad system of patronage, for the people are too poor and the governments too inconsiderable. The splendor of a court can have no influence where there is no metropolis; and as for tyranny, I do not think it has ever pressed very hard on Germany, except in the French times; and they were too short to produce a lasting effect, especially as the reaction has been so violent.

The men of letters here, therefore, have always been dependent for their bread and reputation on their own unassisted and unembarrassed talents and exertions; and as the higher and more responsible classes about the courts, etc., have always spoken a different language, and had different feelings, manners, and views, and a different literature (I mean French, which, however, is now going out of fashion), the men of letters gradually became separated from the active and political men, until at last this division became so distinct and perfect that they formed an entirely separate class through all the German States, and have long since ceased to be amenable to any influence but that of the general opinion of their own body. In this way, a genuine republic of letters arose in the north of Germany. At first it comprehended but a small portion of the territories of the unwieldy empire, hardly more than Saxony, Prussia, and Hanover, and the small States lying round them; but, as Protestant learning and philosophical modes of thinking and liberal universities were extended, the limits of this invisible empire extended with them.

The German and reformed portion of Switzerland soon came in; soon after Denmark, and then a part of Poland; and now, lately, the king of Bavaria, by the establishment of gymnasia, and an academy on the German system, and by calling in the Protestants of the North to help him, has set his improvements in motion, and the Emperor Alexander, by founding German universities and appointing German professors to them, have almost brought Bavaria and Russia into the league of letters. In this way, without noise and almost without notice, from Berne to St. Petersburg, and from Munich to Copenhagen, a republic has been formed, extending through all the great and small governments, and independent of the influence of them all, which by its activity unites all the interests of learning, while by its extent it prevents low prejudice from so often oppressing individual merit ; and finally, by its aggregate power resting, as it must, on general opinion, it is able to exert a force which nothing that naturally comes under its influence can resist.

I could give you many curious instances and proofs of the efficiency of this system, and of its power to separate the men of letters from the other classes of society in their opinions and feelings ; but I have room for only two.

When you talk with a man in civil life of his country, you will find that he means that peculiar and independent district in which he was born, as Prussia, or Hesse, etc.; and you will find, too, that his patriotic attachment to this spot is often as exclusive and vehement as that of John Bull or a true American. But talk with a man of letters, and you will instantly perceive that when he speaks of his country he is really thinking of all that portion of Germany, and the neighboring territories, through which Protestant learning and a philosophical mode of thinking are diffused. Nay, further, take a Prussian, or Hanoverian, or Hessian politician or soldier, and he will talk with as much horror of expatriation from Prussia, Hanover, or Hesse as Bonaparte ever did of "denationalizing" a flag ; but a professor or a rector of a gymnasium moves as willingly from one of these countries into another, and feels himself as much at home after his removal, as if it were only from Cassel to Marburg, or from Berlin to Halle.

My second proof is, that they not only feel themselves to belong to an independent body of men, but are really considered to be so by the several governments under which they happen to live. I do not now refer to the unlimited freedom of the universities, and the modes of instruction there, which make each professor independent ; I refer merely to the mode in which professors are removed from one country to another. The king of Prussia would not appoint to any military or civil service, or even to any clerical office in his dominions, any but a Prussian ; the king of Hanover, any but a

Hanoverian, etc.; but if a man of letters is wanted, all such distinctions are not even thought of; nor is it the least reproach to the person appointed, or the least offence to his government, that he is seduced from his native country, though it certainly would be the highest in the other cases. Thus Eichhorn was brought from Weimar; Boeckh, now so famous in Berlin, was a Hanoverian; Heyne was a Saxon; Buhle, the editor of Aristotle, is in Prussia, etc.; and new instances of this sort are occurring every day through the whole of Germany.

These two proofs are certainly sufficient to show the existence and power of a republic of letters. If I had room, I would like to show you its especial influence upon the individuals, institutions, and territories which fall within its sphere; but this must be done by details too numerous for a letter; and besides, when you recollect the present political, moral, and local situation of Germany, you will easily see its most important tendencies, and conjecture many of its coming effects. . . . .

Always your affectionate,

GEO. T.

TO ELISHA TICKNOR.

GÖTTINGEN, July 6, 1816.

. . . . I know not, dear father, that I can say anything more welcome to you than that my studies of all kinds go on well. I have lately taken upon me to learn something of the present political and moral condition of Germany. This I have undertaken under the direction of Prof. Saalfeld, a young man who has lately distinguished himself by several publications on the present politics of Europe, and by a course of lectures on the "Spirit of the Times." I have but little leisure to give to this branch of study; for, useful and interesting as it is, it is not necessary; and I have long since learned that what is not necessary to my purposes must be considered as amusement. . . . . As yet I have met with nothing in my inquiries that has more struck and moved me than the means by which Prussia has made herself the first power in the German Empire, and perhaps placed herself in a condition at last to control its destinies.

By the peace of Tilsit, Prussia gave up to France about one half of her population, and became at once the subject of a system of plunder and outrage such as no nation, I presume, was ever before subjected to, and which soon brought her to the verge of despair. In the dark and melancholy winter of 1808, when the measure of French power and European suffering were alike full, at a moment when all hope of relief seemed to have fled from the Continent, and Prussia herself to have been marked out as the peculiar object of French vengeance, — at this moment, when the rest of Germany lay in abject subjection, the ministry of Prussia conceived and announced the determination of making up in moral strength what they had lost in physical. From that moment the character of Prussia began to change. The means were no sooner wanted than they were found. More freedom was gradually given to the lower classes; more schools were established for their instruction; societies were formed under the direction of the government whose object was to promote industry, order, and economy among the people; and finally the king founded a new university at Berlin, from which a free spirit has gone forth that has wrought like a fever through all Germany. In short, all the talents, influence, and activity which the councils of the king could command, were directly applied to repress luxury, to promote industry, and to diffuse information among the people, and thus give a new moral character to the whole nation.

Such designs were suited to the spirit of the times, and they therefore succeeded beyond the hopes of those who first conceived them. It was in this way that Prussia was gradually and systematically prepared for emancipation, and enabled to act with more vigor and success when that moment arrived. The government now find this spirit dangerous. They have used it as long as it suited their purposes, and would now gladly suppress it. The people, however, who have thus been taught freer notions than they had before known, and who above all feel that they have emancipated themselves rather than been emancipated by the government, are not willing to return to their original subjection. In consequence of this, the spirit of the government and the spirit of the people are now decidedly at variance, and time must determine which will prevail.

To Mrs. E. Ticknor.

Göttingen, July 21, 1816.

. . . . In my own situation I know not that any change has taken place since I last wrote to you, excepting in our dinner society at old Judge Zacharia's. Madame Blumenbach and her daughter have gone to the baths at Ems for their health and amusement; and as the knight does not choose to eat his dinner quite alone, he dines with us. His unwearied and inexhaustible gayety of spirits, and his endless fund of curious and learned anecdote, make him at once the centre and life of a party, which, to be sure, was before neither very lifeless nor very sad. Every day he has something new and strange to tell; and as he takes a particular delight in teasing me, he commonly relates something out of the way respecting our North American Indians, which by a dexterous turn he contrives to make those present think is equally true of the citizens of the United States, and ends by citing some of the strange opinions of Buffon or Raynal to support himself, and put me out of countenance. Of course we come at once into a regular discussion, in which he goes on to allege more perverse authorities against me, calls us a younger and feebler creation, says that we have not yet freed ourselves from the rude manners of the wilderness, etc., etc. This soon finishes with a general laugh, sometimes against one side, sometimes against the other, though oftenest, I think, against me; for, if I have the best of the argument, he always has, and always will have, the best of the joke.

This, however, though it ends the discussion for the time, does not finally conclude it. The next day the old gentleman comes with his books and authorities to support all he had said the day before; and this he is generally able to do by some means or other, for there is nothing so absurd that has not at some time been said about us; and though he knows as well as anybody what is true, and what is exaggerated or false, he proceeds at once to argue for victory and not for truth. Still, with all his inexhaustible learning, he is often unable to find perverse authorities enough to support what in a moment of thoughtless humor he has said merely to tease me; and so, to supply what is wanting in the *litera scripta*, he invents extemporaneously whatever suits his immediate purpose. Thus, a few days ago, as I had denied that the Americans use the Indian steam-baths made by pouring water upon hot stones, the old gentleman had come with a curious letter of William Penn's on the subject, which he read aloud in English; but as this went no further than to the Indians, and not to the whites, he adroitly inserted a sentence or two gratis, from which it seemed the practice was common in *Boston;* and he did the thing so admirably that I did not at first suspect the trick. Two days afterwards he undertook to play off a similar joke with a French book. But, as I had luckily remarked that it was printed in 1588, above thirty years before the first colonists came to New England, I obtained at once a famous victory, and turned the laugh decidedly against him.

Yesterday one of the servants of the library came to my room with three huge quartos, and Prof. Blumenbach's compliments, saying they were too large to bring to dinner, and therefore he sent them for his own justification, with marks put in where his authorities were to be found, — the whole of which were manifest falsehoods or exaggerations ; but they served him as sufficient ground for crying an *Io triumphe* when we met at noon. In this way we have been going on these ten or twelve days, and I suppose shall continue to go on so till the ladies come back from Ems ; so that you see I am not likely to relapse into low spirits for want of gay society and occasional excitement.

I gave Blumenbach, some time since, my dear father, your remembrance and your acknowledgments for the kindness he has shown me. The old gentleman was certainly well pleased to receive such a salutation from such a distance ; as little George said, mine were "the farthest and longest kisses he ever had." I must hasten to close my letter. All well.

Geo. T.

JOURNAL.

Göttingen, *September* 12, 1816. — Within the last three days, I have seen a good deal of Wolf, the corypheus of German philologists, who is here on a visit, for the purpose of seeing the library. . . . . His history is curious, and is an explanation of his character. He studied here when he was very poor and wretched, and, as he says in some of his publications, ill-treated by Heyne. His first occupation was, I think, an inferior place at Ilfeld, from which Heyne caused him to be expelled, no doubt with justice, for his excesses. He then went as pro-rector to an inconsiderable gymnasium at Osterode, in the Hartz. There he lived for some time unnoticed and unknown, till he attracted attention by his edition of Plato's Symposium, which is the more extraordinary, as the notes are in German. This gave him a professorship at Halle, to whose spirit his talents and temper were adapted, and where he at once made himself a name and influence. In 1795 he published his Prolegomena to Homer, — one of the most important works ever written on a philological subject. Then followed his bitter contest with Heyne, who was willing to claim for himself a part of the honors of the revolution in philology which this work effected. It ended with the triumph of Wolf, though in the course of the controversy he discovered feelings which made good men regret that Heyne should have been defeated. When Heyne's Iliad came out, in 1802, Wolf and Voss published one of the most cruel and scurrilous reviews of it that ever flowed from the gall of offended pride, to which Heyne replied by a vignette in his Virgil of 1806. After this, Wolf seems to have been tolerably quiet at Halle, till the change was made by the French, when he went to Berlin, with the title of "Geheimerrath," and a salary of 2,500 thalers and no duties, and now lives there, in his old age, in a kind of *otium cum dignitate*, which is almost singular in the annals of German universities, and which is the envy of his coadjutors and rivals.

As a man of letters and learning, I know of few living for whom I have so great a veneration as for Wolf. In genius he surpasses, perhaps, nearly all the philologists who have lived, and in learning and acuteness is behind very few. A genuine laziness and love of ease, however, have prevented him from publishing much; but what he has published has become a canon, — as his text of Homer, though he gives no notes to support his alterations; his rules of criticism, in his Prolegomena, though not carried out and exemplified; his editions of Herodian, and of the Disp. Tusculanæ, etc., etc., — all things of little compass, but pregnant with important consequences and changes. . . . . His course for Homer was commonly attended by 180 to 200, and I am persuaded that very few professors, in any faculty, have delivered so great a variety of lectures as he has, with such skill, thoroughness, and success. I do not know what more could be desired of him, but that he should have published more, and should not have ceased to instruct.

But the more I admire him as a scholar, the more I dislike him as a man. . . . . He has openly quarrelled with most of his friends; he disgraced himself by his political conduct when the French were in Halle; and he has sunk from all respect by his vices in old age. . . . . In intercourse I have found him pleasant, chiefly from his boldness and originality. His remarks on all subjects are striking and often new; he is arrogant and vain, talks much of himself, and repeated to me with ill-concealed satisfaction a remark he had found in the Classical Journal, published in England, that they knew of only two scholars now on the Continent, — Wyttenbach and Wolf. Of his enemies he never spoke, unless it were once of Voss, whose translation of Homer he ridiculed; and, though by a strange accident I walked with him this afternoon to the tomb of Heyne, it seemed to excite in him no feeling but curiosity. To like such a man is impossible; but as a matter of curiosity I must say that, during the last three days, in which I have been often and long with him, he has very much amused me.

DICTATED IN 1854.

When I was in Göttingen, in 1816, I saw Wolf, the most distinguished Greek scholar of the time. He could also lecture extemporaneously in Latin. He was curious about this country, and questioned me about our scholars and the amount of our scholarship. I told him what I could, — amongst other things, of a fashionable, dashing preacher of New York having told me that he took great pleasure in reading the choruses of Æschylus, and that he read them without a dictionary! I was walking with Wolf at the time, and, on hearing this, he stopped, squared round, and said, "He told you that, did he?" "Yes," I answered. "Very well; the next time you hear him say it, do you tell him he lies, and that I say so."

When I went from Göttingen to Berlin, Wolf told me to go to his house, — a bachelor establishment, — and to look at his books. I went, and amongst many interesting things happened to see on his working-table a Latin and German lexicon, which I knew had been out but five years. I took it up, wondering what such a scholar should need it for, and, to my great surprise, found it much worn by use.

During a six weeks' vacation, Mr. Ticknor and Mr. Everett left Göttingen, September 13, 1816, for a tour in the North of Germany, visiting all the principal cities, and every distinguished university and school, whether in a city or small town; Mr. Ticknor always making a minute study of them, and writing full descriptions of them in his journal. He devotes nearly a volume of it to Leipsic, Dresden, and Berlin, having given a fortnight to Dresden, a week each to Leipsic and Berlin, and the rest of the time to Wittenberg, Halle, Weimar, Jena, Gotha, etc. They returned to Göttingen, November 5.

To Edward T. Channing.

Leipsic, September, 17, 1816.

.... Leipsic is a very remarkable place, and presents itself to everybody who comes with a judicious acquaintance with it, under three distinct forms, — a city associated with many famous recollections in early history, and the Marathon of our own times, where the inroads of a tumultuous barbarism were finally stopped; as a trading city, for its size the most important in Europe; and as a University, one of the largest, most respectable, and ancient in the world.

The second is, of course, the aspect in which it is first seen by a stranger; and I assure you, when I came again into the crowded streets and noisy population of a commercial city, after having lived an entire year in the silence and desolation of Göttingen, I felt almost as I did when I was cast among the multitudes of London, or as Cato did when he complained of the *magna civitas, magna solitudo.* But that, of course, is wearing off. I am making acquaintance with the people attached to the University, and thus begin to forget that I am in a trading city, to whose semiannual fair twenty thousand strangers resort. . . . . Among the great men of the University whom I have seen, are Hermann, whose treatise on the Metric you know, I suppose, about as well as I do Chitty's treatise on Pleading, and Beck, who is as familiar to you in his capacity of editor of Euripides, as Polluxfen & Co. are to me as editors of Coke, of whom I now recollect nothing but his full-bottomed wig and a long case which I had occasion to look up. . . . . Hermann and Beck are good men, and so is Prof. Schäfer, who published Herodotus, though he is obliged to support himself by correcting proof-sheets of books he ought rather to comment, because his person and manner are not sufficiently interesting to fill his auditorium with hearers and his purse with Frederick d'ors. *En passant*, I will tell you a story of him. You know Porson is the god of idolatry to all the Hellenists of England, great and small, whether 'Αττικώτατος, like Cicero's instructor in rhetoric, or *Græculi esurientes*, like Juvenal's, poor fellow ! — and if you do not, you can find it out by reading a Life of him in Aikin's Athenæum. He died one day, and his successor in Cambridge, and another of the present generation of Greek scholars in England, who are no more like Porson than the degenerate heroes of Virgil's poetry were like their more fabulous ancestors, published his Remains under the title of Adversaria, so that the book came out with great circumstance, under the authority, as it were, of the University of Cambridge. The book was certainly, for a collection of disconnected critical remarks, a good book, and Schäfer republished it here, taking the liberty to correct some mistakes in the latinity, — a circumstance which he very modestly notices in his preface. This was a tremendous blow to the pride of the English scholars, though poor Schäfer, who had been educated in the German notions of the importance of an exquisite latinity, thought it an inconsiderable oversight. It seemed incredible to the classical wits at Cambridge, that a book of Porson's, so carefully and so often revised by those into whose hands his papers came, should contain so vulgar a fault as a grammatical error ; and Schäffer was knocked down in the Cambridge Review very unceremoniously for a calumniator and a liar. His friends immediately wrote to him to defend himself, but he simply answered that quarrelling was not a branch of his professorship, and that his best defence would be a collation of the two editions ; though, in turning over the leaves of his English copy, he showed us, by accident, *Chersonesus* used as a feminine, and *quem* as a relative consequent to *cenotaphium*, which, though I conceive them to be no disgrace to Porson, and little to his publishers, are still an entire justification of all Schäffer had said in his preface. . . . .

Farewell. It is late, and I am tired, as I always am in a strange place, if it be only from seeing unwonted objects and faces.

Still your Yankee friend,
Geo.

JOURNAL.

September 22. — In the afternoon we went through the gallery of pictures which has made Dresden so famous through the world ; and, though I had read the admiration of Lessing, Herder, and Winckelmann, it surpassed my expectations. From looking at a collection of above thirteen hundred pieces an hour or two, I cannot of course say anything ; but of the effect of one piece on my unpractised eye I cannot choose but speak, for I would not willingly lose the recollection of what I now feel. I mean the picture called the Madonna di San Sisto. . . . . I had often heard of the power of fine paintings, and I knew that Raphael was commonly reckoned the master of all imitation, and that this was one of the highest efforts of his skill ; but I was not prepared for such a vision. I did not before imagine it had been within the compass of human talent to have formed a countenance of such ideal beauty as the Madonna's, on which a smile would have seemed earthly and unholy, or a child like Jesus, where the innocence of infancy is consecrated and elevated, but not marred in any of its natural sweetness and fascination by the inspiration of the divinity which beams forth in the mild but fixed earnestness of his looks. I was not prepared for this, for I had never before seen a work of one of the great masters ; and even now that I have felt the influence of Raphael's genius descend upon me, I find it almost impossible to believe that there is still a point in the art that ought to produce the effect that this picture produced on me as I stood before it. *

Berlin, *October* 9, 1816. — I dined with Mr. Rose, the English minister, and a considerable party of strangers, the Bavarian envoy, the Count de Chastellux, a beautiful English lady by the name of Atterson, etc. Mr. Rose is about forty-five or fifty years old, has long been in the English diplomacy, and came here directly from

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* A description of the picture is omitted.

Munich, a year since, where he has been minister nearly two years. .... In his manners he is more American and democratic than English, and even in his dress there was a kind of popular carelessness which does not belong to his nation. He talks, too, without apparent reserve on subjects private and political, said a great deal of his mission to America, pronounced Jefferson to be a man of great talents and acuteness, but did not think much of Madison, spoke well of many democrats whom he thought honest, able men, etc., etc., and in general seemed to understand the situation of the politics and parties of the United States pretty well, though his mission lasted only five months, and he was hardly out of Washington. .... Among other things, we talked of Lord Byron; and he mentioned to me a circumstance which proves what I have always believed, — that Lord Byron's personal deformity was one great cause of his melancholy and misanthropy. He said that after his return from Greece, Lord Byron, in one of his fits of extravagance, sat up all night with a friend of his own character in a London coffee-house, for the purpose of going early in the morning to an execution. As they sallied out, a woman stood before the door, whom he supposed to be a beggar, and so gave her money, which she indignantly rejected, threw back upon him, and, with much other vulgar invective, called him a "clump-footed devil." They went on to the execution, waited with the common crowd for their miserable amusement, and returned; but Lord Byron said hardly a word the whole time, and it was not till they had been an hour or two longer together, that he burst out into a violent fit of passionate eloquence, — told them he was an outcast from human nature; that he had a seal of infamy set upon him more distinct than that of Cain, that the very beggars would not receive money from one like him, etc.; showing that during this interval of three or four hours he had, like Tiberius, kept these few words *alta mente reposta.* Mr. Rose added, that the time had been when he might have been cured of this deformity, which arose only from a weakness in the joints, but that he was too impatient to submit to the tedious and painful process necessary, and that his misanthropy is now a mixture of hatred of nature and himself for this fault of his person, added to a general satiety of all extravagance and debauchery.

HALLE, *October* 19, 1816. — This evening we passed with a considerable party at the house of Halle's Magnus Apollo, Chancellor Niemeyer. He is now, I imagine, about sixty-three years old, and — what is uncommon among German men of letters — he is a fine-looking, gentlemanly man. His whole career has, I believe, been confined to Halle, where he has long been the first man, head of all their establishments, ruler of the University, etc., etc. In 1806, he was thought by the French a man of so much consequence, that he was one of the six whom they carried off to France as hostages for this quarter of the country, and he remained there half a year. During this exile he became acquainted with Jerome, and when the kingdom of Westphalia was established, obtained, through him, indulgences for Halle. Jerome had confidence in him, and he deserved it, not by becoming a Frenchman, but by remaining faithful to the University, and desiring nothing but its good. He was, therefore, in 1808, made chancellor and rector *perpetuus*, and soon after knight of the same order that Heyne received. The last honor, of course, vanished with the Westphalian dominion ; the chancellorship he retains, but the rectorship he found a burden too great, and laid it down, having borne it eight years.

The party at his house was pleasant, and its tone more genteel and sociable than at Göttingen. The professors who were there, perhaps, less learned, and more polished in their manners. Among them was a son of the Chancellor, formerly professor at Marburg, Gesenius, author of the Hebrew lexicon, Jakobs, etc. All were gay. The evening passed off lightly, except the time I was obliged to listen in polite silence to a sonata of Mozart twenty-four pages long ; the supper was better than German suppers are wont to be.

October 20. — I called this morning on Prof. Sprengel, and delivered him a letter from Dr. Mühlenburg of New York, with a small package of botanical specimens. He seems to be a man of quick feelings, and it was almost amusing to see how suddenly he passed from tears at receiving a letter from one he loved, who had so long been dead, to delight at receiving so many curious botanical specimens which he had never seen before. . . . . When he had got partly through his delight at the specimens, he asked me a multitude of questions about Dr. Mühlenburg, and told me many anecdotes of him, which showed how true his feelings were to the memory of their early friendship. He interested me more than German scholars commonly do. . . . .

He remains, by general consent, not only one of the best botanists in Germany, but a good scholar, and an interesting and amiable man. . . . .

In the course of the forenoon, we visited Prof. Ersch, the librarian, who has shown at least enormous diligence in his works on German literature since 1750, a collection of titles of the books, treatises, pamphlets, etc., published during this period in Germany, making twelve octavo volumes. We called, too, on Prof. Knapp, the oldest professor in this University, and Director of the Theological Seminary. He is very old. He is also at the head of the missionary societies in this quarter of Germany, and has recently written for one of their publications a short but interesting history of missions. As a literary man, his merit is his Latin, which he is supposed to write and speak as well as almost any man of his time. . . . .

I dined with Prof. Sprengel. The dinner was poor, — such an one, perhaps, as few German professors would have been humble enough to have asked a stranger to; but, what I have not found before in a single instance, he made no apologies. The consequence was, that I was well contented, and had leisure to admire the extent of his literary knowledge, which, without the least show, was gradually opened to me.

After dinner he carried me to his neighbor, La Fontaine's, author of a great number of romances, one of which, "The Village Curate," has been republished in America. He is sixty or sixty-five, lives very pleasantly just outside the town, on the beautiful banks of the Saal. His mode of life is rather curious. He is in the church, but his place is merely nominal, and to support himself in living as he likes he writes. This he does not find pleasant, and therefore writes no more than is necessary. Twice in the year he labors night and day, produces a romance, sells it to the booksellers, and from the profits is able to have for the remaining five months the comforts and luxuries he desires. I found him with Prof. Niemeyer; we were soon joined by Prof. Ersch, Prof. Jakobs, etc. The old gentleman's gay volubility, which indicated his literary fertility, kept everybody alive about him, and we passed two hours in a rational kind of happiness with him. . . . .

In the evening we made a visit to old Hofrath Schurtz, editor of Æschylus, and conductor, for I know not how many years, of the *Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung*. He was formerly professor at Jena; he is now above seventy years old, but possesses a vivacity remarkable even in a German man of letters. In good-nature he is said to surpass all his contemporaries. On this account, as Hermann told us, Wolf could never get along with him, for if he attacked Schurtz in conversation for any opinion whatever, Schurtz would always turn it off with a joke, and say nobody could be more willing to give up an opinion or a criticism than himself, for he advanced them only as specimens, and was ready to abandon them to their fate. This is true, as any one may see, who reads the notes to his Æschylus, where, with learning and acuteness, there is often a carelessness which is inexplicable, without this key to his character. Yet with all this levity and learning, he is obliged to work like a dog : he reads his lectures, is editing Cicero, conducts the Philological Seminary, superintends the Journal, and from all these together is obliged to correct fifteen or sixteen proof-sheets every week. And yet I hardly know any young man of five-and-twenty that is more amusing.

I went to the Botanical Garden to take leave, but did not find Prof. Sprengel, who gave it all its interest, when I last saw it, and on my way home visited the Halloren. There are now only about fifty families, who live together, and earn a poor subsistence by working in a salt-mine here, by teaching swimming, showing their dexterity in the art for money, and by catching birds, — particularly larks. They are curious only as the last supposed remains of the ancient Wendish nation, who have preserved their dress and customs, though not their language, from the time that Charlemagne transplanted the Saxons here, and thus exterminated gradually this rude and dangerous people.

The evening we passed at the Chancellor's, with his family, in the usual simple gathering, which the Germans are generally too proud to permit a stranger to join. His children, the sons with their wives, and two or three intimate friends pass Monday evening with him ; and I know not when I have seen anything more natural and refreshing. The girls were in their calico dresses and colored vandykes, seated at their sewing and mending ; the young men came in their frock-coats ; and the Chancellor, with his wife, sat in homely simplicity on the sofa, and enjoyed the circle which affection had brought about them.

At eight o'clock, however, I took leave of them, and went with the Chancellor to a club supper, where most of the professors meet on Monday evenings. There were eighteen or twenty present this evening, and among them our old friend Knapp, Rudiger, who knows many languages, and looks like a raw farmer from the district of Maine, Voss, Professor of History, etc. The evening passed away pleasantly; there was little eating or drinking, but much amusing conversation, and at eleven o'clock everybody went home, and we bade farewell to the Chancellor and Halle.

WEIMAR, *October* 25. — We sent our letters to Goethe this morning, and he returned for answer the message that he would be happy to see us at eleven o'clock. We went punctually, and he was ready to receive us. He is something above the middle size, large but not gross, with gray hair, a dark, ruddy complexion, and full, rich, black eyes, which, though dimmed by age, are still very expressive. His whole countenance is old; and though his features are quiet and composed they bear decided traces of the tumult of early feeling and passion. Taken together, his person is not only respectable, but imposing. In his manners, he is simple. He received us without ceremony, but with care and elegance, and made no German compliments. The conversation, of course, rested in his hands, and was various. He spoke naturally of Wolf, as one of our letters was from him, — said he was a very great man, had delivered thirty-six different courses of lectures on different subjects connected with the study of antiquity, possessed the most remarkable memory he had ever known, and in genius and critical skill surpassed all the scholars of his time. In alluding to his last publication, he said he had written his "Life of Bentley" with uncommon talent, because in doing it he had exhibited and defended his own character, and in all he said showed that he had high admiration and regard for him.

Of Lord Byron, he spoke with interest and discrimination, — said that his poetry showed great knowledge of human nature and great talent in description; Lara, he thought, bordered on the kingdom of spectres; and of his late separation from his wife, that, in its circumstances and the mystery in which it is involved, it is so poetical, that if Lord Byron had invented it he could hardly have had a more fortunate subject for his genius. All this he said in a quiet, simple manner, which would have surprised me much, if I had known him only through his books; and it made me feel how bitter must have been Jean Paul's disappointment, who came to him expecting to find in his conversation the characteristics of Werther and Faust. Once his genius kindled, and in spite of himself he grew almost fervent as he deplored the want of extemporary eloquence in Germany, and said, what I never heard before, but which is eminently true, that the English is kept a much more living language by its influence. "Here," he said, we have no eloquence, — our preaching is a monotonous, middling declamation, — public debate we have not at all, and if a little inspiration sometimes comes to us in our lecture-rooms, it is out of place, for eloquence does not teach." We remained with him nearly an hour, and when we came away he accompanied us as far as the parlor door with the same simplicity with which he received us, without any German congratulations.

In the afternoon, we called on Prof. Thiersch, who is here on a visit. He is thirty-two, and is one of the rare instances of a peasant raising himself to the learned rank in society. He was sent to the "Schule Pforte" by a village which had this right, and afterwards studied at Göttingen, — was an instructor in the gymnasium there, and, while thus employed, attracted the attention of John Müller, the historian, who said of Thiersch and Dissen, who were then not twenty-five years old, that if the art of studying the Greek classics was lost, these two young men had knowledge enough to restore it. . . . .

In the evening he took us to the house of a friend, Mr. Von Couta, a councillor of state; where we met a daughter of Herder, a cousin of Klopstock; Prof. Hand, the editor of Lucretius, a young man of thirty-five; and Myer, the archæologist, now Goethe's intimate friend, an old man of sixty or seventy, short and fat, with very odd manners, but lively and amusing in conversation.

October 28. — Prof. Riemer, who is second librarian of the Public Library, called on us and amused us above an hour, by describing Goethe's mode of living, peculiarities, etc., — facts one cannot get in books, or from any source but the knowledge of an intimate acquaintance. Prof. Riemer lived nine years in Goethe's house, and knew him, of course, from the lowest note to the top of his compass. He said that Goethe is a much greater man than the world will ever know, because he always needs excitement and collision to rouse him to exertion, and that it is a great misfortune that he is now without such influence and example as when Herder, Wieland, and Schiller were alive.

I asked what had been his relations with those extraordinary men. He replied that, from holding similar views in philosophy, Goethe and Schiller were nearest to each other, and Herder and Wieland; but that after the deaths of Schiller and Herder, Goethe became intimate with Wieland. Schiller, he said, had profited much by his connection with Goethe, and borrowed much from his genius, — among other pieces, in his William Tell, which Goethe had earlier thought to have made the subject of an epic poem; but now they are all dead, and since 1813 Goethe has been alone in the world.

He has much on paper which has never been published, and much in his memory which has not been put on paper, for he writes always by an amanuensis, to whom he dictates from memoranda on a card or scrap of paper, as he walks up and down his room. Of his views in physics and comparative anatomy, he has published little, but a programme by a medical professor at Jena (Oken) has lately made a great noise, in which the doctrine that the brain is formed from the *medulla spinalis* was, no doubt, from hints first given by Goethe.

Among the many unpublished things he has on hand, are parts of a continuation of Faust, which Riemer had seen, in which the Devil brings Faust to court and makes him a great man ; and some poems in the Persian style and taste which he wrote during the last war, to give a relief to his imagination and feelings by employing himself on something that had no connection with Europe.

He lives now, in his old age, in unconsoled solitude ; sees almost nobody, and rarely goes out. His enjoyment of life seems gone, his inclination for exertion gone, and nothing remains to him, that I can see, but a very few years of cold and unsatisfied retirement.

To Elisha Ticknor.

Göttingen, November 9, 1816.

Once more, dear father and mother, I date to you from Göttingen, but from Göttingen how changed ! Five days ago we arrived here, after an absence of eight weeks. As I entered the city, I felt in some sort as if I were returning home, for I knew that I was returning to that quiet occupation which in Europe is my only happiness ; but I did not dream of what awaited me. I sprang from the carriage to go to my room, but was stopped by an Irishman of the name of Orr, who studies here, with the question, "Do you know two of your countrymen are here?" "Is it Cogswell?" said I, involuntarily ; not because I trusted myself to hope it, but because it was what I desired beyond anything else in the compass of possibility.

In a moment I was with him, at "The Crown" ; and though I had not been in bed for thirty-six hours, I did not get to my room till midnight. . . . . And yet, when I have been alone, I have had enough to think of.* . . . . I have thought seriously and thoroughly, and the state of the case is such that the final decision must rest with you, for the three difficult points are more your affair, my dear father, than mine.

The first is, the amount of compensation offered to me. This is a salary of $ 1,000 and fees, which, from the present state of literature among us, cannot in twenty years exceed from $ 300 to $ 500 more ; so that from the professorship I cannot expect above $ 1,300, or at most $ 1,500 a year. This is enough for me, as long as I continue unmarried, and I could live upon it as contentedly as upon $ 10,000 a year ; but I am now making an arrangement for life ; and, though I assure you my hopes have not fixed on any particular person, yet I know very well that in any country, and most of all in America, marriage is a *sine qua non* to happiness, and that there are not many persons to whom it would be more necessary than to me. This, then, is the condition to which I ought to look forward; but for this the professorship is no sufficient provision. I cannot, therefore, accept it, unless you are able and willing to make up the income to the amount necessary to support a family.

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* The first announcement of his nomination to be professor at Cambridge.

The second point is, the Spanish part. Here is at once a new subject of study proposed to me, to which I have paid no attention since I have been here, and which I have not taken into the plan of my studies and travels in Europe. If I am to be a professor in this literature, I must go to Spain; and this I cannot think of doing, without your full and free consent. This winter I must remain here, of course; the next summer I must be in France, and the next winter in Italy. I willingly give up Greece, but still I find no room for Spain. If I go there as soon as the spring will make it proper, in 1818, and establish myself at the University of Salamanca, and stay there six months, which is the shortest time in which I could possibly get a suitable knowledge of Spanish literature, my whole time will be absorbed, and England and Scotland will be sacrificed. This last I ought not to do; and yet, the thought of staying six months longer from home is absolutely intolerable to me. If it comes to my mind when I sit down to dinner, my appetite is gone; or when I am going to bed, I get no sleep. Yet, if I take this place, I must do it, and I do not question I could carry it properly through; for, after the last six months here, I do not fear anything in this way; or at least ought not to; but are *you* willing? Without your consent, I will not for an instant think of it.

Finally, are you satisfied with the office and the occupation? For myself, I say freely, that the occupation would be pleasant to me, and that I doubt not, in this office, I could, better than in any other, fulfil my duties to God and my neighbor; but still, if you be not satisfied, I do not desire it.

The case, then, stands precisely thus: you, my dear father, have done so much for me, and have made so many sacrifices for me, that I have no other wish than so to spend the remainder of the time we may live together in the world as will most promote your happiness and my mother's. An offer is made to me of an establishment for life, which necessarily implies farther exertions and sacrifices on your part. I do not ask them, I do not desire them. I can live happy with you at home, and easily earn in some other way the support that may be necessary for me. If, however, you, of your own accord, desire me to accept this office, and *willingly* make the sacrifices that are necessary to it; if you are disposed to add to the income what is necessary to support a family; if you are disposed to have me yet another half-year absent, so as to make in all four years; and, finally, if you are willing that I should live separated from you the greater part of the year,—I will accept. I send you, therefore, two letters for the President: one affirmative, one negative. Choose, dear father and mother, whichever you please, and be assured your choice will make me happy.

If you had mentioned the subject in your letters, or if from Cogswell I could have gained a hint of your wishes, I should have sent but one of them. As it is, your decision cannot be difficult, since in either case it must be proper.

Your affectionate child,

GEORGE TICKNOR.

To EDWARD T. CHANNING.

GÖTTINGEN, November 16, 1816.

Two months ago, my dear Edward, I wrote you from Leipsic, and on my return here found your letters of August 9th and September 14th. I thank you for them, as I do in my heart for all your letters, and read them with grateful pleasure throughout, even that part of your last in which you abuse the German literature. You must, however, permit me to answer this. "I am an elder soldier, not a better," and may claim to be heard on the ground of experience, if not of disinterestedness. If anybody chooses to say the literature of Germany is poor, feeble, good for nothing, etc., I have no disposition to disturb him in his opinion, — *chacun à son goût.* He cannot enjoy what I can, — and I, on the other hand, no doubt, am incapable of some pleasures which he perceives. But when a man comes out like the author of a "Review of Goethe's Life," and says Schiller is the first genius Germany has produced, or, like yourself, that German poetry is obscure, artificial, etc., I am bold to say, with all due respect, the man knows nothing about the matter. Again, if a man says, "I am going to give an account of Goethe's life, as he himself represents it," and then draws a caricature of it, as is done by the Edinburgh Review, I say he is dishonest, without entering into the question whether the book is defensible. Or, if, like the author of the "Review of the Ancient German Poetry," he says, Bouterweck's book on this subject is indifferent, I reply, without inquiring whether the judgment be accidentally right or not, that the man is a scoundrel, for *every* fact and *every* opinion in his Review is pilfered from this very book, and he evidently knows nothing of the early history of German literature which he has not found in it. Yet this is the way the Germans are every day judged by foreign nations. Fortunately, however, the grounds of accusation are so different that all cannot be true, and their incoherence and inconsistency are the best possible testimony to the ignorance of the persons who make them.

To-day comes a Frenchman, and cries out, like Bonaparte, against the "métaphysique ténébreuse du Nord"; to-morrow comes another Frenchman, like Villers, and says he will build a bridge that shall conduct the empirics of France to the simplicity of German philosophy. Mad. de Staël complains of Goethe's tragedies for being too simple, and the Edinburgh Reviewers complain of them for being too artificial. You praise the Village Pastor, whose name I have never heard in Germany, except when I have inquired about it. The critics of the North say the reading of Schiller's Robbers makes an epoch in every man's life ; from which remark, it is apparent the innocent do not know that, though Schiller's countrymen are aware of the strength of character and talent which were necessary to produce in his circumstances, and the circumstances of the country, such a tragedy as the "Robbers" at the age of twenty-one, yet that their good sense and good taste have banished it long, long since from the stage, and ceased to read it except as a curious proof of misdirected genius, though it is now domesticated in the English theatres.

Perhaps you will ask what I mean by all this tirade against other people's mistakes. I mean to show you by foreign proof that the German literature is a peculiar national literature, which, like the miraculous creation of Deucalion, has sprung directly from their own soil, and is so intimately connected with their character, that it is very difficult for a stranger to understand it. A Frenchman, or indeed any one of the Roman nations, generally makes as bad work with it as Voltaire with Shakespeare, and for the same reasons ; for it deals with a class of feelings and ideas which are entirely without the periphery of his conceptions. An Englishman, too, if he studies it at home only, generally succeeds about as well, — but show me the man who, like Walter Scott, has studied it as it deserves, or, like Coleridge, has been in the country, and who has gone home and laughed at it. Mr. Rose, in Berlin, told me he would defy all the critics of his nation to produce such an instance.

After all, however, you will come round upon me with the old question, "And what *are* your Germans, after all?" They are a people who, in forty years, have created to themselves a literature such as no other nation ever created in two centuries; and they are a people who, at this moment, have more mental activity than any other existing. I have no disposition to conceal that this literature has many faults; but if you had read Goethe's Tasso, or his Iphigenia, or his ballads, you would never have said their poetry lacks simplicity; or if you had read the tales of Musæus, or Wieland's Oberon, — even in Sotheby, — or fifty other things, you would not have said "the Germans do not know how to tell stories." I am not at all disposed to conceal from you that this mental activity is in my opinion very often misdirected and unenlightened, — but, even when in error, you see that it is the dark gropings of Polyphemus round his cave, and that when such ponderous strength comes to the light, it will leave no common monuments of its power and success behind it.

So much for Germany, — a subject upon which I will thank you not to set me going again, for I do not know well when to stop, and have not time to run on. . . . . Farewell. My respects to your mother.

GEORGE.

The subject of the professorship at Harvard College, opened in the letter to his father, but left unmentioned in this later one to Mr. Channing, was henceforward an important element in Mr. Ticknor's thoughts and plans. It was under discussion for a year, as the length of time necessary for receiving answers to questions and propositions made on opposite sides of the Atlantic prolonged the period of uncertainty. It will not appear again in these pages till after his return to America. His acceptance of the place which he was asked to fill was written by him in Rome, and is dated November 6, 1817.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Ticknor leaves Göttingen. — Frankfort. — Fr. von Schlegel. — Voss. — Creuzer. — Arrival in Paris and residence there. — A. W. von Schlegel. — Duke and Duchess de Broglie. — Humboldt. — Helen Maria Williams. — Madame de Staël. — Say. — Benjamin Constant. — Southey. — Madame Récamier. — Chateaubriand. — Adventure with the Police. — Marshal Davoust. — Visit to Draveil.

JOURNAL.

GÖTTINGEN, *March* 26, 1817. — Yesterday I went round and took leave of all my acquaintances and friends. From many I did not separate without a feeling of deep and bitter regret, which I never thought to have suffered on leaving Göttingen. From Eichhorn, whose open-hearted kindness has always been ready to assist me; from Dissen, whose daily intercourse and conversation have so much instructed me; from the Sartorius family, where I have been partly at home, because there is more domestic feeling and happiness there than anywhere else in Göttingen, and where the children wept on bidding me good by; from Schultze, whose failing health will not permit me to hope to receive even happy news from him; . . . . and above all from Blumenbach, *ante alios omnes praestantissimus*, but whose health and faculties begin to feel the heavy hand of age, — from all these and from many others I separated myself with a regret which made my departure from Göttingen this morning an hour of sadness and depression.

At Cassel I stopped a few hours, and Prof. Welcker, who makes part of my journey with me, carried me to see Völkel, — a man who has made himself rather famous by a treatise on the Olympian Jupiter, and by a little volume, published 1808, on the plundering Greece of its works of art, just at the time Bonaparte had taken everything of this kind from Germany to Paris. . . . . On returning to our lodgings, I took leave of Everett and Stephen Perkins, who had accompanied me thus far, and in the evening came on a few English miles to an ordinary inn.

FRANKFORT, *March* 29. — The first person I went to see this afternoon was Frederick von Schlegel, and never was I more disappointed in the external appearance of any man in my life ; for, instead of finding one grown spare and dry with deep and wearisome study, I found before me a short, thick, little gentleman, with the ruddy, vulgar health of a full-fed father of the Church. On sitting with him an hour, however, I became reconciled to this strange discrepancy, or rather entirely forgot it, for so fine a flow of rich talk I have rarely heard in Germany. Luden of Jena and Schlegel are the only men who have reminded me of the genuine, hearty flow of English conversation.

The evening I spent at President von Berg's, — a man who was an important member of the Congress of Vienna, and is now an important member of the Diet here, representing many small principalities, Oldenburg, Nassau, etc., uniting in himself six votes. There was a large company there, — the French Minister and the Saxon, but above all, Frederick Schlegel, who was very gay, and talked with much spirit and effect upon a variety of subjects, chiefly literary and political.

Berg is a man of extensive knowledge, and knows more of the minute history of our Revolution than anybody I have seen in Germany. Learning I was from Boston, he told his wife to give me a very poor cup of tea, if indeed she would give me any at all ; for that in Boston we once rebelliously wasted and destroyed several cargoes of it. He talked only on political subjects.

March 31. — I dined with Beauvillers, a rich banker, with a party of eighteen or twenty merchants, many of them foreigners who have come to the fair now going on here. My chief amusement was to observe how exactly these people from Vienna, Hamburg, Königsberg, and Trieste, are like the merchants in Amsterdam, London, and Boston, and to listen to their comical abuse, which all true Frankforters poured out against the Diet, its members, their operations, pride, etc., etc.

I passed an extremely pleasant evening at Senator Smidt's, a man of talent, Ambassador from Bremen, with much influence in the Bundestag. There was a large supper-party, consisting of Count Goltz, the Prussian Ambassador, the Darmstadt Minister, Baron Gagern, the Minister of the King of Holland for Luxembourg, — the most eloquent member of the Diet, and one whose influence over public opinion is probably greater than that of any other, and his influence over the Diet as great as anybody's, — Frederick von Schlegel, again to my great satisfaction, etc., etc. Baron Gagern reminded me of Jeremiah Mason,* for, the moment I entered the room, he came up to me and began to question me about my country, — its great men, etc., like a witness on the stand, till I began to feel almost uncomfortable at this kind of interlocutory thumb-screwing; but when he had learned all he wanted to, — and his questions were very shrewd, and showed he knew what he was about, — I found him an extremely pleasant, instructive man, a true German, full of enthusiasm and hope, and trusting, as it seems to me, too much to the present flattering prospects of a more intimate union and consolidation of these independent and discordant principalities.

He told me many curious ancedotes, and, among the rest, one of his being present at a levee of Bonaparte's where our minister, Livingston, was so ignorant of all proprieties as to ask the Emperor whether he had received good news from St. Domingo lately, — at a time when everything had gone by the board there; of his having seen a letter from Napoleon to Jerome, when he was King of Westphalia, beginning, "Mon frère, tu ne cesses pas d'être polisson," etc.

Smidt told me that when the Crown Prince was in Bremen, he told him, that when Napoleon sent Le Clerc to St. Domingo (who died soon after his arrival), he sent him not only for the purpose of subduing and governing that island, but also with regular instructions and plans for extending his influence and power to the United States, and named, at the same time, four persons in France and one in America who were privy to the design, all of whose names Mr. Smidt had forgotten, excepting that of Talleyrand.

The conversation, however, was not wholly political, as there were a number of ladies in the party; and, besides, Frederick Schlegel's good-nature, literature, and wit would have anywhere formed a counterpoise for the spirit of diplomacy ; so that, on the whole, it was one of the pleasantest evenings I have passed in Germany.

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* Mr. Ticknor, on a visit to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, before he went to Europe, carried a letter of introduction to Mr. Jeremiah Mason, a distinguished lawyer of that city, and was invited to tea. Mr. Mason asked him endless questions, and he grew so tired and vexed that, as he left the house, he said to himself that he would never pass through that man's door again. The next day, he met Mr. Mason at dinner at Mr. Webster's, when the style of address was quite changed, and he never after regretted knowing Mr. Mason. During Mr. Ticknor's absence in Europe, his journal was for a time in the hands of his friend, Mr. N. A. Haven, of Portsmouth. Mr. Mason insisted on seeing it. The passage above, comparing Baron Gagern to Mr. Mason in his style of questioning, met his eye. Years afterwards, when acquaintance had grown to friendship, Mr. Mason mentioned that he had read that passage, which drew forth a confession about the first call, and Mr. Mason replied that he always questioned young men so.

April 1. — Before leaving Göttingen I had made an arrangement with Hofrath Falcke, member of the Chancery at Hanover, to travel with him from Frankfort to Paris. This morning, therefore, we set out, and came to Darmstadt. . . . . This afternoon I went to see Möller, the famous architect. . . . . He showed me a great number of his own architectural drawings, particularly one of the interior of the cathedral at Cologne, as it should have been finished, and one of the wonderful cathedral at Strasburg, which were fine, but were by no means so interesting as an immense plan of the steeple of Cologne Cathedral, which extended across the room, and is the original drawing, made 1240, on parchment, and came accidentally into his hands, after having been plundered from the archives by the French. He himself was no less interesting by his simplicity and enthusiasm, than his drawings were by their beauty and skill.

HEIDELBERG, *April* 2. — As soon as we had dined, I went to see the elder Voss, — now an old man between sixty and seventy, — tall, meagre, and beginning to be decrepit. Unlike most German men of letters, I found everything about him neat, and in some points approaching to elegance, though without ever exceeding the limits of simplicity. He received me with an open kindness, which was itself hospitality, and, after sitting with him ten minutes, I was at home.

He described to me his present mode of life, said he rose early and went to bed early, and divided the day between his garden, his books, his wife, and his harpsichord. Thus, he says, he preserves in his old age the lightness of heart which God gave him in his youth. At Eutin, he told me, where he lived a long time, he was poor, and when, at the end of the second year after his marriage, they struck the balance of their accounts, he found they were considerably deficient ; "and so," he added with touching simplicity, "we gave up our Sunday's glass of wine and struck coffee out of our luxuries, and did it too without regret, for we were young then ; and God has given my wife, as you will see when you know her, a heart no less happy and light than mine." He showed me his library, not large, but choice and neatly arranged, ... his manuscripts all in the same form. . . . . Among them was his translation of Aristophanes, — written, as he himself confessed, because Wolf had undertaken the Clouds, — and six plays of Shakespeare, in which, he said, he intended to avoid Schlegel's stiffness, but will not, I think, succeed. Of his "Louise" he told me it was written in 1785, but not printed till ten years after ; and, on my remarking that there was a vivacity and freshness about many parts of it that made me feel as if it were partly taken from life, he confessed that he had intended the character of the old pastor for a portrait of his wife's father, Boier.

When we entered his parlor again, I was struck with the picture of a beautiful lady. On asking whose likeness it was, the tears started to his eyes, and he imperfectly articulated, "The Countess Stolberg"; and afterwards he added, more composedly, "She was an angel; one whom I loved more than any human being, except my wife." So fresh and faithful are his feelings in his old age to the memory of that extraordinary and unfortunate woman, who has been dead nearly thirty years!

Promising to return to supper, I went to see Creuzer, author of the "Symbolik," etc. He is now, I should think, about fifty, — a man apparently of a strong, decided character, and perhaps not very amiable. I found him pleasant in conversation, and much disposed to tell something of the much he knows; fond of anecdotes, particularly if they were a little scandalous; and in general a man, who, though so deep in his books, still enjoys society. I drank tea with him, in company with Wilken, who is just going to Berlin, and two or three others of the Heidelberg people, who, I thought, were more sociable, talkative, and inquisitive than the professors of the North are, — and then I walked back to the good old Voss, who lives in a beautiful retired situation just outside of the town. It was nearly eight o'clock, and supper was punctually on the table; no one was present except his wife, towards whom his manners were marked by a tenderness which, if it had not been so patriarchal, would have approached to gallantry; and she, though old and beginning to be feeble, discovered a kind of attention to him, ... which showed how deep was her affection. . . . . It was a supper of Roman simplicity, nothing but a perch from the Neckar and an omelette. . . . . The conversation was almost entirely of his early friends, of whom the world has since heard so much,— of Höltz, whose life he has written so well; of Leopold Stolberg, for whom, in spite of changes and errors, he seems to have lost none of his regard; and, *clarum et venerabile nomen,* of Klopstock, with whom he was intimate. Of the last he told me that, after visiting him in 1789, at Hamburg, Klopstock walked with him a mile out of the city, and when they parted, told him, as their conversation had been political, with a kind of prophetic emphasis which left an indelible impression on Voss's mind, "The troubles now breaking out in France are the beginnings of a European war between the patricians and the plebeians. I see generations crushed in the struggle. I see, perhaps, centuries of war and desolation, but at last, in the remote horizon, I see the victory of Liberty." The contest thus far has been carried on in the spirit he predicted, and the prophecy of such a man deserves to be recorded, to await the issue. Voss never publishes anything without his wife's advice; and in all cases where he himself doubts respecting any of his works, he makes her sole judge, especially in all matters of versification, as he himself told me. . . . . She too, as is well known, has uncommon talent.

April 6. — In the afternoon I left Strasburg, and for the first time came into genuine French territory. Nothing can be more mistaken than Mad. de Staël's remark, that the national character of the two people is sharply defined and accurately distinguished at the Rhine. From Frankfort to Strasburg I found it gradually changing, the population growing more gay and open, more accustomed to live in the open air, more given to dress, and in general more light. At Strasburg, German traits still prevail, and I did not lose the language entirely until two posts before I came to Luneville. There I found all completely French, — people, houses, wooden shoes, impositions, etc., etc.

PARIS, *April* 9. — I went this morning to see Œhlenschlæger, the first Danish poet living, whose comedies are mentioned by Mad. de Staël. I found him a man about forty, hearty, happy, and gay, enjoying life as well as anybody, but living in Paris knowing and caring for nobody. He is vain, but not oppressively so; and on the whole is as likely to live out all his days in peace and happiness and good cheer as any one I have seen for a long time.

April 11. — This evening I have been for the first time to the French theatre; and I hasten to note my feelings and impressions, that I may have them in their freshness. It was rather an uncommon occasion, — the benefit of Mdlle. St. Val, now sixty-five years old, who has not played before for thirty years; and Talma and Mdlle. Mars both played. . . . . The piece was *Iphigénie en Tauride*, by Guymond de la Touche, which has been on the stage sixty years, but I cannot find its merits above mediocrity. . . . . Iphigénie was performed by Mdlle. St Val, who is old and ugly. She was applauded through the first act with decisive good-nature, and in many parts deserved it; but in the second act, when Talma came out as Orestes, she was at once forgotten, and he well deserved that in his presence no other should be remembered. . . . . The piece and his part, like almost everything of the kind in the French drama, was conceived in the style of the court of Louis XIV ; but Talma, in his dress, in every movement, every look, was a Greek. . . . . To have arrived at such perfection, he must have studied antiquity as no modern actor has done; and the proofs of this were very obvious. His dress was perfect ; his gestures and attitudes reminded one of ancient statues ; and when, in imagination pursued by the Furies, he becomes frenzied, changes color, trembles and falls, pale and powerless, before the implacable avengers, it is impossible to doubt that he has studied and felt the scene in Euripides, and the praises of Longinus. His study of the ancient statues struck me in the passage, — when, in his second insanity, he cries out in agony,—

> "Vois-tu d'affreux serpens, de son front s'élancer,
> Et de leur longs replis te ceindre, et te presser ?" —

he started back into the posture of Laocoön with great effect. Like Demosthenes, he has had difficulties to overcome, and even now at times he cannot conceal an unpleasant lisp; but I have never seen acting, in many respects, like his. Cooke had a more vehement and lofty genius, and Kean has sometimes, perhaps, flashes of eccentric talent ; but in an equal elevation of mind, and in dignity and force, Talma, I think, left them all far behind.

April 14. — I called this morning on A. W. Schlegel. His history, like his brother Frederick's, is singular and unfortunate. Their father was a man of considerable learning, and a poet whose religious odes and hymns are still read. Augustus, who was his youngest son but one, was sent early to Göttingen, where he remained five years. As his reputation was already considerable, he was soon called as professor to Jena, and married a daughter of Michaelis. . . . . He resigned his place and left the University. When Mad. de Staël went to Germany, he was without a home ; he attached himself to her, and has been with her through all her travels in Germany, Italy, Sweden, and England. . . . . The consequence of his troubles and this mode of life is, that he now looks like a careworn, wearied courtier, with the manners of a Frenchman of the gayest circles, and the habits of a German scholar, — a confusion anything but natural or graceful.

I found him in full dress, with his snuff-box and handkerchief by his side, not sitting up to receive company, but poring over a folio Sanscrit Grammar; for he has recently left his other studies, even his Etruscan antiquities, that employed him so zealously a year ago, when he wrote his review of Niebuhr, and has thrown himself on the Eastern languages with a passion purely German. He talked very volubly in French, with an uncommonly pure accent, on all the subjects that happened to come up; but, *con amore*, chiefly on England, and above everything else on his Lectures and the English translation of them, which, he said, he should be much delighted to hear was reprinted in America. In writing them in German, he said, he endeavored to keep before himself English and French prose, which he preferred to the German, and asked me with the eagerness of a hardened literator, whether I had not observed traces of this in reading them, — a question I was luckily able to answer in the affirmative, without doing violence to my conscience. On the whole, he amused me considerably, and I will seek occasion to see him often, if I can.

April 19. — Among other letters to Mad. de Staël, I had brought one from Sir Humphry Davy, and on coming from her house the other day, after having left them, I met him most unexpectedly on the Boulevards. Since then I have seen him two or three times at his lodgings and my own, and to-day I have dined with him at Mad. de Staël's, or rather with her daughter, the Duchess de Broglie, who now receives her mother's friends; long illness preventing her receiving them herself.

The company was not large, — Sir Humphry and Lady Davy, Baron Humboldt, the Duke de Laval, Augustus Schlegel, Auguste de Staël, and the Duke and Duchess de Broglie, — but it was not on that account less agreeable. It was the first time that I had felt anything of the spirit and charm of French society, which has been so much talked of since the time of Louis XIV.; and it is curious that on this occasion more than half the company were foreigners, and that the two who entertained the rest more than any others were Germans. It is but fair to say, however, that Baron Humboldt and M. de Schlegel have been so long in France that they have lost their nationality in all that relates to society, and, like Baron Grimm and the Prince de Ligne, have become more amusing to Frenchmen than their indigenous wits. The Duchess de Broglie is quite handsome, and has fine talents; her manners are *naïve* to a fault, without being affected, but her beauty and talent make one forget it. The Duke is a fine-looking man of about twenty-nine, with, it is said, an uncommon amount of political knowledge, with liberal modes of thinking and speaking, still more extraordinary in the grandson of the proud and presumptuous Marshal de Broglie. Schlegel has remarkable powers for conversation, and often shines, because he unites German enthusiasm and force to French lightness and vivacity; and Humboldt was so excited by the presence of Sir Humphry Davy, that he became eloquent. . . . . The conversation turned much on South America, of which everybody has been talking in Paris since the publication of the Abbé de Pradt's book, in which he expresses the most sanguine expectation of its speedy emancipation. In these expectations and hopes all the republicans in Paris, with Mad. de Staël at their head, heartily join ; but the Baron de Humboldt, though his wishes are the same, is by no means of the same opinion.

April 26. — The two most interesting acquaintances I have in Paris, thus far, are Schlegel and Humboldt ; and the manner of living adopted by both of them is original. Schlegel's is such, indeed, as partly to account for his success as a man of letters, and as a member of the gay society of Paris. He wakes at four o'clock in the morning, and, instead of getting up, has his candle brought to him and reads five or six hours, then sleeps two or three more, and then gets up and works till dinner at six. From this time till ten o'clock he is a man of the world, in society, and overflowing with amusing conversation ; but at ten he goes to his study and labors until midnight, when he begins the same course again.

Humboldt's is entirely different, but not less remarkable. For him, night and day form one mass of time which he uses for sleeping, for meals, for labor, without making any arbitrary division of it. It must be confessed that this power, or habit, is convenient in the kind of life which must be led in a great metropolis by one who, with great talents, wishes to be at once a learned man and a man of the world. M. de Humboldt, therefore, sleeps only when he is weary and has leisure, and if he wakes at midnight he rises and begins his work as he would in the morning. He eats when he is hungry, and if he is invited to dine at six o'clock, this does not prevent him from going at five to a restaurant, because he considers a great dinner only as a party of pleasure and amusement. But all the rest of the time, when he is not in society, he locks his door and gives himself up to study, rarely receiving visits, but those which have been announced to him the day previous, and never, I believe, refusing these, because, as he well explained to me, when he can foresee an interruption, he prepares himself for it, and it ceases to be such. All this is, to be sure, very fine ; but then, such a life presupposes two things : a constitution able to resist all fatigue, physical and moral ; and a reputation which puts its possessor above the conventions of society, and allows him to act as a king. Baron Humboldt unites them both. His ample and regular frame, his firm step, and the decision and force with which he marks every movement, indicate the man who has survived the tropical heat of the Orinoco and ascended the peak of

Chimborazo; . . . . while, on the other hand, his prodigious acquirements, extending nearly on all sides to the limits of human discovery, kindled by an enthusiasm which has supported him where every other principle would have failed, and prevented from being oppressive or obtruding by a sort of modesty which makes it impossible for him to offend, — all together render him one of the most interesting men in the world, and the idol of Parisian society.

April 29. — I go often to see Bishop or Count Grégoire, who receives company every evening. He has played a distinguished part in French affairs, from the year 1789 till the fall of Bonaparte; but, like many other men of distinction, he plays it no longer. Amidst all changes and perils, however, he has supported with no common firmness the cause of religion; and if — zealous republican as he is — he had not soiled himself by accepting the place and revenue of senator from Bonaparte, he would deserve nearly unmingled praise as a politician. . . . . Amidst all his calamities, it is curious that what mortifies and exasperates him the most is the loss of his place in the Academy, which was taken from him because he voted for the perpetual exile of Louis XVI.

May 2. — This evening I have passed, as I do most of my Sunday evenings, very pleasantly, at Helen Maria Williams's. The company generally consists of literary Englishmen, with several Frenchmen, well known in the world, — such as Marron the preacher, whom Bonaparte liked so much, Stapfer the Swiss minister, who concluded the treaty of 1802, several professors of the Collége de France, etc. This evening Mrs. Godwin was there, wife of the notorious William Godwin, and successor to the no less notorious Mary Wollstonecraft. She has come to Paris to sell a romance, of which I have forgotten the title, that her husband has recently written, and thinks as good as "Caleb Williams." The booksellers of Paris, I believe, are not of his opinion, and probably they are right, for Mr. Godwin is no longer at the age in which the imagination is capable of such efforts. Miss Williams herself is evidently waning. Her conversation is not equal to her reputation, and I suspect never was brilliant; since, as I should think, it must always have been affected. But still she is an uncommon woman, and, except when she gets upon politics, talks sensibly. . . . . After having been successively royalist, republican, and Bonapartist, she finds it impossible, now she has again become Bourbonist, to get along in conversation. . . . .

May 6. — I dined to-day with an uncommonly interesting party at Mad. de Staël's. Besides the family, there was the Russian Minister, Count Pozzo di Borgo, the Censor-General of the French Press, Villemain, Palissot, author of the "Memoirs on French Literature," and two or three other persons. The persons present were chiefly of the order of *beaux esprits*, but no one was so brilliant as the Russian Minister, who has that facility and grace in making epigrammatic remarks, which in French society is valued above all other talent. The little Duchess de Broglie was evidently delighted to an extraordinary degree with his wit, and two or three times, with her enthusiasm and *naïveté*, could not avoid going to her mother's room, to tell her some of the fine things he said. I do not know how a foreigner has acquired the French genius so completely, ... but certainly I have seen nobody yet, who has the genuine French wit, with its peculiar grace and fluency, so completely in his power as M. Pozzo di Borgo;* and on my saying this to M. Schlegel, he told me there was nobody equal to him but Benjamin Constant.

To Elisha Ticknor.

Paris, May 3, 1817.

Well, my dear father and mother, I can now say I am settled down to my occupations in Paris; and, if I am not happy, which you will not be so unreasonable as to expect me to say, I am at least quite contented. The only way I can keep myself quiet is to have so much business on my hands that, between rising in the morning and going to bed at night I have no idle hour or moment for other thoughts; and so I do not fret myself into discontent by thinking about home.

I rise at six o'clock. Punctually at seven, every morning, comes my French master, — a young man sent to me by the venerable Le Chevalier, who nearly half a century ago wrote a remarkable book on the "Plain of Troy"; he remains with me an hour and a half, to my great profit. When he is gone, I prepare my next lesson for him. At eleven, my Italian master comes, — a man of forty, who is a very fine scholar, not only in his own language and literature, but in the ancient and most of the modern. He remains with me as long as my French teacher, and then I prepare for the next recitation, At one, I lunch; for, as to meals, it is necessary to conform to the hours of the people you are among, and nobody dines in Paris before five, — fashionable people, not till six or seven.

At three o'clock, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, I have an instructor in the *Langue Romane*, or, in other words, the transition of the Latin language into the modern language of the South of Europe. On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, a young man who has a thorough knowledge of French literature, with much taste and talent, reads with me and to me, that I may get French pronunciation and the spirit of the French authors, which I certainly could not get so well or so quickly in any other way, — probably not at all. At five o'clock I dine in my own room, which saves me the trouble and time of dining, as most strangers do, at a public eating-house.

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* Note by Mr. Ticknor: "I have learned since that he is a Corsican."

Thus you see, that from six in the morning until five in the afternoon I am every moment employed ; but from five, I consider myself free. About six o'clock, I generally go over the river, and pass an hour with Thorndike, who is still sick ; and then go either to see some French acquaintance, or to the theatre, or else come home and amuse myself with whatever most interests me.

Miss Helen Maria Williams and M. Pichon, formerly French Resident in the United States in the time of the Republic, since Jerome's Minister of Finance, and now a member of the King's Council, receive each one evening in the week ; and at Mad. de Staël's, or rather her daughter the Duchess de Broglie's, — for her mother is ill, so that I have not seen her, — there is a coterie every evening. Good literary society is found at all, and at the Duchess de Broglie's the best in Paris. I have a general privilege at each of them ; and, besides, know many other persons, whom I can visit when I choose, so that I do not get an opportunity to go to the theatre as often as I could wish for the sake of the language and pronunciation. At eleven o'clock, extraordinaries excepted, I am at home and in bed. . . . .

JOURNAL.

PARIS, *May* 11, 1817. — At last I have seen Mad. de Staël. Ever since I presented my letters, she has been so ill that her physicians refused her permission to see above three or four persons a day, and those such of her most familiar friends as would amuse without exciting her. Yesterday, however, her son called on me, and told me if I would come and dine with them to-day alone, his mother would see me, whether her physician gave her leave or not. I went, therefore, early, and was immediately carried to her room. She was in bed, pale, feeble, and evidently depressed in spirits ; and the mere stretching out her hand to me, or rather making a slight movement, as if she desired to do it, cost an effort it was painful to witness.

Observing, with that intuition for which she has been always so famous, the effect her situation produced on me, she said: "Il ne faut pas me juger de ce que vous voyez ici. Ce n'est pas moi, — ce n'est que l'ombre de ce que j'etais il y a quatre mois, — et une ombre qui peut-être disparaîtra bientôt." I told her that M. Portal and her other physicians did not think so. "Oui," said she, while her eye kindled in the consciousness that she was about to say one of those brilliant things with which she had so often electrified a drawing-room, — "oui, je le sais, mais ils y mettent toujours tant de vanité d'auteur, que je ne m'y fie pas du tout. Je ne me releverai jamais de cette maladie. J'en suis sûre." She saw at this moment that the Duchess de Broglie had entered the apartment, and was so much affected by the last remark, that she had gone to the window to hide her feelings. She therefore began to talk about America. Everything she said was marked with that imagination which gives such a peculiar energy to her works, and which has made her so long the idol of French society; but whenever she seemed to be aware that she was about to utter any phrase of force and aptness, her languid features were kindled with an animation which made a strange contrast with her feeble condition. Especially when she said of America, — "vous êtes l'avant garde du genre humain, vous êtes l'avenir du monde," — there came a slight tinge of feeling into her face, which spoke plainly enough of the pride of genius. As I feared to weary her with conversation, I asked her daughter if I should not go; but she said she was glad to see her mother interested, and wished rather that I should stay. I remained therefore half an hour longer, — until dinner was announced, — during which we talked chiefly of the prospects of Europe, of which she despairs.

When I rose to go she gave me her hand, and said, under the impression I was soon going to America, "Vous serez bientôt chez vous, — et moi j'y vais aussi." I pretended not to understand her, and told her I was sure I should see her in Switzerland, much better. She looked on her daughter, while her eyes filled with tears, and said in English, "God grant me that favor," and I left her.

The impression of this scene remained upon us all during the dinner; but in the evening old M. St. Léon and MM. Lacretelle and Villemain (the latter I find to be one of the most eloquent professors in Paris) came in, and gave a gayer air to the party and conversation.

May 13. — I passed this evening with Say, the author of the book on political economy, which is now considered one of the best, or the very best extant, as it is the full development of Adam Smith's system, with an explanation in the notes of the systems of the Economists.

It is impossible to be in Say's presence without feeling you are before a man that thinks independently. All he says has a spirit about it which can be the result only of a well-disciplined mind, and even his native language, equivocal as it is, seems to acquire a precision and definiteness under his hands which are foreign from its nature. I have several times seen him alone; but this evening there was company at his house, and I thought its excitement had a good effect on him, since in general he is too serious and even severe for the French character.

May 14. — This evening I passed delightfully at Benjamin Constant's. It matters little to me what may be thought of him as a politician. . . . . I care nothing for all his inconsistency, and forget it all when I am in his presence, and listen to the vivacity and wit of his conversation.

There were several distinguished men of letters there this evening. St. Léon, Lacretelle, Schlegel, etc, — two or three women who are at once wits and belles, etc. . . . .

They were all assembled to hear the Baron de Humboldt read some passages out of an unpublished volume of his travels. This is precisely the sort of society that used to assemble in the coteries of the times of Louis XIV. and XV., and it required no great effort of the imagination to persuade me that I was at a *soirée* of those periods. Everything this evening was purely French; the wit, the criticism, the vivacity, even the good-nature and kindness, had a cast of nationality about them, and took that form which in France is called amiability, but which everywhere else would be called flattery. I was therefore amused, and indeed interested and excited; but the interest and excitement you feel in French society is necessarily transient, and this morning my strongest recollections are of Humboldt's genius and modesty, and his magical descriptions of the scenery of the Orinoco, and the holy solitudes of nature, and the missionaries.

May 16. — M. de Humboldt is certainly one of the most remarkable men I have seen in Europe, — perhaps the most so.* I was sitting with him to-day, and, turning round, observed a large Mercator's Chart of the World suspended in front of the table at which he studies, and it seemed to me at the instant to be an emblem of the immensity of his knowledge and genius, which reach on all sides nearly to the limits of human acquirement, and on some have certainly extended to those limits. I have been most surprised at his classical knowledge, at his taste, and familiarity with the ancient and modern languages, for here he might be to a certain degree dispensed from the obligation of extending his researches very far; and yet I know few professed in the depths of "the humanities" who have more just and enlarged notions of classical antiquity; few scholars who understand Greek and Latin as well as he seems to; and no man of the world who speaks the modern languages with more fluency. And these all lie, as it were, out of the periphery of his real greatness; how great must he then be on those subjects to which he has devoted the concentrated efforts of his talents, and where I have not even the little knowledge and power necessary to estimate what he is!

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* One day Mr. Ticknor was walking in Paris with a friend and townsman, when they met Baron Humboldt. Mr. Ticknor bowed, and was passing on, when Humboldt stopped, and said that there was to be a *fonction* at the Institute the next day, and that if Mr. Ticknor would like to be present, he would give him a ticket. The offer was accepted with proper acknowledgments. Humboldt then added, "Perhaps your friend would like to go too?" His companion said he should be very glad, and a ticket was given to him also. As they parted, his friend said, "Now, is there a Frenchman in all Paris who would have done this?"

May 17. — I went this morning to hear a lecture from Lacretelle; not because I have any desire to follow his course, — for I have long awakened from the dream in which I supposed I could find instruction in the branches I pursue, in the German way, from French lectures, — but because I wish to know what is the precise style adopted by these men, who are famous at home and even abroad. I have not been so well pleased with the manner of anybody, whose instructions I have heard, as with that of Lacretelle. He has a fine person, a fine voice, excellent command of language, which never permits him to hesitate, and a prompt taste, which never permits him to choose the wrong word. His memory too is remarkable; for, though his department is history, he never uses notes of any kind, and in relating to-day the story of Regulus, he repeated not less than thirty different numbers. I prefer him to the other lecturers I have heard, because there is more seriousness and dignity in his manner, less attempt at point and effect, and in general a greater desire to instruct than I have yet found, — though still even his manner is not simple enough to produce the just effect of instruction. He is, still, to a certain degree, a Frenchman talking brilliantly.

May 18. — This evening, by a lucky accident, I went earlier than usual to Miss Williams's, and found there, by another mere accident, Southey. . . . . There was little company present, and soon after I went in I found myself in a corner with him, from which neither of us moved until nearly midnight. He is, I presume, about forty-five, tall and thin, with a figure resembling the statues of Pitt, and a face by no means unlike his. His manners are a little awkward, but the openness of his character is so great that this does not embarrass him. He immediately began to talk about America, and particularly the early history of New England, with which he showed that sort of familiarity which I suppose characterizes his knowledge wherever he has displayed it. Of Roger Williams and John Eliot I was ashamed to find that he knew more than I did. Roger Williams, he thought, deserved the reputation which Penn has obtained, and Eliot he pronounced one of the most extraordinary men of any country. Once, he said, he had determined to write a poem on the war and character of King Philip, and at that time studied the Indian history and manners, which he thinks highly poetical. So near has the Plymouth Colony come to being classical ground! While engaged in these researches, and as he was once travelling in a post-chaise to London, he bought at a stall in Nottingham, Mather's Magnalia, which he read all the way to town, and found it one of the most amusing books he had ever seen. Accident and other occupations interrupted these studies, he said, and he has never taken them up again. He had read most of our American poetry, and estimated it more highly than we are accustomed to, though still he did not praise it foolishly. Barlow's Columbiad, Dwight's Conquest of Canaan, McFingal, etc., were all familiar to him, and he not only spoke of them with discrimination, but even repeated some lines from them in support of his opinion of their merits. By accident we came upon the review of Inchiquin, which, he said, was written in a bad spirit; and he added that he had seldom been so chagrined or mortified by any event of his literary life, as by being thought its author, though he should rather have written the review than the New York answer to it. . . . . He talked with me about the Germans and their literature a good deal, and said if he were ten years younger he would gladly give a year to learn German, for he considered it now the most important language, after English, for a man of letters; and added with a kind of decision which showed he had thought of the subject, and received a good deal of information about it, that there is more intellectual activity in Germany now than in any other country in the world. In conversation such as this three hours passed very quickly away, and when we separated, I left him in the persuasion that his character is such as his books would represent it, — simple and enthusiastic, and his knowledge very various and minute.

May 28. — I dined to day again at Mad. de Staël's. There were few persons there, but she likes to have somebody every day, for society is necessary to her. To-day, however, she was less well, and saw none of us. At another time I should have regretted this; but today I should have been sorry to have left the party for any reason, since, beside the Duc de Laval, and M. Barante, whom I already knew, there were Chateaubriand and Mad. Récamier, two persons whom I was as curious to see as any two persons in France whom I had not yet met. The Duchess de Broglie, with her characteristic good-nature, finding how much I was interested in these new acquaintances, placed me between them at dinner, so that I had an opportunity to know something more of them. Mad. Récamier must now be forty or more, though she has not the appearance of so much, and the lustre of that beauty which filled Europe with its fame is certainly faded. I do not mean to say she is not still beautiful, for she certainly is, and very beautiful. Her figure is fine, her mild eyes full of expression, and her arm and hand most beautiful. I was surprised to find her with fair complexion, ... and no less surprised to find the general expression of her countenance anything but melancholy, and her conversation gay and full of vivacity, though at the same time, it should be added, always without extravagance.

Chateaubriand is a short man, with a dark complexion, black hair, black eyes, and altogether a most marked countenance. It needs no skill in physiognomy, to say at once that he is a man of firmness and decision of character, for every feature and every movement of his person announce it. He is too grave and serious, and gives a grave and serious turn to the conversation in which he engages; and even when the whole table laughed at Barante's wit, Chateaubriand did not even smile; — not, perhaps, because he did not enjoy the wit as much as the rest, but because laughing is too light for the enthusiasm which forms the basis of his character, and would certainly offend against the consistency we always require. It was natural for us to talk about America, and he gave me a long and eloquent description of his travels from Philadelphia to Niagara, and from Niagara across the unbroken forests to New Orleans; but I must confess he did not discover that eagerness and vanity on the subject which I think he does in his Martyrs and his Itinerary. . . . . On the contrary, he seemed rather to prefer to talk of Italy and Rome, of which his recollections seemed more lively than of any other part of his travels; and, indeed, I doubt not he would like to return there rather than to revisit any country he has yet seen, for he spoke of Rome as a "place where it is so easy to be happy." His conversation, like his character, seems prompt, original, decisive, and, like his works, full of sparkling phrases, happy combinations and thoughts, sometimes more brilliant than just. His general tone was declamatory, though not extravagantly so, and its general effect that of interesting the feelings and attention, without producing conviction or changing opinion.

Sunday, June 1. — Passing Mad. de Staël's this afternoon, I called to ask for her; but, seeing accidentally the Duchess de Broglie, she carried me to her mother's room, where I found her sitting up, with Schlegel, her son, and Rocca — whom the world has talked about so much — sitting with her. She was full of the news just received of troubles in Portuguese America, — from which she hopes much more than will ever happen, — and of a review that Constant has just printed in the *Mercure*, which she says is equal in felicity of diction to anything that has been written in France these thirty years. While we were talking of it several persons came in, — Barante, whom I almost always find there; Lady Jersey, a sensible, beautiful English woman; and finally Constant himself, who seemed well pleased to collect the tributes of applause which were offered to him by all, and especially by the beautiful Duchess de Broglie, who with her usual *naïveté* told him what she thought of his review, and what she had heard of the opinions of others. It was a very amusing scene, and there was a great deal of French wit, epigram, and compliment lavished in the conversation; but it was interrupted by the arrival of the patriarch of French medicine, Dr. Portal, who, of course, sent every one out of the apartment with as little ceremony as he himself came in.

In the evening I was — as I usually am on Sunday eve — at Miss Williams's, and was amused to hear Humboldt, with his decisive talent and minute knowledge of the subject, show how utterly idle are all the expectations now entertained of the immediate and violent emancipation of South America. Without knowing it, he answered every argument Mad. de Staël had used, this morning, to persuade me that the fate of the South was as much decided as the fate of our Independence was at the capture of Yorktown; and I note the fact at this moment, to wait the event that will decide which of these two personages is right.

June 2. — I called this morning on Chateaubriand. He is now poor, for his occupation is gone, and he lives in a *hôtel garni*, not far from my lodgings. We talked a good deal about our American Indians, and the prevalent notions of civilizing them; upon which he has the rational opinions that nobody can entertain, I suspect, but one who has seen them. He told me, too, a good deal about his journey across Greece that interested me, and a good deal that would prevent my undertaking a similar excursion, in the assurance that less could be learned from it than I had supposed.

June 5. — Chateaubriand called on me this morning, and asked me to visit him this evening. There were only three or four of his friends there, for Mad. de C—— is ill. He talked a great deal, but was not so much excited — or, as the French call it, *exalté* — as he was at Mad. de Staël's; and, if he was more reasonable in consequence, he was less amusing. His character, however, appeared more amiable to-night. He talked with good-nature and candor of the review in the *Mercure* that cut him up a few days ago so terribly; played with his cat as simply as ever Montaigne did; and went often to see how his wife did. I saw him, therefore, in a new point of view, and one which interested me for him a good deal.

June 12. — The Duke de Broglie and Mons. de Staël, who had heard of my affair * with the police from the secretary of our legation (to whom I had sent a note upon it), called on me this morning, *à la Française*, to express their regret, etc., and asked me to dine, at Mad. de Staël's, with Lafayette. Nobody else was there; for Mad. de Staël on the whole grows worse, and the family do not like to see much company, though they still invite some, lest she should be alarmed more than her situation will bear. The dinner was very sad. Lafayette asked the Duchess some questions about her mother, but it was more than she could bear, and she was obliged to leave the table. The General himself — who is one of the most kind-hearted men in the world — was hardly less affected at finding he had unconsciously gone too far. . . . . I was indeed glad when the dinner was ended.

June 16. — M. Villemain, of the Academy of Paris Faculty of Letters, is so famous an instructor that I have long intended to hear him, but have been prevented until this morning. He is now lecturing on French eloquence, in a desultory and amusing manner I should think, from what I have heard, and this morning he was on Rousseau's *Emile.* The number of his hearers could not have been less than three hundred and fifty, and I endeavored to find out what were the merits or attractions which give him such an extraordinary popularity. They are certainly neither a strong and vigorous eloquence, like Lacretelle's, nor amusing anecdotes and witticisms like those of Andrieux, nor severe instruction like what all good lectures should contain, for he evidently neither seeks nor possesses these merits;

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* This affair is explained a few pages farther on.

but it was what hits the French taste more than any or all three of them : it was an unhesitating fluency, though he spoke extemporaneously and without notes, a great choice of happy and sparkling phrases, though on a subject the most difficult to apply them discreetly, and an abundance of epigrammatic remarks, which seemed almost like arguments, because they struck the imagination so forcibly, and yet were nothing less. In short, it was a kind of amusement which ought to come rather under the great and indefinite class of what is called in France *spectacle*, than what in any country should be considered a part of public instruction. It was, however, fine of the sort.

The evening I passed delightfully at Chateaubriand's, with a few of his friends; most of whom were members of the House of Peers. He was in high spirits, excited, and even *exalté*, and poured out a torrent of rich and various eloquence, which made me almost think better of the language itself than I am accustomed to.

During the beginning of the evening the conversation turned upon the condition of Europe, and he burst upon the discussion by saying, "Je ne crois pas dans la société Européenne," and supported his ominous proposition with a kind of splendid declamation, to which argument would have lent no force. "In fifty years," said he, "there will not be a *legitimate* sovereign in Europe; from Russia to Sicily, I foresee nothing but military despotisms; and in a hundred, — in a *hundred!* the cloud is too dark for human vision ; too dark, it may almost be said, to be penetrated by prophecy. *There* perhaps is the misery of our situation ; *perhaps* we live, not only in the decrepitude of Europe, but in the decrepitude of the world" ; and he pronounced it in such a tone, and with such a look, that a dead silence followed it, and every person felt, I doubt not, with me, as if the future had become uncertain to him. In a few moments, from a natural impulse of selfishness, the question arose, what an individual should do in such a situation. Everbody looked to Chateaubriand. "If I were without a family, I would travel, not because I love travelling, for I abhor it, but because I long to see Spain, to know what effect eight years of civil war have produced there; and I long to see Russia, that I may better estimate the power that threatens to overwhelm the world. When I had seen these I should know the destinies of Europe, I think ; and then I would go and fix my last home at Rome. There I would build my tabernacle, there I would build my tomb, and there, amid the ruins of three empires and three thousand years, I would give myself wholly to my God." Now there was not much fanaticism in this; it was the out-breathed despair of the heart of a poet, whose family has been exterminated by one revolution, and who has himself been sacrificed to another; and, though I do not think of the destinies of Europe and the world very much as he does, yet I shall, as long as I live, respect him for what I saw of his feelings to-night.

To Elisha Ticknor.

Paris, June 13, 1817.

. . . . You tell me, in whatever country I am, "to say nothing against its government." I have never done so, least of all in France, where, on the whole, an impartial man would respect the present government and the Bourbon family; and yet I have become, by some means of which I have no conjecture, suspected by the police here. Just as I was finishing my French lesson (on the 10th), at half-past six A.M., two persons asked to see me, but declined giving their names. I told my servant to admit them. The oldest, a respectable-looking man, asked me if I knew him; to which I replied in the negative; and then, inquiring whether I was an American citizen, he said he wished to speak to me in private; upon which my instructor withdrew. The stranger then, unbuttoning his coat, showed the badge of the police, and presented to me a royal order signed by the minister of police, requiring him to take the justice of the peace of my quarter, to proceed to my lodgings, and to institute a "severe search" for "all papers, libels or libellous writings, and books dangerous to the government," — to seal up all such as might be found of this nature, and carry them to the office of the police.

I did not hesitate a moment what to do. The commissaries who were standing guard outside were called in. I opened — not without making a proper protest against the outrage — my drawers and my desk, sat myself quietly down, and told them to do what they saw fit, upon peril of their responsibility. The search occupied until nearly eleven o'clock; and, after reading all my letters, my journal, my copies, etc., — or as much of them as was necessary to be sure they were merely domestic and commonplace, — they finished by drawing up a *procès verbal* of two folio pages, saying, as you may well suppose, that they had found nothing, for in truth there was nothing to find. On parting with the gentlemen, I read them a lecture on the nature of the fruitless outrage they had committed, of the cause of which they were of course as ignorant as myself; and the justice of the peace in return expressed his regrets, and his conviction that I was "not a dangerous person!" adding, however, that while I remain in Paris, I shall be under the surveillance of the police. The search was rigorous, but in general civilly conducted.

A Greek manuscript gravelled them a little; for, though the peace officer was a well-instructed man, and read English and German, he knew nothing of Greek; but as the manuscript was from the royal library, and sanctified by the arms of the Bourbons, they were easily satisfied. One of the men was impudent to me about my curtains being closed, which he thought were kept drawn, not so much for the milder light, as to prevent my neighbors from seeing what was going on. But except that I had no difficulty with them.

One or two circumstances in the transaction are rather striking. In the first place, that four persons should be sent when it is usual to send but two, as I am told; in the second place, Mr. Warden says this is the first instance he has ever known that an American citizen has been subjected to such an insult and outrage as to have a search of any kind made in his quarters; also the form of the order itself was uncommon. It was a printed paper, the blanks of which were filled by some secretary, and the whole signed by the minister. The minister, however, had gone over and corrected it in his own handwriting; had added "libels or libellous writings"; and, instead of the words "perquisition exacte," had substituted "perquisition sévère," which was no doubt the reason why the officers proceeded so rigorously.

The fact is, I have been *denounced*, but not in consequence of any letters, and not by any one who knows me well, for my name was spelt wrong in the order, "Bignor"; but there is no doubt I was the person intended, as my lodgings and citizenship were rightly designated. This gives me great comfort; for it must be some vulgar spy, and not my servant or any one whom I see often, — otherwise I should have been suspicious of everybody who approaches me.

However, it is all over. I wrote a note to the American legation, stating the facts, the morning after it all happened, and when Mr. Gallatin returns in a few days from Geneva I shall call upon him. The secretary offered to write immediately to the French minister, but I told him I thought it better to wait till Mr. Gallatin arrives; though I have no idea that any satisfaction, or apology even, will be obtained under any circumstances.

I need not say, my dear father and mother, that there is nothing in all this which should give you a moment's uneasiness. The government has done all it can, and is, of course, satisfied that my apparent objects here are my real ones. I may or may not be watched a little while by some of their familiars; but, you know, watching is unavailing where there is nothing to discover; and, as I shall not change my conduct in the least, because there is nothing in it either wrong or suspicious, I shall soon put to rest any doubts that may remain. My letters, like all Mr. Wells's between Paris and Havre, never pass through the post-office; so, if I had written treason, the ministry would never have been the wiser for it.

It has been suggested to me that my habit of staying at home all day and going out in the evening, visiting no public places, and knowing such men as Count Gregoire, Benjamin Constant, the Marquis de Lafayette, Gallois, etc., may have drawn this inquisition upon me. It is possible, but I doubt it.

You will understand, of course, that the object of the government was to find correspondence, etc., with refugees in America; of this there is no doubt. How I came to be suspected of it is a mystery which will never be explained to me.

June 23, 1817.

In my last letter I spoke of a visit and search to which I had been subjected from the French police. . . . . Since the visitation I have not been molested, except that several of my letters have been broken open; and, as to the surveillance, I doubt whether it has been really carried into effect, except in regard to my correspondence. Mr. Gallatin returned from Geneva two days ago, and, after calling upon me himself when I was out, civilly sent his secretary to desire me to come to him, and give him some account of this extraordinary insult to my citizenship. I shall go this morning, but that will be the end of the whole affair; for, even if he should take the matter more seriously in hand than he will think prudent or I should desire, he would obtain no apology or explanation.

July 13, 1817.

My affair with the police has come to so singular a conclusion that, after all I have said about it, I cannot choose but finish its history. Yesterday morning Mr. Gallatin came to see me rather earlier than it is common to make visits, and, on entering my room, seemed not a little embarrassed. After considerable curious hesitation, he drew from his pocket a paper, gave it to me, and said, with the abrupt haste of a man desirous to get quickly through a business he does not like to begin, "That is the letter, sir, I wrote to the Duke de Richelieu on your case." I read it. It was a simple statement of the facts, followed by some remarks on the nature of the outrage, much more high-toned than I thought it demanded, or than I supposed a man as cool and calculating as Mr. Gallatin would have made. "Are those the facts, sir?" I said they were. "Well, sir," he continued, "there is the answer I received half an hour ago." On reading it, I found the Duke de Richelieu had informed him that his letter had been transmitted immediately to the Minister of Police, who had caused search to be made in his office, and in the office of the Prefecture of the Police for Paris, to find the records of the case; that none such had been found; that of course the search in question must have been made by persons unknown to the police; and that if the American minister would ascertain who they were, and would transmit their names to the Office of State, they should be immediately punished as such an unauthorized outrage deserved. I was thunderstruck; not because I imagined a trick had been played upon me, like that performed by the pretended inquisitors on Gil Blas, but because my word was now at stake against that of the Minister of Police, and at the same time I did not know how I could prove my statement. Mr. Gallatin asked me if I still supposed the persons to be officers of the police. I told him I did not doubt it in the least, for that they had done their business like men who were accustomed to do it every day. "Do you know the names of any of them?" "No," I answered; but I did not doubt that one was the police-officer of my quarter, and described him as a man of fifty or upwards, fat, gray-headed, and bald; so that, on finding such a person, Mr. Gallatin might be sure there was no deception or mistake. For, though I do not think he doubted my veracity, yet his situation was so embarrassing, after a flat denial of his statement, that he really did not know what to believe or to do. I told him I would, if possible, find the commissary, and he proposed to go with me to his house. He was not at home, but his wife said he should come to Mr. Gallatin's at four o'clock, and I agreed to meet him there, and verify him. The three hours that intervened, you may be sure, I passed rather uncomfortably; for, if this were not the man, I knew not where to go for confirmation, and must stand convicted. Before four o'clock I was at Mr. Gallatin's hotel, but I was too late; the man had been there at three. Mr. Gallatin recognized him at once from my description, and said boldly, "I understand you are the person who made a search, some time since, of Mr. Ticknor's papers, etc., in the Rue Taranne, No. 10." After reflecting a moment, the man said "Yes," he had done it; saying, at the same time, "that *he* did not know the causes of it; that he hoped I did not complain of the manner in which it was done, etc." Mr.

Gallatin assured him that it was not to know the causes, or to complain of the manner, that he had desired to see him, but to ascertain the fact, and gave him the Duke de Richelieu's letter. On reading it, Mr. Gallatin said, he was first very much alarmed at finding he had confessed something he should not have told, and then very angry that his conduct was thus disavowed. "But," said Mr. Gallatin, "can there be no mistake?" "Certainly not," said the officer; "for the order was directed to an American citizen, living in the Rue Taranne, No. 10; and, though there was a mistake in the name, it was only a mistake in spelling it, and I mentioned this circumstance expressly in my *procès verbal*, which Mr. Ticknor also signed himself, and therefore they know it all, as well as you and I do, and I can prove it, and exculpate myself, unless they have destroyed my *procès verbal*." He ended by saying that he hoped I should not push the affair any further, which certainly would be best for him, though I doubt not he acted with perfect prudence under his instructions.

There, then, the matter rests. I told Mr. Gallatin that I felt no further interest in it, and he replied that nothing could now be done, but to write to the Minister, and give him the name of the commissary, which he felt so reluctant to do that perhaps he should not do it at all. I acquiesced the more gladly, as this was precisely the man who had behaved most civilly; and thus, I presume, the affair ends. If it were carried further, the reply, no doubt, would be, that it was a mistake arising from similarity of names, which would be as true as that the examination of my papers was unauthorized.

In the Journal, the account of this singular visitation is almost identical with this, — perhaps with less vivacity; but, under the date of June 19th, there is this passage: —

At last, I believe I have found out the cause of my difficulty with the police. M. de Humboldt, having heard of the visitation, called on me this morning, for the express purpose of cautioning me against an Englishman, whom we have both met at Benjamin Constant's. He has lived in Paris fifteen years, and is well known as a spy. M. de Humboldt adds that he is very ill-tempered, and that he never passes an evening in his company without recalling, at home, everything he has said, to know whether possibly he may have exposed himself at all. With this man I had a slight argument at Constant's, one evening, on German literature, in which Constant took my side; but the thing went but a little way, as the Englishman showed ill-feeling, and I chose to remain silent. Humboldt remarked it, and said he thought at the time that the fellow would play me a trick if he had the opportunity. What Humboldt did not know until I told him, is, that I met this Englishman, a few evenings before the perquisition, at Chateaubriand's, when the conversation turning on the French refugees in America, I said they were not received there with the enthusiasm that is generally supposed in Europe. The Englishman denied this with uncommon promptness, and alleged, in proof, that a great dinner had been given to them in Boston. A charge of this kind, upon a town which had sung a solemn *Te Deum* for Bonaparte's defeats in Russia, and made an illumination for the restoration of the Bourbons, naturally vexed me, and I told him and Chateaubriand very circumstantially how things stood. The Englishman made no reply, but was evidently displeased, especially at the decided satisfaction Chateaubriand expressed. If, then, he is a spy, I doubt not he is the person who denounced me, not, perhaps, because he thought me dangerous or wished to revenge on me the little disputes I had with him, — though M. de Humboldt believes him capable even of this, — but because his bread depends on the information he gives, and he would be as well paid for denouncing me, as for denouncing any one else.

On the 27th July, Mr. Ticknor says: "From the early part of July almost all my French friends had left Paris, and I was very solitary, except that I had acquaintances more or less intimate among Americans." The remainder of his residence in Paris he gave to a careful study of the public places and institutions of the city, writing elaborate and historical notes on what he saw. In August, he made two visits at Draveil, the château of Mr. Parker, an American gentleman, who had lived in France for thirty years.

JOURNAL.

It is a fine establishment, worthy of an English nobleman from its magnitude, its completeness, and its hospitality. Several persons who interested or amused me were staying there, and the days passed pleasantly in driving about the neighborhood. . . . . Once I went with the ladies to see Marshal Davoust, who lives at a fine château about three leagues from Draveil. Mad. Davoust received us, the Marshal having gone out hunting. She is a good-looking woman of some cultivation. When her husband was absent, she shut herself up, and received no company. So once, when she went to court with her husband, after such a seclusion, Bonaparte asked her, "Eh bien, ma belle Princesse d'Eckmühl, pour combien avez-vous vendu votre foin, cette année?"

We fell accidentally into a discussion almost political, and as nothing touches the French and the Bonapartists like the loss of the battle of Waterloo, she began to give me reasons for it. I could have given her better, if it would have been polite; but one she gave was curious, as an authentic anecdote. To prove that the Emperor was ill that day, she said he did not rise until seven o'clock, and never spoke while he dressed. When his secretary gave him his sword, he drew it with a sigh, and then, thrusting it back into the scabbard, said with an air of weariness he had never shown before, "Encore une bataille!" sprang upon his horse and hurried to the field, as if more impatient to finish the day than anxious how it should be finished. This singular conversation came at last to the most delicate of all topics, — the conduct of the Prince himself at Hamburg; and, as I had made up my mind upon the subject in Germany, I suppose she perceived my impression in spite of me, for she said that, as she should like to have me know the truth, she would send me the Marshal's defence. Just at this moment the Marshal met us in the avenue, with his rifle on his back, his collar unbuttoned, and his whole dress careless and dirty. He is a tall, stout man, with black hair and eyes, and very bald. There is little appearance of talent in his physiognomy, but there is something imposing in his air and manner, though perhaps it is nothing more than the remains of the command he exercised so long. With this there was politeness and even an air of mildness, that surprised me not a little in the man who commanded at Hamburg in 1813. In conversation he seemed moderate, talked freely on all subjects but politics; . . . . but, on leaving him, I remembered very little he had said, except that, in alluding to the troubles in South America, he said almost impatiently, "Je ne crois plus aux révolutions!" A few days afterwards, the Maréchale returned the visit of the ladies, and brought the defence of her husband presented to the king. It is plain and simple, and showed that his orders from the Emperor were such as would have justified any general oppressions and cruelty, though I think hardly such special instances of inhumanity as I have heard of.

To Mrs. Walter Channing.

Paris, August 1, 1817.

. . . . I have been above a week at Mr. Parker's, at Draveil, about twelve miles from Paris, a superb establishment, whose completeness splendor, and hospitality, equally struck me. Several persons were staying there at the same time that I was, and among them two French ladies remarkably well instructed, one of whom has a great deal of talent, so that there was no want of society such as I most desire to have. I used to get up early and occupy myself with my books in my chamber until noon; then I came down, and the French lady I mention gave me a regular lesson in reading French, which, among her other accomplishments, she had learned to read and declaim with uncommon elegance and power. After this we commonly went to ride, either round the superb park which surrounds the house, or in a wood near it, where there is an oak called the Père de la Forêt, preserved in memory of the times when Gabrielle d'Estrées and Henry IV. used to sit under its shade. After dinner one of the ladies always played on the piano, which in the course of the last year I have not only learned to like, but have learned to understand music so far that I can distinguish between that of the different nations in general, and have taste enough to prefer Italian and German to either French, which I find frivolous, or English, which seems to me unmeaning. At sunset always came a walk, — not as in our own more decisive climate, where the sun goes down

> "Arraying in reflected purple and gold
> The clouds that on his western throne attend,"

but still beautiful, as sunset must be everywhere, and followed by a prolonged, transparent, distinct twilight, such as is unknown in our more heavy atmosphere. The evening always brought us together in a little parlor, and it passed away too quickly in work and reading.

French was the language of conversation, but all the party understood English, and therefore Shakespeare and Milton came in for their share. This naturally produced discussions of the relative merits of the two literatures; and, though I found myself alone, you do credit enough to my obstinacy, if Walter will not to my taste, to believe I did not shrink from maintaining the supremacy of English literature in defiance of them all. . . . . The affair ended by a challenge, given and accepted, to stake Shakespeare and Milton against the whole body of French poetry. The French party was to begin by reading the best passages in their language, taking none but of the very first order, and I undertook to reply passage by passage, and page by page, taking only my two favorites. All the morning the ladies were in council with Voltaire, Racine, Corneille, — in short, a whole library. In the evening they covered the table with books till there was not room to put down a pin-cushion, and were a little abashed to find I took from my pocket nothing but your little "Paradise Lost," which alone exhausted their three great authors. In short, in four evenings they had no more passages of the *first* order of poetry to offer, and I had still Shakespeare's best plays in reserve, so that I prevailed on putting the vote, by four to two, without counting myself. . . . .

Farewell,

GEORGE.

TO DR. WALTER CHANNING.

PARIS, August 12, 1817.

. . . . If you wish to have my opinion of the French theatre, I am perfectly ready to say that it affords an entertainment such as I have never known elsewhere, and for the most natural of all reasons, — because it is more cultivated and more important here ; because it enters much more deeply and intimately into the system of life, and instead of being an accidental amusement, it is an every-day want. I do not speak now of their tragedy, which wants force and passion, and pleases me little ; it has all the beauties of an inimitable diction, but as to the ordinary pretence of the French men of letters that it is the continuation and perfection of the Greek, I think it entirely false. How, for instance, can they compare a theatre, of which a story is related like that of the first representation of the Eumenides of Æschylus, with a theatre of proprieties and conventions ? A Greek was not more unlike a Frenchman than the theatres of the two nations. But in respect to the comedy, I cannot avoid agreeing with the French critics. In fact, it seems to me to make a genus in the drama by itself, and it is a great injustice to it to call it by the same name that is worn by other genera in other nations. "The Misanthrope," for instance, or "Tartuffe," have but little in common with the English comedy, except inasmuch as Sheridan and a few others have imitated the French ; and still less can the intriguing comedy of Spain, or the vulgar buffoonery of Italy, pretend to a relationship.

This excellency of the French comedy is, too, very natural and probable *à priori.* Their national character furnishes more material for it than can be found anywhere else; the forms of society and the tone of their conversation partake just enough of the nature of a representation to fit them admirably for the stage, and their light and flexible and equivocal language lends itself to express comical shades and inflections, of which all others are incapable, while at the same time the foppery and gallantry of their actors, and the levity and the coquetry of their actresses, are so natural and piquant, because they, like the nation they belong to, are playing the same parts all day in common life that they represent to the public in the evening.

Do not misunderstand me. I do not regret that we have none of this comedy in English, for I deprecate the character and principles out of which it grows, and should lose no inconsiderable proportion of my hope for England and America, if they had reached or were approaching that ominous state of civilization and refinement in which it is produced. . . . . After all, I had rather go to the French theatre than the English, as an entertainment. Shakespeare and Milton have more poetry than all France can show from the time of the Troubadours and Fabliaux to Delille and Chateaubriand; but no nation, I think, has hit like them the exact tone and grace of theatrical representation.

My love to all; and save me a corner in your new, old house in Summer Street, where I may feel at home when I come among you.

GEO.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Ticknor leaves Paris. — Visit to La Grange. — Geneva. — M. de la Rive. — Professor Pictet. — Sir Francis d'Ivernois. — Bonstetten. — Fête by a Russian Countess. — Madame Neckar de Saussure. — Leaves Geneva for Rome. — Convent of St. Bernard. — Milan. — Venice. — Visit to Lord Byron. — Bologna. — Loretto. — Arrival in Rome.

JOURNAL.

SEPTEMBER 2. — This morning I left Paris, and I have not left any city with so little regret. A few friends, indeed, I have left there, to whom I owe many favors and much genuine kindness; but I never knew so many people, and knew them so long, where I found so much occasion to be familiar, and so little to be intimate; where there was so much to amuse, and so little to attach my affections.

Two of those who have seemed to take the most interest in me, and whose kindness I shall never forget, — the Duke de Broglie and Auguste de Staël, — proposed to me to accompany them to La Grange, where they were to visit General Lafayette, without company. The General had often invited me to visit him, and as his château is not far from the route I was to follow to Switzerland I accompanied them.

I was much touched this morning by the Duke's kindness, in having asked M. Sismondi to meet me at breakfast, he having arrived last evening only, from Geneva, and whom I could not otherwise have seen. He is about fifty, a plain man in his manners and in his conversation, not affecting the appearance of a *petit maître*, nor the reputation of a wit, like the Paris men of letters.

We had a pleasant drive of five hours, and arrived in the afternoon at La Grange, near Rosoy, in the department of the Seine-et-Marne. It is the most venerable castle I have seen in France. The sweet little Duchess de Broglie was already there; more interesting than ever from her affliction,* which, from her perfect openness of character, she hardly attempts to conceal. Coming with persons I knew so well, and to an establishment where everything is arranged as if on purpose for the most open hospitality, I soon felt, as it were, at home.

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* The death of Mad. de Staël.

It is impossible to know General Lafayette in Paris and the world without feeling respect for his enthusiasm of character, his unalterable honesty, and his open simplicity; but it is impossible to see him in the country, in his home and in his family, without loving him. He is now sixty, with the constitution, health, and appearance of forty-five. His wife is dead; and as his three children, a son and two daughters, were married, he gave them a part of his fortune, and begged them to live with him as much as they could.

LAUSANNE, *September* 6. — I passed three short and happy days at La Grange. . . . . Everybody rose at the time he pleased, and breakfasted at the hour he chose, in his own room, or at half past nine with the family. In the morning we drove or walked, and those who did not choose to remain in their chambers went to the *salon*, where company was always to be found. Dinner at half past five; somewhat later the household went to their apartments, but all met in the *salon* at ten and passed two very happy hours together.

GENEVA, *September* 10. — This evening I passed at Mad. Rilliet's, to whom the Duchess de Broglie gave me a letter. She was a particular friend of Mad. de Staël's, and is a lady of large fortune, much talent, and elegant manners. Benjamin Constant said of her, with that kind of wit peculiar to the French, and which he possesses beyond any Frenchman I met in Paris, "Mad. Rilliet a toutes les vertus qu'elle affecte"; for there is a certain stateliness and pretension in her manner that reminds you of affectation.

September 11. — I dined to-day with M. de la Rive, to whom I had an introduction from Sir Humphry Davy. He is a specimen, I suppose, of the state of society, manners, and improvement in Geneva which deserves notice. In the first place, his fortune is large, and yet he lives without luxury; for wealth is often expressed here chiefly in simple hospitality. He is the representative of one of the oldest families of the republic, and yet he is devoted to science, — a man of genius and learning, and actually a public lecturer of eminence on chemistry And finally, with all these strong occupations, and tastes, and high qualities, he is the chief magistrate of the canton, and a most respectable and amiable man, living happily in his home, and loved by his friends.

After dinner, he carried me to Prof. Pictet's, the worthy successor of De Saussure in the University, and the chief man in the *Bibliothèque Britannique.* We stayed only a little while, and then went a mile out of town, to M. Favre Bertrand's, where I was introduced by Auguste Schlegel, and where we passed a delightful evening. Here again I found a fine specimen of Genevan character. M. Favre is the richest, or one of the richest, citizens of Geneva, and lives here in a beautiful establishment on the borders of the lake, but it is as simple as it is beautiful; there is no appearance of luxury, no pretension in his manners, and it would be difficult to find any indication of a large fortune, except in his fine library, and in the leisure it has given him, through which he has gained an elegant and scientific cultivation.

September 12. — I went to-day with Sir Francis d'Ivernois, to dine at his country-place, a few miles from town. He is the man who was famous in Russia, who was knighted in England, and who has been one of the prominent citizens of Geneva since the fall of Bonaparte has permitted him to return from exile, and he is now one of the important members of the Council of State. There were several other members of the Council there, and the President de la Rive; so that the dinner was very pleasant, and I heard many things which I have not time to write down, but which I should be sorry to forget.

Sir Francis, with a kind of hospitality which I begin to think belongs to the republican character, carried me to tea at M. Pictet Deodati's, brother of Prof. Pictet, and chief-justice of the canton: a plain, sensible gentleman, who reminded me of the same class of persons in America. I passed a couple of hours happily at his house, and then, with the same sort of hospitality which had brought me to him, he ordered his carriage and took me to Geneva, to a ball at Mad. de Saussure's, a distant relation of the famous De Saussure who first ascended Mont Blanc. I found there many English, and much of the fashionable and respectable society of the city; and I observed that the ladies were handsomer than at Paris, but not so graceful; and seemingly more genuinely and simply kind and amiable, but not so ostentatiously gracious.

Among other strangers, I found Simond, author of the Travels in England, a man of fifty, talking little, but in such a manner as to make others talk to him; with few apparent prejudices, and yet in all respects a decisive way of thinking and judging.

September 13. — The Baron de Bonstetten, formerly in the government of Berne, but a Genevan, and the author of several metaphysical and political works, has been uncommonly kind to me ever since I have been in Geneva. To-day he invited me to a dinner, where I found myself surrounded by the *corpus Academicum*, and a representation of the *Bibliothèque Britannique.* I was struck with the exhibition of talent I witnessed, and particularly with De Candolle, professor of botany, who has great powers of conversation, without that perpetual attempt at brilliancy and epigram which I found in Paris society, and which I have found here only in Dumont.

In the evening I went to a large party at Dr. Buttini's, the first physician in Geneva. I found most of the society I met last evening, but was so much interested by the conversation of President de la Rive that I made few new acquaintances.

September 14. — A Russian Countess Bruess is living here, and finding it difficult to spend an income — said to be a million of francs a year — amuses herself with giving such entertainments as the simple Genevans rarely see. Just at this time the birthday of her friend Princess Kourakin occurs, and as she is here on a visit, the Countess determined to give a fête which should eclipse all her former magnificence. At eight o'clock we found ourselves at her country place, on the borders of the lake, and by nine, three or four hundred persons had arrived. After taking tea, we went to her theatre, which was neatly fitted up, and where "Le nouveau M. de Pourceaugnac," which made much noise in Paris last winter, was performed by herself and half a dozen of her friends. When this was over, a practical charade in three acts, in honor of the princess, was performed with great success, and the whole ended with a Cossack dance, which seemed to me better than a French ballet. On leaving the theatre we were taken to the conservatory, which was fancifully illuminated, and where we found a supper was prepared; but the scene was so beautiful, and the arrangements made with so much taste, that a great many of the party preferred to walk up and down, to see this fairy feast prepared amidst odorous shrubs and illuminated orange groves, to sharing its luxuries. The entertainment ended with a ball, which finished I know not when, for I left it, wearied out, at two o'clock in the morning.

On the 16th of September Mr. Ticknor joined Dr. Edward Reynolds, Mr. Edward Brooks of Boston, and Dr. Wagner of South Carolina, in an excursion to Mont Blanc, which occupied three days, and excited and delighted him intensely. His description of these scenes, so new to him, is full, animated, and glowing.

In the evening of my return (19th), I passed a couple of hours at a party at Mad. Necker's,* a cousin of Mad. de Staël, who is considered in Geneva but little her inferior in original power of mind, and of whom Mad. de Staël once said, "Ma cousine Necker a tous les talens qu'on me suppose, et toutes les vertus que je n'ai pas." She is about fifty, and resembles Mad. de Staël a little, and is interesting in conversation from a certain dignity and force in her remarks.

To Elisha Ticknor.

Geneva, September 19, 1817.

I left Paris, as I told you I should, September 2d, with the Duke de Broglie and the Baron de Staël, who were to pass a week with the Marquis de Lafayette. My time was more limited, and when, after a visit of three days, I found I must leave his venerable castle, I felt that it had been much too short, for since I have been in Europe I have seen nothing like the genuine hospitality and patriarchal simplicity of his establishment.

From there I came directly to Switzerland, and when I first saw the Lake of Geneva at Lausanne recognized all the traits that poetry and romance have not been able to exaggerate. Such a view, such a variety and prodigality in the beauties of nature as I saw there, I never saw before. The day that I passed there — gazing with unwearied delight on the rocks of Meillerie, the mountains of Savoy, the Pays de Vaud, and, above all, the lake that rolls in the midst of them — is one I shall never forget.

By the kindness of friends in Paris, and especially the family of Mad. de Staël, I brought many letters here, so that from the evening I arrived I have hardly been a moment alone. The society is such as I most like; much more to my taste than the gayer and more witty circles in Paris, of which I had a complete surfeit.

Almost every person I know here is an important man in the government of their little republic, and yet, such is the genius of the government and the tendency of society, that, except Sir Francis d'Ivernois, all are men of letters. For instance, Prof. Pictet, the worthy successor of Saussure, Prof. De Candolle, and Prof. Prevost, the three great pillars of the University, are at the same time important members of the Council of State. M. Favre, the richest man in the city, shows his wealth only in his hospitality, his fine library, and the good use he makes of his leisure; and what perhaps is an instance absolutely unique in the world, M. de la Rive, the chief magistrate of the state, and a man of fortune, is a very distinguished chemist, and actually gives lectures on the science as sedulously and thoroughly as if he were earning his bread by it. This is really not an unfair specimen of the state of letters in Geneva, where they certainly form the first caste in society, and where no man can hope to distinguish himself in private intercourse, or even in the state, without being to a certain degree a literary or scientific man. A man who is either of these needs nothing else to procure him estimation and deference. I do not believe there is another city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants in Europe or America of which this could be said.

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* This lady, known as Mad. Necker de Saussure, published in 1828 a work in three volumes, called "L'Education Progressive, ou Étude du Cours de la Vie"; which for wisdom, delicacy of discernment, and acute observation is superior to any study of the subject of the time.

But I forget my story. Five days ago I went to see Mont Blanc and the great glacier of Chamouni. I dare not attempt to tell you what I saw and felt in these strange solitudes, where the genius and power of ages and generations might be wasted in vain to obliterate or change the awful features of nature, or divert or disturb her more awful operations. The Falls of Niagara, where one sea precipitates itself into another, may surpass it; but I have never seen Niagara, and the Mer de Glace remains solitary in my recollections of the stupendous works and movements of nature.

Farewell, my dear father and mother, — farewell from the beautiful shores of the Lake of Geneva; from the birthplace of Rousseau, and the tomb of Mad. de Staël; and what is more, from the country made classical by the traces their genius has everywhere left in it.

Day after to-morrow, Brooks and I set forth for Venice and Cogswell.

DICTATED, 1854.

One of the persons who was kindest to me in Geneva was M. de Bonstetten, of an old Bernese family much valued in Switzerland, whose correspondence with Gray the poet has been published, and who seemed to bring me into relations with the times of Gray and those of Madame de Staël, to whose family I owed my introduction to him.

He was seventy-two years old at this time, but very fond of society, and mingled much with it. His appearance was very venerable, but, for his age, his vivacity was remarkable. Among his kindnesses to me, he drove me one afternoon to see M. Huber at his country-place, where he lived through the year, and which was prettily laid out. He was nearly seventy years old, — the author of an extraordinary Treatise on the Economy of Bees, which was much praised in a long article in the Edinburgh Review some years before I saw him. To my fresh surprise, I saw for myself, what I had already known, that the man who had written this remarkable work, presupposing long-continued observations, was entirely blind, and had been so when they were made. In fact, all the curious remarks and inferences involved in his observations were founded on careful researches which he directed others, and particularly a favorite servant, to make; so that I looked upon his book as a wonderful result of acuteness and perseverance. He was very mild in his manners and conversation, sometimes even gay. His family consisted of his wife, — who was said to have married him for love, under some difficulties, — a sister, his son, and his son's wife, with two sweet grandchildren.

M. de Bonstetten's visit, from his position in society, seemed a matter of consequence and pleasure. After some time of very pleasant conversation, a little granddaughter, who seemed to have very familiar ways with him, came running in and climbed upon him, throwing her arms round his neck, and saying, "Venez goûter, papa," led him out to the garden, where a simple collation had been prepared for us. Everything there was adapted to his infirmity: threads were stretched at a convenient height, along the pretty walks, to guide his steps when he was unaccompanied. He took his part in the collation without awkwardness, as if he saw every one and everything; talking agreeably all the time. When it was over, the little girl led him back to the house, as if accustomed to the service.

In talking, he spoke very low, so that it was not easy for any one but the person he addressed to hear him. It seemed to me curious that his conversation was often on subjects connected with the arts, and presupposed the use of sight; and yet such was his exact recollection or skill on these subjects, that, as M. de Bonstetten told me to observe, there was nothing in what M. Huber said which would remind us of his blindness. When we came away he gave me some engravings of horses which he had made in his youth, and which were singular because the animals were represented in unwonted positions. We stayed until after dark, and then M. de Bonstetten took me to his own house, where I sat with him till a late hour, talking of his early life in Berne and his acquaintance with Gray.

JOURNAL.

September 22. — I left the city of Calvin, Bonnet, Rousseau, and Mad. de Staël this morning at eight o'clock, with my friend Brooks, who makes with me the tour of Italy in a post-chaise. Our route was the famous Route of the Simplon, which conducted us once more to the beautiful banks of the lake. When I came to Geneva, it was on the Swiss side, with the solemn mountains of Savoy for my prospect; in leaving it my eye was delighted with the grace, and beauty, and luxuriance of the Pays de Vaud. . . . . At St. Gingoulph we entered the Valais, and stopped to sleep at the post-house, directly on the bank of the lake. It was the last time I should have the opportunity, and I could not resist the temptation to give half a day to sailing on these beautiful waters, which it seems as if I never could grow weary of admiring.

Before sunrise, therefore, we were in a boat, and enjoyed the beautiful scene of seeing its first gleams gild the mountains and disperse the mists about us. We sailed up the Valais side, covered with solemn groves of chestnuts, and came to the entrance of the Rhone, whose furious and turbid waters induced the ancients to think it rushed out from the secret recesses of the earth and the realms of eternal night.

After tracing the scenes described by Rousseau, and going over the Castle of Chillon, we crossed the lake to St. Gingoulph, and took horses in sad earnest to leave it. . . . .

September 24. — As it is our intention to go up the St. Bernard, and as the weather is not good, we have spent the whole day at Martigny. This has given me a little opportunity of seeing something of the Valais.

September 26. — We have had two superb days to go to the top of St. Bernard. Yesterday morning we set out at seven o'clock on mules, with a guide, but our much surer guide was the Dranse, a little stream rising from the summit of the mountain near the convent and falling into the Rhone near Martigny. The road was very interesting. On one side it is overhung by rude and menacing rocks; on the other it sinks into precipices which the imagination hardly dares to measure. . . . . One league before reaching the summit the pines and larches, which had for some time been growing shorter and rarer, forsook us, and finally on the top (8,074 feet) we found only a few starved and sickly mosses, bare and bleak rocks, and eternal snow. The effect on human life was no less obvious. . . . . The shepherds, in particular, whom we met occasionally above all human habitation, were deplorable beings, who reminded me distinctly and repeatedly of the "homines intonsi et inculti," with whom Livy has peopled these savage solitudes; while the poor monks living on the barren summits,

> "Divisque propinquas
> Rupes,"

as Silius Italicus calls them, are only a dozen in number, and none of them over thirty years old; since, after that age, the constitution is no longer able to resist the rigors of the eternal winter. The prior, to whom I had letters from Prof. Pictet, received us with great civility. As it was not sunset, he carried us out to see the grounds of the convent. It stands on the highest part of the passage, but still in a sort of valley, between mountains two or three thousand feet higher than itself, whose summits are bright with eternal snows. Near it is a little lake, said to be about thirty feet deep, and on its borders, under the shelter of its high, rocky banks, the monks have placed some earth that they have brought up the mountain . . . . and in the months of September and August they are able, with great care and difficulty, to raise a little lettuce and spinach. . . . . On the very summit of the road winds a brook, with a stone laid across it, divided by a line in the centre, and marked on each side with the arms of Savoy and the Valais; it is the boundary between the two powers, and, for the first time, I found myself on Italian ground, and could not choose but exclaim, with the son of Æneas, "Italiam, Italiam!" for I seemed at once to have reached another of the great limits and objects of my pilgrimage. . . . .

We supped with the monks, ten in number, — all young, all talkative, civil, and gay. They gave us a very good table and excellent wines; for it is absolutely necessary they should live well here in order to have the strength necessary to resist the climate. . . . . In the morning we were waked between five and six by the bell that summoned the monks to their devotions. I rose and went to the chapel. It was a very cold morning, and their voices, even as they chanted mass, seemed to chill me. . . . . After mass we breakfasted with the prior alone. Our conversation turned on the antiquities of the mountain, and the passages that have been made over it down to the times of Bonaparte. He was a firm believer in its being the place where Hannibal crossed, and alleged a tradition, and some inscriptions found on the mountain to Jovi Pænnino, which he showed us, in proof of Carthaginian origin. All this, however, barely proves the existence of this opinion in the time of Augustus, etc., which Livy knew also, but did not credit. The kind-hearted little prior did not seem to know much about the passage in the Roman historian, and I did not tell him of it, though I had the book with me.

After breakfast, the last honors of the establishment were done towards us by carrying us through the building and opening to us the little collections in mineralogy and natural history, and a few interesting inscriptions and antiquities found on the site of the Temple of Jupiter. When this was finally over, the prior accompanied us a little way down the mountain, and left us full of gratitude for his kindness, and deeply impressed with the benevolent utility of this remarkable institution, and the still more remarkable exertions and sacrifices of the Augustine monks who conduct it.*

September 27. — Between Brigg and Domo d'Ossola, we have to-day crossed the Alps by the Simplon, — a most astonishing proof of the power of man. . . . . It is impossible to give any idea of this magnificent work, which, for twenty miles together, is as perfect as a gentleman's avenue; of the difficulties the engineers were obliged to encounter, which, even after success, seem insuperable; or the terrors of the scenery, which reminded me of some of the awful descriptions in Dante's Inferno. . . . . We were eight hours in ascending, and four and a half in the descent.

September 29. — On going a little about Domo d'Ossola this morning, — which is a neat little town, — I found that not only the climate, but the architecture, had changed. While coming down the mountains, I observed the "refuges" built on their sides, to serve as a shelter to travellers, were more appropriate in their forms and ornaments than the same buildings on the other side; but I attributed it to accident. Now, however, I see that it is the influence of the Roman arts and their remains, felt even to the summit of the Alps, but extending apparently no further.

Our road to-day was still in a valley of the Alps. . . . . The cultivation was fine and the crops abundant. All nature, indeed, had a gayer aspect than we had left on the other side of the Alps, and I thought that I recognized beauties which Virgil boasted when Italy was mistress of the world, and which Filicaja lamented when they had become only a temptation to violence which she could no longer resist. Among other things, I observed that the millet, — the potato of the ancients, — which Strabo says grew abundantly here, is no less abundant now; and that the vine is wedded to the elm as in the days of Horace, and passes from tree to tree in graceful festoons as when Milton crossed the same plains a hundred and fifty years ago. If, amidst these more classical fields, I saw for the first time in Europe the cultivation of Indian corn, the recollections it awakened of homely happiness were not discordant from the feelings with which they were associated, and I can truly say that I have seen few things since I left that home which have given me more heartfelt pleasure.

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* Last year ten of the monks and two servants were overwhelmed by an avalanche, while guiding some travellers to the hospice, and all perished. As we descended the mountain we went a little out of our way to see a bridge and an avalanche which exactly corresponded to the description of one in Strabo. — *Note by Mr. Ticknor.*

MILAN, *October* 1. — We again commenced our journey early this morning, and when the sun rose found ourselves for the first time in the rich plains of Lombardy, where no mountains bounded the horizon. . . . . We were still accompanied by the mirth and frolics of the vintage till, after passing through a great number of villages, we entered Milan. . . . .

In the evening I presented my letters to the Marquis, or Abbate, de Breme, a man of talents and learning, and son of one of the richest noblemen in Italy, who, in the times of French domination, was Minister of the Interior, and now lives in Turin, in the confidence and favor of the King of Savoy.

The son, to whom I was presented, is nearly forty I should think, and converses remarkably well, with taste and wit. He was formerly grand almoner to the court, — a place, I suspect, to which his religion did not promote him; and, though he seems to have been no friend to the French usurpation, he abhors Austria, and has refused all offers to come into the government. He carried me immediately to his box in the great theatre Della Scála; for here everybody goes every evening to the play, and what society there is . . . . is at this great exchange and lounge.

October 7. — The Marquis de Breme, whose kindness has been such that he has hardly left me an unoccupied hour since I have been in the city, proposed to me last evening, if I would stay to-day, to show me some curious things in the environs, that strangers are not generally permitted to see. This morning, therefore, we set off with a little party he had collected, consisting of Count Confalonieri,* a young man of much culture, who has travelled Europe quite over;

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* The name of this accomplished young nobleman afterwards became widely known, and acquired a melancholy interest from his long imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg.

Borgieri, one of a few literary hopes of Italy, who, as well as Confalonieri, has often been with us in our excursions before; and a Russian general. . . . . The whole drive was about thirty-five miles; we reached Milan at eight o'clock, and we all dined very happily with the Marquis.

PLACENTIA, *October* 9. — While waiting for our supper last night, — which we were obliged to wait for a long time, as the heir apparent of the throne of Sardinia lodged at the same inn, — I amused myself with looking out, in the two great Roman historians, all the notices I could find of this little city. They were not very interesting, but somewhat curious. It was founded by a Roman colony, about A. U. 534, and seems to have been so well built and fortified — probably because it was a frontier town — as to serve for shelter to the Romans, etc., etc.

In this manner Mr. Ticknor occupied himself in each city as he advanced, giving many curious facts. Few travellers in these days care for such details and this kind of knowledge, and those who do find enough of them in their guide-books. These proofs of faithful search for knowledge are, therefore, not given.

October 15. — Early this morning, and still with the finest weather, we continued our journey. . . . . At length we arrived at Fusina, and saw the Queen of the Adriatic, with her attendant isles, rising like an exhalation from the unruffled bosom of the deep. It was a beautiful spectacle, perfectly singular in its kind, and indescribable, and was so much the more touching to my feelings, as I now first saw the ocean after an exile from it of above two years. . . . .

The approach to Venice is striking and beautiful. The city is built, as it were, on the surface of the waves, and seems, at the first glance, just sinking into the deep waters. But on entering it, feelings very different take possession of you. You have left behind you the traces of vegetation; the animal creation seems to have forsaken you; you are in the midst of a great city, without its accustomed bustle and animation. . . . . Everything is strange, and everything seems uncertain; the very passage-ways are dark and narrow, and the massy architecture of the houses, ending in the water, seems to have no foundation. . . . .

October 16. — Over its [St. Mark's] *pronaon* stand the four famous bronze horses, which must always be numbered among the finest remains of antiquity. Their early history is uncertain, and has lately been disputed with much warmth, and with a waste of obscure learning, by Count Cicognara, President of the Academy of Venice, Schlegel, Mustoxidis, a native of Corcyra and a member of the French Institute, and Dandolo, a young Venetian patrician of talent and acuteness. Six pamphlets have been published, and the war is not at an end. The question is, whether these four horses were a part of the Roman plunder of Greece, and, after having been placed by Nero on his arch at Rome, were transported by Constantine to ornament his new city, or whether they were originally of Chios, and, without having ever seen Athens or Rome, were brought in the fifth century, under Theodosius the younger, to Constantinople. It is a question that can never be decided, but it is a curious and interesting fact, that the young Dandolo, who has shown both learning and modesty in this controversy, is the direct lineal descendant of the blind old Doge of the same name, who in 1204 was the first to mount the breach at Constantinople, and, after having refused the Empire of the East, and placed Baldwin on the throne, brought these very horses as the trophy of his country's triumph. . . . . It is not a little singular that the father of this young man is the very man who, with fallen fortunes and proud blood, is appointed commander of the arsenal, and is obliged every day to visit the ruins of the glory his fathers founded.

October 17. — At the Academy of Arts we enjoyed an unexpected pleasure. It is in the former Convent della Carita, famous from the circumstance that Alexander III., escapiñg from the fury of the Emperor Frederick, lived here a long time incognito. A part of it is by Palladio, and one of the finest of his works. . . . . In this convent, now made into halls for the purpose, are collecting and collected from Paris, ... and from churches where they have slept in forgetfulness, the great works of the Venetian school. Two commanded my admiration, and dimmed the splendor of the rest,—one is Tintoretto's masterpiece, the miraculous liberation, by St. Mark, of a slave condemned to death ; . . . . all is as confused as his wild genius could have devised, and yet it all centres on the one object, and the whole piece is as living as if the fact were passing before you. The other picture is a magnificent Assumption, by Titian, now, as it were, first produced to the world. . . . . All that is known of it is that it was extremely admired while in his possession, that it was put up in its place [the church of Sta. Maria Gloriosa] in a cross light, ... and that the three centuries of tapers that piety has burned under it, and of incense it has offered up to it, had so completely incrusted it with a coat of black varnish, that in the best and strongest light not a feature of the original work could be properly distinguished. . . . . On carefully cleaning it, the picture was found perfect, after three months' labor, for the smoke had preserved it; and on the 10th of August last (1817) it was first opened to the public. It is the finest picture, I suppose, that I have yet seen in Europe, excepting the Madonna of Raphael at Dresden. . . . . This immense picture with its various subjects and groups becomes one work, and seems united in all its parts, as if the artist had breathed it upon the canvas by a simple volition of his genius. After standing before it above an hour, I knew not which most to admire,—the poetical sublimity of the invention, or the boldness of the execution, and that magic and transparency of coloring in which Titian has no rival.

October 19. — As in all the Italian cities, so in Venice, there is little society, and the persons I have known who have lived there, such as Botta, De Breme, the Baron de Bonstetten, etc., have all told me it was to be seen best at Count Cicognara's. To him, therefore, they gave me letters, and I have found their predictions justified, and his acquaintance sufficient for my purposes, and for all the time I could give to society. He is a nobleman of fortune, President of the Academy of Fine Arts, and author of several considerable works, particularly a History of Modern Sculpture, — beginning at the third century, where Winckelmann leaves it, — in three folio volumes, of which the last is now in the press. He is about fifty years old, has a pleasant family, a wife accomplished and still beautiful, and assembles at his house the elegant, cultivated society there is in the city. Yesterday I dined with him, and every evening since I have been here I have passed in his coterie; for I find that when you once go to a party of this sort in Italy, it is expected you should continue your visits, if you like, as regularly as if you went to the opera, — which so many never miss. This, however, is no disagreeable circumstance to a stranger, and at his house — with Dandolo and several other of the patricians, and a few men of letters — I have passed my evenings as pleasantly as I did at Milan, with De Breme and Count Confalonieri.

October 20. — This morning, like Portia's messenger, we passed

"With imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice";

embarked on the lagoon, and looked back for the last time on Venice, which seems from the opposite shore to dance like a fairy creation on the undulations of the ocean.

. . . . At the little village of Mira, on the Brenta, and about fourteen miles from Venice, we came to the villa now occupied by Lord Byron, and, still feeling curious to see him, I went in. It was eleven o'clock, but he was not yet up, and the servant showed me into a room where I found a lively, intelligent gentleman, whom I recognized to be Hobhouse ; who, after a youth of dissipation, has now become a severe student. His conversation is animated, acute, and sometimes earnest, but oftener witty. . . . .

In a short time Lord Byron came in, looking exactly as he did in London two years and a half ago. In conversation he was more lively and various, and came nearer to what a stranger might expect from him, but still he did not attain it; for I have never heard him make one extraordinary or original observation, though I have heard him make many that were singular and extravagant.

He told me incidentally that M. G. Lewis once translated Goethe's Faust to him extemporaneously, and this accounts for the resemblance between that poem and Manfred, which I could not before account for, as I was aware that he did not know German. His residence in Italy, he said, had given him great pleasure ; and spoke of the comparatively small value of his travels in Greece, which, he said, contained not the sixth part of its attractions. Mr. Hobhouse had already told me of a plan formed by himself and Lord Byron to go to the United States, about a year hence, if he (Hobhouse) should not get into Parliament; of which I imagine there may be some chance ; but Lord Byron's views were evidently very different from his, and I know not how their plans could be reconciled. Hobhouse, who is a true politician, talked only of seeing a people whose character and institutions are still in the freshness of youth; while Lord Byron, who has nothing of this but the prejudices and passions of a partisan, was evidently thinking only of seeing our Indians and our forests; of standing in the spray of Niagara; even of climbing the Andes, and ascending the Oronoco. They are now in all respects so different that I hardly think they will ever undertake the expedition.

When I happened to tell Lord Byron that Goethe had many personal enemies in Germany, he expressed a kind of interest to know more about it that looked extremely like Shylock's satisfaction that "other men have ill luck too"; and when I added the story of the translation of the whole of a very unfair Edinburgh review into German, directly under Goethe's nose at Jena, Byron discovered at first a singular eagerness to hear it, and then, suddenly checking himself, said, as if half in earnest, though still laughing, "And yet I don't know what sympathy I can have with Goethe, unless it be that of an injured author." This was the truth, but it was evidently a little more than sympathy he felt.

In the whole I stayed an hour and a half with them, and Lord Byron asked me to spend some days, — an invitation I, of course, felt no inclination to accept, in his present circumstances; and when I came away he left me at his gate, saying he should see me in America in a couple of years.

Bologna, *October* 24. — Of the society of Bologna I can have, of course, no right to speak; but the two evenings I have been here I have spent happily, and among as cultivated and elegant persons as any I have met in Italy. My introductions were to but two houses: to the Abbé Mezzofanti, who is absent, ... and to Mad. Martinetti. To her I owe two very happy evenings, which I shall always remember with grateful pleasure. Count Cicognara gave me a letter to her, and she immediately told me that her house, which is one of the finest palaces in Bologna, would be open to me every evening. She is still young, not above thirty, I should think, very beautiful, with uncommonly sweet and engaging manners and talents, which make her at once the centre of literary and elegant society in Bologna, and the friend and correspondent of Monti, Canova, Brougham, and many others of the first men of the times we live in. Last evening there were few persons at her coterie. Only two or three men of letters, a young Greek from Corcyra, a Count Marchetti and his pretty wife, Lord John Russell, and a few others. The conversation was chiefly literary, and so adroitly managed by Mad. Martinetti as to make it general, but as two of the persons present were strangers it began to fail at last, and she resorted to the very games we play in America to keep it up, and with her wit and talent kept us amused till after midnight.

This evening it was a more splendid meeting, though still quite informal. She gave a concert, at which were present all the guests of the last evening, many of the Bolognese nobility, Prince Hercolani and his family, the Cardinal Legate, who is Governor of the Province, etc, etc. M. Martinetti, who was in the country yesterday, was likewise there, and I found him a well-informed, pleasant man; but still he was not the charm that made his house the pleasantest in the city. The Cardinal is about sixty, as much a man of the world as I have seen. He thought it necessary to talk to me of America, and showed rather a surprising ignorance on the subject; though when I put him upon singers and operas, he was as much at home as a horse in his mill. All these personages went away before midnight, and then those of us who came to see Mad. Martinetti for her own sake, and not for the sake of her music, enjoyed a conversation which lasted till one o'clock, and made me regret more than ever that it is the last which I shall have with her and her polished and cultivated friends.

Ancona, *October* 28. — We had caught several glimpses of the glories of the Adriatic yesterday; and to-day, after passing through Pesaro, descended absolutely upon its beach, which we hardly left a moment for above thirty miles until we arrived at Ancona. The heavens were not dimmed by a single cloud; the long surge of the ocean came rolling up, and broke in foam at our feet, as it does on the beach at Nahant; the Apennines rose majestically on our right, and the little interval between was covered with the gayest and most luxuriant vegetation. It was a union of the grandeur of mountain scenery and the simple sublimity of the ocean with the calm and gentle beauty of an agricultural landscape such as I had never seen before, and it had a charm and magic in it all its own which I can never forget. . . . . I have not time to speak of the churches, the Exchange, the superb view of the town. . . . . They are all worth seeing; but the population of the city — its beautiful women, its busy, spirited citizens, the Jews, the grave Turks, and Persians, and lively Greeks that throng its narrow, inconvenient streets — are more interesting, and amused me until it was so dark I was obliged to go to my lodging.

Loretto, *October* 29. — We went, of course, to see the Spezieria, or apothecary's shop of the Holy House, which was originally founded to afford medicines unpaid to the poor pilgrims who resorted to the shrine, and still offers them to the few who claim its benevolence. Among the founders of this institution were some of the Dukes of Urbino; and three hundred pots, vases, etc., to contain the medicines, all beautifully painted, and passing in the legends of Loretto for the works of Raphael, were among their presents, and are the objects that chiefly bring visitors to the apothecary's shop. The truth of the case is as follows. Even in the time of the Romans, an ordinary kind of ware resembling porcelain was made in the neighborhood of Urbino, and about A. D. 1300 it is known that it was still made there, of a coarse quality indeed, but rare and curious, as genuine porcelain was not yet known in Europe. In 1450 to 1500, it grew finer, and the specimens that remain of that period are called *mezza majolica.* After 1500 it improved still farther, and is called *fina,* and from 1530 to 1560 it was at its greatest perfection, but after that it fell from, I presume, the competition with Chinese porcelain.

During its best days good artists were employed to paint it, whose ciphers are still recognized; but the fable that Raphael ever wrought on it arose from two singular circumstances: first, that Guido Baldo II. (Sforza) in 1538 bought a large number of Raphael's sketches, some of which he had used, though with alterations, on the Stanze, Loggia, etc.; and these sketches being copied upon the majolica by other artists, and yet not coinciding with Raphael's works entirely, were naturally supposed to be his by superficial inquirers; and secondly, that among the painters on this ware, there was a certain Raphael Colle, whose name was easily confounded with that of the most famous of painters.

The collection at Loretto is the best extant of all this kind of ware, and is beautiful and curious. The subjects are taken from Ovid's Metamorphoses, the Roman History, the Old and New Testaments; the colors are fresh and fair, and the execution so fine that Christina of Sweden offered to replace them with silver jars of equal weight, — and they are thick and heavy, — but was refused.

After a long and careful sketch of the history of the Campagna from the earliest times, and of the speculations as to the causes of its unhealthiness, Mr. Ticknor says: —

The present situation is that of a boundless waste, over which the eye wanders without finding any other horizon than that formed by the gentle undulations which everywhere break it, without relieving its solemn monotony. Nothing can be more heart-rending than the contrast which the immediate and the present here form with the recollections of the past, gilded as they are by the feelings and the fancy. Here lived the brave and hardy tribes of the Albans, the Fidenates, and the Coriolani; here were the thirty-four famous cities, of which every trace was lost even in the time of Pliny; here was the crowd of population that found no place in Rome in the time of the Republic; here was the splendor of the Empire, when Honorius, from the magnificence of the buildings and monuments, seemed to be at the entrance of Rome when he was still fifty miles from its gates; and, finally, here resided the strength and rose the castles of the proud barbarism of the Middle Ages, when the contest remained so long doubtful between the ecclesiastical usurpation within the city and the rude chieftains without. *Hæc tunc nomina erant, nunc sunt sine nomine campi.*

I cannot express the secret sinking of the heart, I would not acknowledge and could not control, which I felt in passing so many hours over this dreary waste, — these *lugentes campi*, so different from all the deserts nature has elsewhere left or created. The heavens are of such an undisturbed and transparent blue, the sun shines with so pure and white a light, the wind blows with such soft and exhilarating freshness, and the vegetation is so rich, so wantonly luxuriant, that it seems as if nature were wooing man to cultivation. . . . . But when you recollect that this serene sky and brilliant sun . . . . serve only to develop the noxious qualities of the soil, and that this air which breathes so gently is as fatal as it is balmy, and when you look more narrowly at the luxuriant vegetation and find it composed only of gross and lazy weeds, such as may be fitly nourished by vapors like these, — when your eye wanders over this strange solitude, and meets only an occasional ruin, ... or at most, a few miserable shepherds, hardly more civilized than Tartars, decrepit in youth, pale, haggard, livid, ... it is then you feel all the horror of the situation.

November 1. — In the midst of this mysterious desolation, only ten miles from Rome, we were stopped for the night for want of horses, and enjoyed the tantalizing pleasure of seeing the evening sun reflected in long lines of fading light from the dome of St. Peter's and the tomb of Hadrian, which we could just distinguish in the distant horizon. . . . .

November 2.— This morning we were already on the road when the same sun appeared again, in the cloudless splendor of an Italian sky, from behind the hills of Tivoli. . . . . Turning suddenly round a projecting height, ... Rome, with its seven hills, and all its towers and turrets and pinnacles, with the Castle of St. Angelo and the cupola of St. Peter's, — Rome, in all the splendor of the Eternal City, bursts at once upon us.

To Charles S. Daveis.

Rome, November 19, 1817.

. . . . What can I say to you that will not disappoint the expectations that my date excites? for it is not enough to tell you I have enjoyed myself more in Italy than in all the rest of Europe, and that Rome is worth all the other cities in the world, unless I add some distinct account of my pleasures, ... so that you can in some sort share them with me. One of the great pleasures in Rome is certainly that of going out to see its churches, palaces, and ruins in the evening and by moonlight. Last evening there was a splendid moon, and not a cloud in the whole heavens. I could not resist the temptation, though I had already yielded to it so often before, and I set out on a long course. . . . . The first place where I stopped was on the Bridge of St. Angelo. The beautiful statues of the angels seemed ethereal beings indeed, seen in this almost preternatural light. The moon was reflected full and bright from the Tiber. . . . . The whole of this scene, which tells so long a tale to the feelings, was sleeping in silence, except when at rare intervals a passenger passed the bridge, or a poor, blind beggar chanted his prayers for the souls in Purgatory.

I passed on, crossed the river, and a moment afterwards St. Peter's rose like an exhalation. The effect of its exterior is incomparably greater by night than by day. In the magical and indefinite light of the moon, you see nothing but the general outline and grand proportions of the façade, without any of the details that distract you in the day; the dome is more solemn, suspended as it seems to be in the very depths of the heavens, and the colonnades, which are always so bewitchingly beautiful, are tenfold more so broken and checkered with bold masses of light and shade; while the solemn silence, uninterrupted by a solitary human tread, and, if I may venture the phrase, only made audible to the feelings by the rushing of the two fountains that never rest, gives an unreal air to it all, and makes the whole scene that is spread around you show like a mysterious and glorious apparition. Crossing the bridge, ... I passed on to the other extremity of the city, ... and found myself before the solemn magnificence of the Coliseum. The long streams of light, which came reflected from those parts of its awful ruin where the moon fell or pierced the unalleviated darkness that covered the rest, ... every pillar and every portal a monument that recalled ages now gone by forever, and every fragment full of religion and poetry, — all this I assure you was enough to excite the feelings and fancy, till the present and immediate seemed to disappear in the long glories and recollections of the past.

It was of course impossible not to go to the Forum, for though there is so little to be seen there that produces a greater or less effect in different lights, there is a great deal to be felt and fancied, in the silence of the night, on a spot so full of the past, from the times of Hercules and Evander to our own. From the Forum I crossed the Capitol, ... and then coming down by the column of Antoninus and the palaces of the Corso, found myself at home, after a walk of three hours.

CHAPTER VIII.

Residence in Rome. — Presentation to the Pope. — Visit to Naples. — Society in Naples. — Archbishop of Tarentum. — Sir William Gell. — Society in Rome. — Bunsen. — Niebuhr. — French, Russians, and Portuguese in Rome. — Duchess of Devonshire. — Bonaparte Family. — Florence. — Countess of Albany.

MR. TICKNOR arrived in Rome on the 2d of November, 1817, and left it for the North the 22d of March, 1818. Of these five months, one was passed in Naples and four in Rome, the latter devoted to the study of Italian and the ancient and modern treasures of that wonderful city. To do this systematically and profitably he engaged Professor Nibby, a well-known archæologist, to visit with him the different portions of ancient Rome and their ruins, and he gives nearly one volume of his Journal to the results of these walks and studies, availing himself of materials he collected in Germany the year before and the many books he carried with him. The following passage shows the thoroughness of his plan, which he fully carried out: —

On coming to Rome, the first questions that occurred to me, after the earliest reveries of wonder and delight were over, were, how the city gradually came to occupy the ground it does now, and how this ground has been covered with the ruins, palaces, and churches we now admire.

The first question relates essentially to the history of its walls from the time of Romulus to that of Pius VII.; and the second to the history of architecture and its luxuries in ancient Rome, with some notices of the circumstances that have reduced them to such ruins, and of the modern palaces and churches that have risen up around them. The whole is a sort of introduction, without which it does not seem possible easily to form a clear idea of the present situation of Rome, and which I now make to serve as a kind of thread to which I can attach the miscellaneous researches and inquiries I may make hereafter.

He therefore records the facts and conclusions that he gathered, in the order he proposed, in a very clear and interesting manner; but in the many succeeding years Rome has been so studied and developed by the best minds and the finest art, that we refrain from giving even what was very curious at the time it was written, and the proof of most faithful and scholarly research.

To Elisha Ticknor.

Rome, January 1, 1818.

Once more, dearest father and mother, my New Year's festival is passed away from you. It makes it sad, but I do not complain. It is a great deal that God has so kindly favored and promoted all the objects for which I came to Europe, has spared my life and increased my health, and, by bringing me nearer to the period when I shall finish the pursuits that separated me from you, [has] made it more probable that we shall meet again in the happiness we once so gladly enjoyed together. . . . .

With Rome, I find every day more reason to be contented; and if I were condemned to live in Europe, I am sure this is the place I should choose for my exile beyond any other I have yet seen. Nature here is so beautiful, as soon as you leave the immediate environs and go a little way among the hills, that it seems as if the works of man were hardly necessary for his happiness, — and yet where has man done so much? Antiquity has left such traces of splendor and magnificence that Rome might be well content with ruins alone, — and yet the modern city has more fine buildings than all the rest of the world beside. . . . . But these are not all the attractions of Rome, for they bring here a deputation from the elegant and refined class from every nation in Europe, who, when united, form a society such as no other capital can boast. . . . .

My chief occupation now is Italian literature, in which I have nearly finished all I proposed to myself. . . . . The only difficulty I find is in speaking, and this I really know not how I can get over. With my servant and such persons I speak nothing else, of course, but there the thing ends; for, though I go every evening into society somewhere, I never hear a word of Italian any more than I should in Kamtchatka, unless it be at Canova's, and sometimes at the Portuguese Ambassador's. It is not, in fact, the language of conversation and intercourse anywhere, and therefore I can never acquire the facility and fluency I have in German and

French. My only consolation is, that what I lose in Italian I gain in French. However, I do not give up yet. I have actually engaged a man to come to me six hours a week. . . . . But, as to engage a man to talk with me would be the surest way to stop all conversation, I have taken a professor of architecture, on condition he should explain to me the principles, theory, and history of his art in Italian. This will do something for me. . . . . I should be sorry to go out of Italy without being able to speak the language well. . . . . I shall probably go from Leghorn to Barcelona about May first, and from Portugal to England, uncertain whether by water or by Paris, about the middle of October. More of this hereafter. GEO.

TO ELISHA TICKNOR.

January 15, 1818.

. . . . Rome continues to be all to me that my imagination ever represented it, and all that it was when I first arrived here. This is saying a great deal after a residence of above two months; but in truth I find the resources of this wonderful city continually increasing upon me the longer I remain in it, and I am sure I shall leave it with more regret than I have yet left any spot in Europe. I went out of Paris without once recollecting that it was for the last time; but it will not be so with Rome.

TO ELISHA TICKNOR.

ROME, February 1, 1818.

. . . . Cogswell and myself have been presented to the Pope this morning. He is the only sovereign in Europe I have ever felt any curiosity to see, and I desired to see him very much, on account of the firmness and dignity with which he always behaved in the most difficult and distressing circumstances, when kings and governments, of force incomparably greater, shrunk and yielded.

We were presented by Abbé Taylor, an Irish Catholic, who is appointed by the Pope to present the English; but as we were Americans we had a kind of national privilege to have a private audience at a time when it is not commonly given, and no one went with us except Prof. Bell of Edinburgh, the famous anatomist. There was very little ceremony or parade about it, and in all respects it pleased me extremely. On entering, we knelt and kissed his hand.

He is, you know, very old, but he received us standing, and was dressed with characteristic simplicity and humility as a friar, without the slightest ornament to distinguish his rank. Bell spoke no Italian, and therefore the conversation was chiefly with us, and, as we were Americans, entirely on America. The Pope talked a good deal about our universal toleration, and praised it as much as if it were a doctrine of his own religion, adding that he thanked God continually for having at last driven all thoughts of persecution from the world, since persuasion was the only possible means of promoting piety, though violence might promote hypocrisy. He inquired respecting the prodigious increase of our population in a manner that showed he had more definite notions about it than we commonly find in Europe; and when I explained a little its progress to him, he added that the time would soon come when we should be able to dictate to the Old World.

He had heard, too, of the superiority of our merchant vessels over those of all other nations, and spoke of our successes in the last war against the English with so much freedom that I suspect he had forgotten two British subjects stood at his elbow. The Abbé, however, reminded him of it by saying, as a half joke, that we had done very well, to be sure, but it was because we had always had the English for masters. "Yes," said the Pope, not willing to lose either his argument or his jest, — "yes, M. Abbé, that is very true; but I would advise you to take care that the scholars do not learn too much for the masters."

In the whole conversation he showed great good-nature and kindness, and a gayety of temper very remarkable in one so old and infirm. When it was over we left him with the same ceremonies with which we had entered. . . . .

JOURNAL.

The society of Naples, or at least the society into which I happened to be cast, interested me much. I do not speak of that which consists of foreigners, but of the strictly Neapolitan, which I met but in two houses, the Duke di San Teodoro's and the Archbishop of Tarentum's. At the first I dined, whenever it was possible for me to finish my excursions as early as three o'clock, and kept Lent there in a style of luxury which would not have disgraced Naples in the times of Hannibal or Horace, and yet which never offended against the letter of the injunctions of the Church.

The Duke has been minister in half the courts of Europe, and his wife, besides being one of the best women in the world, is full of culture. With Benci, a Florentine of some literary name, the Chevalier

Tocca (the brother of the Duchess), and two or three other persons who, like myself, were invited to dine whenever they chose, the party was as pleasant as it needed to be ; and if I could not find time to dine there, I commonly went from four or five o'clock till six, and dined with Mr. Smith afterwards.

My Platonic visits, however, were at the venerable Archbishop's, where I dined on Thursday with Sir William Gell, Mr. Craven, Lord Guilford, the Marquis of Ubaldo, and three or four others, Italians. The old Archbishop is a venerable patriarch and an interesting man, and is of one of the oldest and richest noble families of Naples ; has been Minister of State ; and, having gone through all the honors the Church could give him, up to the archbishopric, and refused to go higher, lives, at the age of seventy-six, in a kind of literary retirement, with a simplicity and dignity which show that he has preserved the purity of his character. He received his friends every evening in a style which I have not yet seen, and which pleased me. About a dozen of the most cultivated Italians met in his little *salon* at six or seven o'clock, and one of them read aloud from some classical book that would interest all. Once it was a tragedy of Alfieri, once the Stanze of Poliziano, at another time a new pamphlet on Pompeii. If any one preferred conversation, or other amusements, other rooms were open to them. In short, it was a literary society. Without pedantry or formality, every one found himself at ease, and sought to return as often as he could. I have seldom seen a man at the Archbishop's age who has preserved so lively an interest in everything about him ; who felt so quickly and simply ; who had so much knowledge and made so little pretensions ; who had so much to boast on the score of rank, fortune, and past power, and yet was so truly humble, so unostentatiously kind. I shall always remember him with the most grateful respect, and think of the Attic evenings I passed in his palace as among the happiest I have known in Europe.

Of the society of foreigners, which forms itself more or less every winter in all the cities of Italy, I saw as much as I desired or chose, and among them were certainly some interesting men : such as Sir William Gell, to whom I had letters, and who is a man of learning and taste, but a consummate fop in person and in letters ; Lord Guilford (Frederick North), a man of more learning, and whose active benevolence will do more for Greece than Gell's pretensions and showy books ; Randohr, the Prussian Minister ; the Marquis de Sommariva, a Milanese and a kind of Mæcenas of the arts now ; and Mr. Benjamin Smith, son of the member from Norwich, who is here with his sister for his health. I always had a plate at their table, and generally met somebody that interested or instructed me: such as Sir William Cumming, a Scotchman of talent; the famous Azzelini, who was with Bonaparte in Egypt, and gave me once a curious account of the shooting the prisoners and poisoning the sick at Jaffa; Miss Lydia White, the fashionable blue-stocking; and many others of the same sort, so that the two or three days in the week I dined there were very pleasantly passed.

On the 28th of February Mr. Ticknor left Naples and returned to Rome.

To Elisha Ticknor.

Rome, March 3, 1818.

.... My visit at Naples, on which I was absent from this city just a month, was every way pleasant and interesting. The weather in particular — which is of great importance in a place like Naples, where almost everything you desire to see is outside of the city — was, with the exception of one or two days, only delightful. It was what the Italians call their first spring, and the almond-trees were in blossom, the orange-trees burdened with fruit. .... "Hic felix illa Campania," said Pliny, and the form of the expression is no vain vaunt, for a more beautiful country I have never yet seen. As I stood at sunset, one evening, on the height of Camaldoli, and saw the whole of the beautiful Gulf of Naples, with all its harbors and islands stretched out beneath me like a chart, while the solemn bareness of Vesuvius and the snow-clad tops of the distant Apennines closed in the prospect behind and on my left like a panorama, the thought involuntarily rose that this must be a spot singularly chosen and favored of Heaven: so various is the scenery, so luxuriant the soil, so gay and graceful the landscape. But these, when you go into Naples itself, seem to be the very seals of Heaven's displeasure.

JOURNAL.

Society in Rome is certainly a remarkable thing, different from society in every other part of the world. Among the Romans themselves the elegant and cultivated class is really so small, the genuine character, civilization, and refinement of the country are so worn out and degraded, that, even in their own capital, they are not able, and do not pretend to give a tone to society and intercourse. The strangers, however, that throng here every winter from all the ends of Christendom, more than supply this want of domestic cultivation and talent;

for those who come here are rarely the empty and idle travellers who lounge through Europe to lose time that hangs heavy on their hands at home, since Rome is not a common city, but one whose attractions require at least a moderate share of knowledge to understand and enjoy. . . . .

These cultivated strangers settle down into coteries of their own, generally determined by their nationality. Thus the Germans, the English, and French have their separate societies, — preserving in the forms of their intercourse and in their general tone the national character that marks them at home; except when, perhaps, two or three times in the week all the strangers in Rome, with a few of the best of the Italians, a quantity of cardinals, bishops, and ecclesiastics of all names and ranks, are brought together at a kind of grand rout, called a *conversazione*, or *accademia*. . . . . Nothing can be more amusing than one of these farrago societies which I have seen at the Duchess of Devonshire's and Count Funchal's, the Portuguese Ambassador, — the east and west, the north and the south, ... all brought together to be pushed about a couple of hours or more in an endless suite of enormous rooms, and then wait for their carriages in a comfortless antechamber, — all national distinctions half broken down by the universal use of French, even among persons of the same country, and more than half preserved by the bad accent with which it is spoken, — the confusion of the Tower of Babel produced without a miracle or an object. . . . . Rome is still as much the capital as it was in the times of Hadrian or Leo X. . . . .

Among the Germans there is the family of Bunsen, who has married an English woman, and is himself full of good learning and talent; the family of Mad. de Humboldt (in conversation called the Mad. de Staël of Germany), who collects about her every evening the best of her nation, especially the artists Thorwaldsen, Lund, Schadow, etc., and to whose society I owe some of the pleasantest hours I have passed in Rome; Niebuhr, the Prussian Minister, who, after all I have heard in Germany of his immense learning and memory, has filled me with admiration and astonishment every time I have seen him; . . . . Baron Eckhardtstein, who has travelled all over Europe with profit, and was distinguished as an officer in the last war; Baron Ziegenhorn, now in the midst of a course of travels appalling for their length and objects to any but a German. But the person who has excited the most attention among the Germans, and who really deserves it, is the Crown Prince of Bavaria, a young man of about thirty, who has been living here in a very simple, unostentatious manner, and enjoying Rome like a cultivated gentleman with much taste and considerable talent. . . . . He talks English pretty well, and knows a good deal about general history, and something about America, which he liked well to let me see. . . . .

Mr. Ticknor in later years gave the following account of an interesting scene he witnessed in Rome at this time. It was written down immediately by one of those who heard it.

The first time I ever saw Bunsen he was introduced to me at Göttingen, in 1816, by one of the professors, and I was told that he had been two years private tutor to one of my countrymen, Mr. William B. Astor. He was then on his way to Rome to be private secretary to Niebuhr. A year and a half afterwards, when I went to Rome, I found him there, a married man.

I witnessed a very extraordinary scene there, — the celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of Luther's burning the Papal bull, got up right under the nose of the Pope! It was very curious. It was in October, 1818. I had just arrived in Rome, coming from Germany, and was very much among the Germans, — with Niebuhr and Bunsen, Brandes and Mad. de Humboldt. Niebuhr thought of getting up the celebration, and at first intended to have it in his own *palazzo;* but he changed the plan, and arranged that it should be held in a large room at Brandes's lodgings, he being connected with the legation. There was nobody present but twenty or thirty Germans, except Thorwaldsen, who, being a Dane, was all one as a German, and myself, who was invited as a kind of German.

Bunsen read something between a speech and a sermon; and there were prayers, that he had translated from the English Prayer-Book. Brandes read them, and there was a great sensation produced in the room. What Bunsen said was fine and touching. At the end, Niebuhr — who always reminded me of the Rev. Dr. Channing, a small man, with a great deal of soul in his face — went up to Bunsen, meaning to say some words of thanks. He held out both hands to him, and then he was completely overcome; he fell on his neck and wept loud, and I assure you there were not many dry eyes in the room.

JOURNAL.

Of Frenchmen there are very few here now, and really the solemn grandeur of Roman greatness does not well suit them. Winckelmann says, in one of his curious letters to Berendis, "A Frenchman is not to be improved here. Antiquity and he contradict one another"; and since I have been here I have seen and felt a thousand proofs of the justness of the remark. . . . . Simond himself, though I think him in general a cool, impartial man, stands up a mere Frenchman as soon as you get him upon the subject of antiquities, of which he seems to have about as just notions as divines have of the world before the flood. Mazois, who is preparing a work on Pompeii, which will at least have splendor and accuracy to recommend it, if not taste or learning, is, I think, the best of his nation here, though certainly Simond is the most cultivated and interesting.

Of the Russians there are a good many that circulate in general society, and talk French and English fluently; but, really, wherever I have seen this people, I have found them so abdicating their nationality and taking the hue of the society they are among, that I have lost much of my respect for them. Two, however, whom I have known here are men to be respected anywhere. . . . . One of them is Admiral Tchitchagof, who made so much noise in the war of 1812, and who is simple and respectable, though I should not have imagined that he was distinguished for his talents. The other is Italinski, the Russian Ambassador, whom I know more, because I am in the habit of going frequently to see him. He is the author of the Explanations to the three volumes of Tischbein's Etruscan Vases, and a man of Eastern learning, particularly in the modern languages of Asia. . . . . He is now infirm, though not very old; gentle and kind in his manners; living rather retired for a public minister, though with a kind of hospitality that in his hands takes the form of Eastern luxury. At his dinners, when I was there, there was either fashion or splendor, which he did not seem much to enjoy, ... or else a simply learned meeting of a few friends he knew well, ... such as Fea, the head of the Roman antiquaries, Ackerbladt the Swede, Wiegel from Dresden, etc., which was more pleasant than any society of the sort in Rome.

The Portuguese had, the greater part of the winter, a splendid representation here. . . . . Count Funchal . . . . is now, at the age of sixty, a dignified representative of his government. As he is ambassador, and therefore the very sovereign present, besides being rich, there is a state and magnificence in his house such as I have not seen anywhere else. . . . . Where it is not necessary for him to play the king, he is simple and unaffected; and his literary dinners, if not so pleasant as those of the Russian minister, because he has not the personal means to make them so, are still much sought after, ... and it is thought no small distinction to be invited to them. . . . . The Marquis de Marialva is, I suppose, the most considerable Portuguese by his talents, and the most important by his influence, that has remained in Europe since the Court went to the Brazils; certainly he is one of the most elegant and accomplished gentlemen I have met. He is the only man I have seen in Europe who has come up to my ideas of a consummate courtier, — taken in the good sense of the word; for though in all companies he was the first man, from his position, yet the elegance of his manners and the kindness of his disposition prevented embarrassment and ceremony.

The English everywhere, and in all great collections, formed a substantial part of society in Rome during the whole winter. The greatest gayety was among them, and the greatest show, except that made by the diplomatic part of the *beau monde*. . . . . I went to the Duchess of Devonshire's *conversaziones*, as to a great exchange, to see who was in Rome, and to meet what is called the world. . . . . The Duchess is a good, respectable woman in her way. She attempts to play the Mæcenas a little too much, it is true; but, after all, she does a good deal that should be praised, and will not, I hope, be forgotten. Her excavations in the Forum, if neither so judicious nor so fortunate as Count Funchal's, are satisfactory, and a fair beginning. . . . . Her "Horace's Journey to Brundusium" . . . . is a beautiful book, and her "Virgil," with the best plates she can get of the present condition of Latium, will be a monument of her taste and generosity. . . . . The most important and interesting man who went there [to her receptions] was undoubtedly Cardinal Consalvi, the Pope's Prime Minister, and certainly a thorough gentleman and a man of elegant conversation. . . . . He has talent and efficiency in business, and deserves, I am persuaded, the character of a liberal and faithful minister. . . . . Lady Douglass's societies, which I have known only since my return from Naples, — for before she was too ill to receive company, — are small and pleasant. She has been here two years for her health, and is certainly one of the sweetest of women, with two children who are mere little cherubs, to whom she devotes herself with uncommon tenderness and affection. Twice in the week, generally, ... she collects a few of her friends, and by the variety of her talents and the sweetness of her manner gives a charm to her societies which none others in Rome have. Besides these, I used to go to Sir Thomas Trowbridge's; sometimes to Mrs. Drew's, sister of Lady Mackintosh; to John Bell's, the famous surgeon; etc., etc.

I have reserved the Bonapartes to the last, because I really do not know where to class them; for they belong, now at least, to no nation, and live at home as among strangers. Their acquaintance, however, is more sought than that of any persons in Rome; and as for myself, I found no societies so pleasant, though I found others more cultivated and more fashionable.

To begin, then, with Mad. Mère, as she is still called. She lives in the same palace with her brother, Cardinal Fesch, — the Cardinal in the upper part, and Madame in the principal story, but both with princely state, in a magnificent suite of apartments. The Cardinal has the finest private gallery of pictures I have seen, and shows them with great liberality and kindness; generally receiving in person those who come to see it. In the evening he goes down to "Madame," and they form their coterie together, to which I sometimes went; but it was rather dull, though everything wealth could do to make it splendid was done. . . . .

Louis, the former king of Holland, who now passes under the title of the Count de St. Leu, lives more simply than any of the family, and preserves the character for good-nature and honesty which he did not lose even in Holland when acting under the orders of a cruel despotism. He has one son, a promising boy of fourteen, to whom he is devoted, and occupies himself with his education. The rest of the time, it is said, he passes in reading Latin and in writing poetry. In the evening he has his coterie, which is pleasanter than his mother's, because his own conversation is more amusing; and, on the whole, from the nature of his pursuits, the simplicity of his manners, and the kindness of his disposition, I think he lives more happily than any of his family.

The Princess Borghese is the most consummate coquette I ever saw. At the age of forty-two she has an uncommonly beautiful form, and a face still striking, if not beautiful. When to this is added the preservation of youthful gayety, uncommon talent, and a practical address, it will be apparent she is, if not a Ninon de l'Enclos, a most uncommon woman. At Lucien's, where a grave tone prevails, she is as demure as a nun; but in her own palace, where she lives in great luxury, she comes out in her true character, and plays herself off in a manner that makes her as great a curiosity as a raree-show. On her birthnight she gave a supper to seventy people, and the whole service was in gilt silver. But, notwithstanding the Eastern splendor of everything, united to European taste and refinement, I am persuaded the strangers there, like myself, were more struck with her manœuvres, seated between the old Cardinal Albani and the Cardinal

Vicar, than by all the magnificence and luxury about them. On another evening she showed her jewels to four young men of us who happened to call on her, and I am sure I shall never forget the tricks and manœuvres she played off. It is, after all, but coquetry, and it is possible to have but one opinion of her character; but it is not a vulgar coquetry, and it is the talent and skill about it which redeem it from ridicule, and make her a curiosity, — like Napoleon himself, — not respectable to be sure, but perfect in its kind.

At Lucien's, now Prince of Canino, all is different, and I have been there so much, and so familiarly, that I know his family better than any other in Europe. In all respects it is an interesting one, and in many it is amiable and attracting. He has been married twice; and besides the two children by his first wife, and seven by the second, his second wife herself has a daughter by a first husband; and all three sets live happily together, and the present Princess is a kind and good mother to them all. They live retired, and since I have been in Rome have not made a single visit, except to their daughter, the Princess Prossedi. They are at home in the evening to a few persons, who, finding no house in Rome so pleasant, generally avail themselves every evening of the privilege. The Prince is about fifty, of a most immovable character, — always the same, always untouched by changes. If this has produced no other good effect, it has certainly given him the entire confidence of his family; who thus always know where to find him. In conversation he is barren, partly from diffidence, but more from secretness and reserve of character. During the day he employs himself with mathematics, and particularly astronomy; and, except a little while after dinner, is not with his family until eight in the evening, when he comes from his study and remains with them till midnight. The pleasure I have often seen kindle in their countenances as he entered at this hour is a proof how he is beloved by them; and the kiss he always gave the Princess Prossedi, when she came and went, proved, too, how dear his children are to him.

The Princess is about forty, with a good deal of talent, uncommon beauty, and considerable culture and accomplishment. . . . . The Princess Prossedi, Lucien's oldest daughter by his first wife, is not beautiful, though not ugly, — a simple, kind, and affectionate woman, looking up to her father as to a superior being, loving her husband with unreserved confidence, and doting on her child to extravagance. She is pious and actively benevolent, and in talents, manners, and character such a person as would be loved and respected in any country. Christine, the next oldest, and now about eighteen, is a very different character. She has more talent than her sister, an unquenchable *gaieté de cœur*, sings, plays, and dances well, says a thousand witty things, and laughs without ceasing at everything and everybody. Loving admiration to a fault, she is something of a coquette, though her better qualities, her talents, her good-nature and wit, keep both under some restraint. She always sits in a corner of the *salon*, and keeps her little court to herself, for she chooses to have an exclusive empire ; but this is soon to be over, for she is to be married directly to Count Possé, a Swede.* . . . .

The daughter of Madame by her first husband, Anna, is a most beautiful creature, about seventeen ; just going to be married to Prince Hercolani of Bologna, — a love-match which promises much happiness. She has not much talent, and no showy accomplishments, but has a sweet disposition and affectionate ways. This is all the family I meet. Two other daughters are at the convent, and a son at college.

This is a fair account of the society at Rome for this winter. It never interferes with other occupations, for nobody dines until dark, and nobody visits in the daytime. . . . . In the evening a stranger feels very desolate; and I have always gone somewhere, and generally passed part of every evening at Lucien's.

To Edward T. Channing.

Leghorn, April 7, 1818.

. . . . At Florence I spent ten days very pleasantly, for Florence is one of the few cities in the world — perhaps the only one — that may be seen with pleasure, as a city, after Rome. There is a fine society there too, — not so various as the Roman, but still one that is not a little interesting to a stranger. The Countess of Albany is at the head of it; and you come so near to being an English Jacobite, that I think you will like to hear a little about the wife of the last Pretender, and to know something of the wife whom Alfieri loved with the most devoted passion to the last moment of his life. I need not tell you she is old, since Dupaty's book is filled with admiration of her, nearly forty years ago; but she has preserved all the vivacity of youth, and takes as strong an interest in the world as she ever did. Every evening at eight o'clock she receives her friends and the strangers introduced to her, and on Saturday night holds a kind of levee, composed of all the first society in Florence, which comes there to pay her its court; but at ten it is understood that her society finishes, and everybody goes away.

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* Christine Bonaparte married Count Possé, and afterwards Lord Dudley Stuart, being neither happy nor respectable in either connection. Count Possé travelled in this country about 1827 or 1828, and when visiting at my house showed us some very beautiful and curious miniatures and jewels. I did not know, till some time after, that he was so pressed for money that no doubt he would have gladly sold them. He borrowed money of Mr. Cogswell, which he did not repay. A younger daughter of Mad. Bonaparte came from the convent, where she had been educated, when she was fourteen, eagerly desiring to return to the convent for life. This pious young creature married Mr. Wyse, the gentleman and scholar, and made for herself the most notoriously bad character. — *Note by Mr. Ticknor,* 1860.

I went to see her nearly every evening while I was in Florence, and enjoyed my visits very much, especially when few people were there. I talked with her a great deal of Alfieri, and she showed me his library, in which there are a great many curious notes, made by himself, generally severe, and often cruelly personal. From him she probably acquired a bold style of talking, — which is very rare in women on the Continent, and therefore struck me the more, — and a direct, independent way of inquiring for your opinion and judgment which would have struck me anywhere. One evening she asked me whether I did not think England had gained, as a nation, by the exile of the Stuarts. She knew what I must think beforehand; and, though it certainly would, as a general rule, wound her feelings to be answered as decidedly in the affirmative as I did, yet she evidently showed a greater regard for me, finding I did not shrink from the proof to which she put me. Now, I say, this is an extraordinary woman; for, if she were not, she would not risk such a question or respect such a reply. On all subjects she talks very well, and has a wide and judicious circumspection in literature, very rare in women on the Continent; so that, on the whole, I think her one of the best [specimens] I have seen.

CHAPTER IX.

Journey from Barcelona to Madrid. — Madrid. — Conde. — Government of Spain. — The Inquisition. — Public Institutions. — Education. — School for Deaf-mutes. — Bull-fights.

TO ELISHA TICKNOR.

MADRID, May 23, 1818.

MY last was from Barcelona, dear father and mother, just fourteen days ago. As you may well suppose, in a country such as this, where all comfortable or decent means of travelling fail, I took the shortest route to reach this place; but, though the distance is but four hundred miles, I arrived only this morning, after a journey of thirteen days. I have no desire to conceal from you the difficulties of this expedition. All I have suffered in all my absence put together is nothing, and less than nothing, compared to it.

In the first place, imagine roads so abominable that the utmost diligence, from four o'clock in the morning until seven at night, would not bring us forward more than twenty-one or twenty-two miles! Imagine a country so deserted and desolate, and with so little travelling and communication, as to have no taverns; for I do not call the miserable hovels where we stopped by that name, because it is not even expected of them to furnish anything but a place to cover you from the weather. And, in the last place, imagine a country so destitute of the means of subsistence, that, even by seeking every opportunity to purchase provisions, you cannot keep so provided that you will not sometimes want a meal. Since I left Barcelona I have not been in a single inn where the lower story was not a stable, and of course the upper one as full of fleas as if it were under an Egyptian curse; twice I have dined in the very place with the mules; and it is but twice that I have slept on a bedstead, and the rest of the time on their stone floors, (which are not so even or so comfortable as our sidewalks,) and there only with straw and my blanket. Not once have I taken off my clothes except to change them, and here I find myself in quarters little more decent. . . . . And yet, will you believe me when I add to all this that I never made a gayer journey in my life? It is, notwithstanding, very true. My companions were excellent; and, with that genuine, unpretending courtesy and hearty, dignified kindness for which their nation has always been famous, did everything they could to make me feel as few of the inconveniences of the journey as they could, even at the expense of taking them upon themselves.

The oldest was a painter* of much reputation in Rome, where he has lived seventeen years, and is now called to Madrid to become Director of the Academy of Arts, — a man of much general knowledge and some learning, with great simplicity of character and goodness of heart. The second was a young man, attached to the general staff of the army, and the third an officer in the king's body-guards, — both of them of good families, good manners, and good dispositions.

The painter was a little disposed to complain at first, because he had forgotten how bad it was, but he soon got over it; the two officers were used to it; and I had screwed myself up to the sticking-place before I set off, so that I went patiently through the whole. I brought some books with me, and among them was Don Quixote. This I read aloud to them; and I assure you it was a pleasure to me, such as I have seldom enjoyed, to witness the effect this extraordinary book produces on the people from whose very blood and character it is drawn. My painter in particular was alternately holding his sides with laughter at Sancho and his master, and weeping at the touching stories with which it is interspersed. All of them used to beg me to read it to them every time we got into our cart, — like children for toys or sugar-plums, — while I willingly yielded, as every reading was to me a lesson. In this way my journey became far from useless or unpleasant, and I arrived here perhaps as little disposed to complain as any stranger ever was who came in the same way.

In Madrid things promise well. I have letters to nearly every one of the foreign ministers, to the Pope's Nuncio from Consalvi, the Pope's Prime Minister, to the Secretaries of the three Royal Academies, etc.; and Mr. Erving, our Minister, has received me with very remarkable kindness. A week hence you shall know more. . . . .

Geo. T.

To Elisha Ticknor.

Madrid, June 3, 1818.

On my arrival here, on the 23d ultimo, my dear father and mother, I immediately wrote to tell you of my safety. . . . . And now I can tell you that I am as comfortably settled as I have been anywhere in Europe, with as good prospects of accomplishing the objects for which I came. But you like to have details, and I like to give them to you.

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* Madraso.

In the first place, I am settled in lodgings procured for me by Mr. Erving, with people he knows to be honest, and whom I find uncommonly neat; which, you will observe, are the two rarest virtues in Spain. In the next place, I rise early, — at half past five, — and sit down to my books, taking a cup of Spanish chocolate, so thick it may almost be eaten with a fork. I work from this time until eleven o'clock. At this hour my Spanish instructor comes, and remains with me till one. He is a very good master, — as good as there is in Madrid, I suppose, — punctual, patient, and accurate. About half an hour after he is gone — during which I make my second breakfast, according to the fashions of the Continent — comes my other instructor; for, as I have nothing to do here but to learn Spanish, I think it best to multiply the means. . . . . This, however, is an entirely different man from the other. His name is Joseph Antonio Conde; and among all the men of letters I have met in Spain, — and I believe I have seen the most considerable in my department, — he has the most learning by far, and the most taste and talent. He was formerly librarian to the king; when the French came he fled; but, on assurances of personal safety, returned from Toulouse, where he had taken refuge, and was soon afterwards placed at the head of that department of the Ministry of the Interior which was devoted to public instruction. On the restoration of the Bourbons he was of course displaced; but still his merits and his honesty were so notorious that he was excepted (and I believe alone) from the sweeping prosecution of all who had served under Joseph, and permitted to live unmolested in Madrid, where he is much respected. He is about fifty years old, extremely ignorant of the world, timid in disposition, awkward in manners, and of childlike simplicity and openness in his feelings. I had letters to him from Paris, and — not because he is poor, for he is not, but because he is solitary from the death of his wife, and unoccupied from the loss of his employments — he comes and reads Spanish poetry with me two or three hours every day. The pleasure he takes in it is evidently great; for he has no less enthusiasm than learning, and nothing gives him so much delight as to see that I share his feelings for his favorite authors, which I truly do; while, on the other hand, the information I get from him is such as I could get, probably, from nobody else, and certainly in no other way.

When I dine at home, it is at five o'clock; when I dine abroad, it is at four, for that is the hour at Madrid; I prefer the latest possible, because it makes my studying day longer. After dinner I walk until half past eight or nine.

The houses of the foreign ministers are open to me: the Nuncio, Prince Giustiniani, the French Ambassador Prince Montmorency de Laval, and the English, who is Sir Henry Wellesley, have shown me much kindness and civility. I therefore dine abroad nearly all the time; but as soon as I can speak Spanish tolerably I shall seek Spanish society, which is almost completely distinct from the diplomatic, and is to be found only in late evening parties, called *tertulias*, which all the principal people have every night, and to which Mr. Erving can introduce me better than anybody else. . . . .

Farewell.

GEO. T.

TO MRS. WALTER CHANNING.

MADRID, July 25, 1818.

. . . . Spain and the Spanish people amuse me more than anything I have met in Europe. There is more national character here, more originality and poetry in the popular manners and feelings, more force without barbarism, and civilization without corruption, than I have found anywhere else. Would you believe it?— I speak not at all of the highest class, — what seems mere fiction and romance in other countries is matter of observation here, and, in all that relates to manners, Cervantes and Le Sage are historians. For, when you have crossed the Pyrenees, you have not only passed from one country and climate to another, but you have gone back a couple of centuries in your chronology, and find the people still in that kind of poetical existence which we have not only long since lost, but which we have long since ceased to credit on the reports of our ancestors.

The pastoral life — I will not say such as it is in Theocritus and Virgil, and still less such as it is in Gesner or Galatea, but a pastoral life which certainly has its poetical side — is still found everywhere in the country. I never come home in the evening that I do not pass half a dozen groups of the lower class of the people dancing to their pipes and castanets some of their beautifully original national dances; for you must observe that, if the Italians are the most musical people in the world, the Spaniards are the most remarkable for a natural and inherent propensity to dance, and have the most graceful movements and manners. Sometimes, especially if it be late, I find a lover with his guitar before the house of his mistress, singing his passion and his suffering. Only last night I was coming home from Sir Henry Wellesley's, where I had stayed very late at a little ball Lady Wellesley gave in her garden, — a kind of *fête champêtre*, — and, as I came into the street where I live, I saw a man standing in the middle, and singing with a beautifully clear and sweet voice to his guitar, which he played with great skill. I stopped to hear him, and recognized a little popular song, called a *seguidilla*, of eight lines, which I have in a large collection of these pieces, taken from the very lips of the populace that composed them. Each [song] consists of one idea, generally a comparison, always in the same metre, and in eight lines, and often singularly beautiful and original. . . . .

To Elisha Ticknor.

MADRID, August 1, 1818.

I am sure you will think of me more than you commonly do to-day, my dear father and mother, for these anniversaries seem to be bounds and limits in my absence. This is the fourth birthday I have passed away from you ; the next, if Heaven pleases to spare my life and health, will be again at home, to which I look forward every day with new earnestness and impatience. . . . .

There is one person that I have mentioned to you so often, that you may desire that I should tell you with some minuteness who he is. I mean the Duke de Laval, French Ambassador here. Since I have been in Europe I have not been so intimate with any one as with him. He is a man of about fifty years old, with great gayety, openness, and impetuosity of character, and with great talents in conversation ; so great, indeed, that Mad. de Staël, who was herself the most remarkable person perhaps in this respect that ever lived, used to delight to hear him talk. He has strong literary propensities and not a little literary knowledge, and especially with a genuine goodness of heart, which makes it necessary for him to make those about him happy merely that he may see them so. He is one of the old exiled nobility, who never gave up their fidelity, and in rank he is the first baron of the kingdom, with the title of Duke de Laval ; besides that, in Germany he is, from services rendered by his ancestors, Prince of the Empire, and in Spain, from his own merits, Duke de San Fernando Luis, and grandee of the first class ; in short, he is, from the antiquity and splendor of his family, one of the first, if not the very first nobleman in Europe, and, from his personal talents and virtues and fidelity, one of the chief supporters of the French throne. Immediately on the return of the king he was appointed ambassador here; not only from the great importance of the post arising from the connection then to be formed anew between the two branches of the restored family, but from the great dignity of the appointment, as the chief embassy France sends, since it is from a Bourbon to a Bourbon, and from the great personal influence he has with the king and court.

.... I dine with him two or three times every week, and see him more or less every day; for if by accident I do not meet him in the evening, I am sure that in the morning he will look into my quarters, telling me that he came to see whether I was sick; and still oftener he comes and sits with me to read or to talk, for he is the only Frenchman whose literary opinions and feelings coincide with my own.....

Now, therefore, my dear father and mother, I hope you know who my most intimate friend here is, for I should always like to have you feel acquainted with those I know; and as this [letter] is finished, all that remains for me is to send you my love for all my friends, whom I certainly love more than ever.....

JOURNAL.

The interior of the city of Madrid, taken as a whole, is far from handsome. It should not, however, be forgotten that no city in Europe can boast within its walls so fine a walk as the Prado; that Rome alone, as far as I know, has an entrance equal to that by the gate of Alcala; that several of its streets are really fine; that good buildings are not wanting, especially those constructed during the reign of Charles III., such as the Aduana, built in 1769, the Academia de San Fernando near it, and the Casa de Correos, — not forgetting the famous convent of Las Salosas, the work of Ferdinand VI.; but then, on the other hand, it may be fairly remembered there is not a fine square in the whole city, or a fine church; that the palace is a confused, irregular, clumsy piece of architecture, begun in 1737, and never to be finished; and that the new museum, and everything, in short, now doing in the Retiro and elsewhere, is worse than all that has been done before. Among all that Madrid boasts in this way, there was nothing that interested me so much as a few obscure buildings, famous for the names and history attached to them,

— the remains of the house where Columbus lived, that where Francis I. was confined, two or three of the famous palaces faithfully described in Gil Blas, the convent which Lewis has made the scene of his monk, etc., etc., all of which might very likely interest few persons besides. On the whole, both for the past and the present, — both as a collection of buildings and as a collection of monuments, — Madrid is the least interesting capital I have visited.

It has, however, the great merit of being clean. I do not know whether I should attribute this altogether to the character of the people, for they are not very neat, and it is apparent the keen fresh air, which reigns of course at this height, dries up all decaying bodies immediately, and prevents the accumulation of filth ; so that, though certainly dead animals are not uncommon in the streets, they give little or no disagreeable odor. Still, Madrid is not healthy. . . . .

Of the government there is very little good to say. The king personally is a vulgar blackguard. I will not repeat the instances of rudeness, vulgarity, and insolence towards his servants and ministers, which are just as well known at Madrid as that he drives in the Prado, for they would take up my room and time to no purpose. This, then, is the centre of the government; and of what a government! Certainly such a confusion of abuses never existed before since society was organized, and never, I should hope, can exist again. In the first place, its very principle — I mean in practice — is that the king's decree, which in theory is the highest power in the land, may be resisted and disobeyed, and that the only remedy is to make more decrees. The ministers desire to procure a certain amount of money, and issue a decree for it; that on the face and in any other country ought to produce it, but here it will not produce the third of it. The ministers desire to procure a certain degree of obedience, and the king decrees it; but the obedience may or may not follow, as in a case I knew at Barcelona, where an oppressed individual demanded simply a hearing of his case. The king ordered it by a formal decree to be had forthwith, but the tribunal neglected it; he made a new decree, and so on to a third and fourth, each more peremptory than the preceding, and each followed by a similar gross disobedience, until at last the tribunal, wearied out with being thus teazed, quashed the process they were ordered to examine, and told the injured individual to go about his business. Garay, the Minister of Finance, when he came into office announced his system, and it was supported by all sorts of decrees, — decrees to give a new principle of excise, decrees to remove the custom-house officers to the frontiers of the kingdom, etc., etc. ; and all are still nominally in force and actually disobeyed, as I have myself witnessed again and again. The remedy in these cases is to make more decrees, that, from the aggregate of all, obedience enough may be produced to keep the government in motion. There is thus a kind of tacit compromise between the government and its agents, that the king shall issue decrees, and that the people shall be tolerated in disobedience ; and in this way disturbances are of course avoided. If, however, on the contrary, the king should attempt to execute even one half of the decrees that are nominally in force, he would, I am persuaded, raise a rebellion in a fortnight.

This system, of course, supposes a certain degree of independence in the officers of government, since it gives them in fact the power of resistance ; and this independence leads to such a train of abuses and corruptions as nobody can imagine who has not been in the country, and week after week had them continually pounded into his ears. There is nothing that cannot be done by bribery ; and — what is the most extraordinary phenomenon I suspect in legislation — Garay, who as minister did not of course like to see the money that should come to the Treasury stop in the hands of its agents, has by his decree of August 5, 1818, instead of seeking to find a remedy for all these gross abuses, coolly legalized them, and what before were bribes he now calls taxes. Thus, if you want to have a cause examined in the highest tribunal, instead of feeing the servants all round, you pay $750 to the Treasury, and the tribunal *must* hear you. If a *corregidor* desired to have two villages under him, which is contrary to ancient usage, to law, and common-sense, he could formerly do it only by bribery ; now he pays five hundred ducats to Mr. Garay, and nobody can forbid him. To be a *regidor* under the age of eighteen, which is of course a solecism, could still be obtained formerly by corruption, but was not therefore the less illegal ; now it is legalized for two hundred or four hundred ducats a year. And finally, after fifty individual enumerations, in one sweeping article he declares that the want of "any one of the requisites for an office" shall not be considered as an impediment to holding it, on the payment of one third of its income to the Treasury. In short, there is hardly anything that has ever passed under the name of an abuse of government, that is not legalized and taxed by this extraordinary decree. The very first principles of the social compact, all the political morality that keeps society together, seem to be put up at auction by it, and in any other country a revolution would follow ; but here this *may* be avoided by a tolerated disobedience. So notorious, indeed, and so impudent has corruption become, that it even dresses itself in the livery of law and justice, and thus passes on respected through all the divisions of society.

The Inquisition, which is so much talked about, is more a bugbear than anything else, except in its influences on public instruction and the freedom of the press. As a part of the civil government it is hardly felt in individual instances, though still it is not to be denied that persons have sometimes disappeared and never been heard of afterwards; as one since I have been here, who is believed by everybody to be in the Inquisition, and another, who certainly was there before, and escaped to England about the time of my arrival.

The Inquisition, however, I have since found more powerful in the South. At Granada I saw a printed decree posted up, condemning anew the heresy of Martin Luther, and, as it was then imagined to be making some progress there, calling on servants to denounce their masters, children their parents, wives their husbands, etc., in so many words. I could not get a copy of it by ordinary means, and did not like to use any others, on account of the archbishop. Just before I was at Cadiz, the Inquisition entered the apartments of a young German and took away his private books, deemed dangerous; and at Seville some of my *ecclesiastical* friends cautioned me about my conversation in general society, on account of the power and vigilance of the holy office there; though certainly nobody was ever less obnoxious from heresy in Spain than I was, for my best friends were always of the Church. The Nuncio and a shrewd little secretary he had even thought to convert me by "putting good books into my hands," though I should never have suspected it if the Prince de Laval had not let me into the secret.*

Of police there is almost nothing: a little watch in the streets during the night, and a few alguazils — who are about as efficient as our constables — during the day, make up its whole muster-roll. Nor is it wanted, for there is little of that sort of crime among the lower classes — little of the petty larceny and small quarrelling and rioting — which a police can prevent. If a crime be committed, it is, like the national character, a serious and bold one. Of a secret political police there is no thought or suspicion. The government is not yet civilized enough to make use of such delicate machinery.

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* Two attempts were made to convert Mr. Ticknor to Catholicism. Once at Rome, being at a grand *funzione*, a priest who stood near him and his companion addressed them in English, which he heard them speaking, and they found he was an American of the name of Patterson. His history, as afterwards told to Mr. Ticknor by Mr. George Harrison, was a curious one. He was a Philadelphian, rich, handsome, at the head of fashion, the best billiard player in town. He was still quite young when he was converted, and he immediately gave his property to the Church, keeping only a small stipend for himself; had his teeth pulled to destroy his beauty, and became a priest and an ascetic. Patterson often visited Mr. Ticknor, glad to get a breakfast or a lunch, and one day brought a Padre Grassi with him. He was a man of talent and cultivation,

Yet, with all these gross and portentous defects, — without a police and with an Inquisition, without an administration of justice and with legalized, systematic corruption in all its branches, — the Spanish government (if it deserve the name) still seems to fulfil the great object a government should always propose to itself; for a more quiet, orderly people, a people more obedient and loyal, I have not seen in Europe. The reason is that this corruption is still mainly in the higher classes, and in the agents of the government, and that this strange contest between the ministers and king on one side, and the persons they employ on the other, is still unknown to the classes below; so that, though the surface of the ocean be everywhere vexed and agitated, its depths still remain tranquil and undisturbed. But the moment it becomes the interest of those who stand between the highest and the lowest classes to open the flood-gates, and let in the crimes and corruptions of the government upon the people, and thus excite them to disturbances and opposition, — that moment the government must come to an end.

Of the public institutions there is little to say, but something to praise; for, though they are few, some of them are good.

Among the good, however, is not the General Hospital, which is very dirty and ill kept. Especially in its neighborhood all kinds of filth are allowed to accumulate, so that it is the very dirtiest spot in Madrid and its environs. The proportion of deaths in it is horrible, and nobody can go through its damp lower apartments, and the ill-

had been in America, and used to talk much of early Christian antiquities and their relation to the Roman Church. His visits ceased after a time, but Mr. Ticknor was told afterwards that it had been an effort to convert him.

In Madrid, Cardinal Giustiniani made Mr. Ticknor acquainted with a young Italian ecclesiastic, a pleasant fellow, who lent him the Abbé de Lamennais's great work in defence of the Church, which had just come out, and he visited Mr. Ticknor often. After this intimacy had passed off, he was told by the the Duke de Laval that there had been great hopes of him.

The Princess Prossedi, the oldest child of Lucien Bonaparte, became an affectionate friend to Mr. Ticknor, and sincerely desired his conversion; and, when he again met her in 1836, told him she had never ceased to pray for it.

ventilated rooms above, without feeling it to be a reproach to a great capital to have such an establishment.

Above the Museum of Natural History, in the same building, is the collection of paintings begun in 1774 by Charles III. It is rich in the Italian school, which Spain had such fine opportunities for acquiring when Charles V. possessed, as it were, all Italy, and afterwards by the union of the crown of Naples to the family. But it is the Spanish school — Velasquez and Murillo — that shines forth there ; and in looking at the purity and dignity and beauty of its merely human forms, I sometimes become unfaithful to the ideals of Correggio, Titian, and Raphael that I had been accustomed to admire in Italy. There are, too, fine pictures at Medina Celi's, and at all the *sitios*, especially at Aranjuez and the Escurial and in the palace ; and the king has commenced a gallery near the Botanical Garden, where he is going to have all united that belong to himself. It is the Marquis of Sta. Cruz — who, for a grandee, is a man of taste — that is at the head of all there is good in this establishment, and the king suffers him to do what he pleases ; not because he understands and feels what it would be to have a grand gallery of as fine pictures as there are in Europe, but simply because he knows and cares nothing about such things, and, as he often says, much prefers paper-hangings, and will be very glad when the old gilt frames are taken down from his walls.

Among the public institutions should also be numbered those that relate to education, where this general distinction may be made, — that those concerning the humbler education of the lower classes are to a certain point good, but those relating to the higher branches of education and the higher classes of society are bad.

In the first place, there are sixty-four women's schools established in the city, and paid by the municipality, where the children of the poor receive the first elements of education on a very good plan and to a very good effect. After this follow the *escuelas gratuitas*, which are in the hands of two convents of friars, called the Calasanzios; who also do their duty very well in instructing in two different schools, established at the two sides of the city, all who choose to come to them, in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, the principles and dogmas of their faith, and, if they choose, Latin grammar. These schools are properly called *escuelas pias*, and by a vulgar corruption *esculapios*, and are every way to be praised, — religion being put out of the question, where the friars certainly exercise an undue influence. These two classes of schools are so successful that it is extremely rare to find a person who cannot read and write, and who has not pretty good, shrewd general ideas; but here comes a great hiatus in the means of education; for while the Universities of Alcala, Salamanca, etc., are so fallen that nobody pretends to go to them but as a matter of form, to have permission to be an advocate or a physician, or some other privileges that were anciently attached to their degrees, the capital has not only done nothing to supply their places, but has even destroyed two institutions of a very useful character, and left nothing for the intermediate steps in education but loose lectures on botany at the Botanic Garden, lectures on physics at the Gabinete, and similar disjointed instructions, that make up no system, and lead to no distinct end. . . . .

The law is not taught at all, being left entirely to the monks of Alcala and Salamanca, and the kind decree of Mr. Garay, who permits every man to become a lawyer that will pay a certain inconsiderable sum to the Treasury. The healing art is very ill taught at their dirty hospital by five professors, for medicine, surgery, anatomy, chemistry and clinics; but it is only necessary to go there and see their collections of filthy preparations, antiquated instruments, and books out of all date and repute, to know that everything is bad and wrong here in medical instruction. . . . .

There are a few institutions for education here that should be separately mentioned; because, though useful, they have no fixed position in the general system. In the first place, there is the school for the deaf and dumb. It should be remembered, in speaking of this, that the world owes the power of teaching them to Spain, for it was Bonet — to whom Lope de Vega has addressed one of his sonnets — that first invented it. The present institution is not a large or an old one. It was established on the return of the king, who gives to it 2,500 of the 4,500 dollars it costs yearly, and contains only twenty-seven pupils. They are well taught to read, write, etc., and, what is more, to speak intelligibly. One fact I witnessed, and knew therefore personally, which is extremely curious. Not one of the pupils, of course, can ever have heard a human sound, and all their knowledge and practice in speaking must come from their imitation of the *visible*, mechanical movement of the lips, and other organs of enunciation, by their teachers, who are all Castilians; yet each speaks clearly and decidedly, with the accent of the province from which he comes, so that I could instantly distinguish the Catalonians and Biscayans and Castilians, while others more practised in Spanish felt the Malagan and Andalusian tones. How is this to be explained, but by supposing an absolutely and originally different conformation of the organs of speech? . . . .

The Library owes its existence to the French dynasty, for the Austrian never thought of such a thing. Philip V. founded it in 1726, and Charles III. added the Cabinet of Medals. The printed books amount to above 110,000, the MSS. to 3,500, and the medals to 106,000. It is, like the libraries of the Escorial, a mine for future discovery, for it is so ill arranged, and has so bad a catalogue, and is so abominably administered, that all that is known of its curiosities and rarities is by accident. The collection of coins and medals is a perfect confusion worse confounded, and yet Eckhel stands on the shelf. I asked Gonzalez, the chief man of the whole establishment, what book this was, and he said it was an old book on numismatics, that he had never looked into! They have, too, a lumber-room, where there is a great pile of books called useless. The second librarian showed it to me, advising me that it was mere waste-paper. I ventured, however, to look in, and the second book I took up was Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste. Ex pede Herculem.*

The two Academies owe their existence to the *tertulia* of the Marquis de Villafranca. The one for the Spanish language was founded in 1714, and has only occupied itself with dictionaries, grammars, orthographies, etc., and with promoting the publication of important works relating to the language, such as Garcés' *Fuerza y Vigor;* new editions of old standard works, such as Balbuena, etc.

The other, for Spanish history and belles-lettres, founded in 1735, is the most respectable literary establishment in Spain; for such men as Navarrete, Marina, Conde, and Clemencin are enough to make an academy respectable in any country. They keep it, too, extremely pure; but the consequence is, that they have only eight or ten members; and yet the five volumes they have published, with their "Chronicles," *Partidas*, *Fuero Juzgo*, etc., do them infinite credit, and show like the work of a great body of learned men. . . . .

Even in the large cities and the capital it is astonishing to see how much they are behindhand, — how rude and imperfect is their house furniture, and how much is absolutely wanting. A great deal of the better sort is brought from Paris and London; and when an ambassador has kept a carriage two or three years, until it has become soiled and worn, he can sell it, as they all do, to some grandee, for more than it cost him. In the country it is, of course, worse. The chief persons in a village — I mean the respectable ecclesiastics and the alcaldes

— often have no glass-ware in their houses, no dinner-knives, and little of earthen manufactory, while a metal fork is a matter of curiosity. In agriculture their instruments are extremely clumsy. The scythes, hoes, shovels, pickaxes, etc., are so awkward, that I do not well see how they work with them; their threshing I have seen done, at the gates of Madrid, on just such a threshing-floor as is described in the Old Testament, and by the identical process of driving horses over the grain; their plough, which is of a construction singularly clumsy and inefficient, is the same the Romans used when they were here, for I have it on a coin of Cæsar Augustus; and their mode of drawing water by a horse or mule, and a wheel, is the very one which, for its antiquity, is in Egypt attributed to Joseph. Finally, there are almost no manufactories of articles of luxury on private speculation, and the few the king attempts to sustain bring him in debt at the end of every year, with the single exception of the glass manufactory at St. Ildefonso; and yet, there, an ordinary cut-glass tumbler, which might cost in England, at most, four or five shillings, costs eight dollars.

The means and conveniences of life are, then, few here, and the comforts may, as a general remark, be said to be unknown in all that relates to the mechanical arts. Their amusements, too, are hardly less meagre. The common people, however, it should be observed, are gay and light-hearted in their natural dispositions, and on the festivals, which are above one third of the whole year, are always seen in the Delicias, — a public walk outside the walls, — on the borders of the canal, and in the meadows of the Manzanares, dancing to their guitars and castanets. Every evening, too, as I come home I find little groups of them dancing the *bolero*, the *fandango*, and the *manchegas* in the streets; for, if the Italians are the most musical people in the world, the Spaniards of all classes, and especially the lowest, are the most fond of dancing. Their very movements seem from nature to be graceful, and their resting positions picturesque. Except this, however, and the universal passion for *toros*, they have little amusement that is social, except in a kind of tavern, where they go during the evenings of the summer, not to drink strong liquors, — for I never saw a Spaniard intoxicated, — but to refresh themselves with iced water, orgeats, and *cebada*, which, as they are the necessaries of life in this burning climate, seem to be within the reach of everybody's means.

The middling classes are the most reserved and the least gay of all the population of Spain, — the most difficult of access, and the least interesting to a stranger when they are known. Their amusements are few. Society they have almost none; for either — which is the general rule — they have very little culture and are rather rude in their manners, and then society, which depends for its charms in this class entirely on cultivation and refinement, is an amusement above their resources, and out of the circle of their pleasures and wants, or else they are instructed and refined, and then the long, *long* oppression of three centuries of tyranny and inquisition has taught them how dangerous it is to have such meetings, where the heart is too apt to speak what it feels, especially in that very portion of the people which has always been most obnoxious to the government and clergy; and therefore their doors are either hermetically sealed up, or else when they meet it is only to play at cards; which more than one of them has told me he had introduced into his parties, for the express purpose of suppressing conversation. As a general remark, therefore, the pleasures of this class are to walk in the Prado, — in the winter from twelve to two o'clock, and in the summer during the evening, which they end by taking ices at a coffee-house, — to go to the theatre, and to the *toros*.

CHAPTER X.

Madrid. — The Prado. — Theatres. — Spanish People. — The Court. — Society in Madrid. — The Diplomatic Corps. — Excursion to the Escorial. — St. Ildefonso. — Segovia.

JOURNAL.

TO me, the Prado is an inexhaustible source of amusement. In the first place, it is in itself the finest public walk I have ever seen within the walls of any city, not excepting either the Tuileries or the Chiaja. It begins at the gate of Atocha, and, passing the superb entrance of Alcala, extends round to the convent and gate of the Recoletos. Anciently it was an uneven meadow of little beauty, but famous for being the scene of the plots, murders, duels, and intrigues of the city and court, as may easily be gathered from the familiar use made of it in the novels of Cervantes and Le Sage, the plays of Lope, and indeed the old comedies and romances generally. It was not, however, until the middle of the last century, when the neighboring palace of Buen Retiro rose into favor, that Charles III. levelled it, planted it with trees, and made it the beautiful walk it now is. As you enter it from the gate of Alcala, or rather from the street next to it, you find yourself in a superb, wide opening called the Saloon; on your right hand a double walk, and on your left, first the place where the carriages parade, and afterwards another double walk, the whole ornamented with three fine fountains, and eight rows of trees, statues, marble seats, etc. During the forenoon, and nearly all the afternoon, no part of the city in summer is so silent and deserted as this; and yet, when the heats will permit, it is a spot which of all others here most solicits you by its freshness, its solitude, and its shade. At five o'clock the whole Prado is watered, to prevent the dust which would otherwise be intolerable. Just before sundown the carriages and crowd begin to appear; and about half an hour after the exhibition is in its greatest splendor. On your left hand are two rows of carriages, forming a complete line, slowly moving up and down on each side, while the king and the *infantas* dash up and down in the middle with all the privileges of royalty, and compel everybody on foot to take off his hat as he passes, and everybody in a carriage to stop and stand up. . . . . Every time I see this singularly picturesque crowd, mingled with the great number of the officers of the guard that are always there in splendid uniforms, and contrasted with the still greater number of monks and priests in their dark, severe costumes, I feel persuaded anew that it is the most striking moving panorama the world can afford. At about three quarters of an hour after sunset, when the Prado is usually quite full, the Angelus, or evening-prayer [bell], sounds in the neighboring convent, and the row of carriages stops as if by magic, while everybody on foot becomes fixed as a statue and prays. . . . .

As to theatres, Madrid has but two, and these have always been in a struggle for their existence, and even now can hardly be said to have gained a decided victory over the monks, and the Inquisition. The Principe is in general the best, since Mayquez, who is an *elève* of Talma, and not a bad imitation of his master, though little else, acts there; but the Cruz is more interesting to me, because more of the original national pieces, written before the French dynasty came in, are represented there. I have been often to both as a means of learning the language, especially if any of the old plays were represented, and really all that is national in it delights me more and more. The ancient Spanish costumes, which are strictly observed, are so splendid and graceful, the ancient manners, which are no less imitated and observed, have something so original and noble, and the plays themselves are written in a style of poetry so proud and elevated, though often with bad taste, that when the play is by Lope, or Tirso de Molina, or Montalban, or Calderon, I think I had rather go to the Spanish theatre than to any other except the English. After the principal piece, some of their beautifully graceful national dances, the *bolero*, the *polo*, the *fandango*, or the *manchegas*, are performed with castanets, and the whole ends with what is called a *saynete*, a little piece less farcical than our afterpieces, which is to a regular play what an anecdote is to a novel, and represents to the life the manners of the lower or middling classes, which the Spanish actors play with more spirit and less caricature than those of any other nation. The great sin of both theatres is, that the majority of the longer pieces they represent are translations from ordinary French comedies, though it must be confessed they are becoming better in this respect; and that the national plays are coming more into fashion, and are oftener acted.

An opera-house they have not, nor are operas much in the Spanish taste and character, any more than tragedies. Philip V., however, who brought in their foreign tastes, built an opera-house in 1730, but Ferdinand VII., for reasons which I do not know, has pulled it down. Operas, notwithstanding this, are given alternately in the two theatres. . . . .

The great amusement — the national and prevailing amusement, which swallows up all the rest — is the *fiestas de toros*, the bull-fights. It is purely and exclusively Spanish, and the passion with which it is sought by all classes, and with which it always seems to have been sought, is inconceivable to one who has not witnessed it ; and would be incredible upon common testimony, if we had not the histories of the gladiators and *circenses*, for examples before us. Of their earliest origin I have no knowledge, nor am I aware that any can be obtained ; for almost nothing has been written upon them. . . . .

The first intimations I find of them are in the oldest Spanish Chronicle, — that dark chaos from which the elements of Spanish poetry and history are alike drawn, and which is itself hardly less interesting and instructive than either. There it is said, incidentally, that there were bull-fights in Saldaña, in 1124, on the marriage of Alfonso VII.; and there is an ancient tradition, which I think I have noticed in his Chronicle, that the Cid was a famous *toreador*, and that he was the first that ever fought bulls on horseback.*

They take place only in the summer, and during the months when the heat is not extreme, ... and it is always on Mondays, both morning and afternoon, — in the morning with six bulls, and in the afternoon with eight bulls ; but each part of the day, if any one of the royal family is there, — which can seldom fail, — the people demand an extra victim by acclamation, and it is uniformly granted. Great preparations are made long beforehand. Fine bulls are brought from all parts of the kingdom, — the best from La Mancha, Navarre, and Andalusia, and are pastured near Madrid. Two days before the festival they are driven in, and, to my great dismay, I have several times met them in my evening rides, for they do not always treat the persons they meet so civilly as they treated Don Quixote near Saragossa. . . . . On their arrival they are shut up in a pasture near the amphitheatre, and on Sunday evenings great crowds of the common people go out to see them, as if it were a show. . . . .

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* Mr. Ticknor sketches in many pages the growth, ceremonies, and mode of carrying on the bull-fights, — a long and minute description, which he afterwards arranged as an article for the "North American Review," July, 1825, Vol. XXI. p. 62.

At length the long-desired day arrives, and, for all purposes of business, Madrid is like a Protestant Sunday. The whole city throngs to the circus, even to the very lowest class of the populace; and I have often seen more waiting on the outside—merely to hear, and echo and enjoy, the shouts and stories that come from within, because they could not afford to pay the price of admittance—than the entire amphitheatre could contain. For myself, I cannot speak with any of the skill or assurance of a connoisseur. I never went but twice, and then stayed only long enough the first time to see four bulls killed, and the second time three, for it was physically impossible for me to stay any longer. The horrid sights I witnessed completely unmanned me, and the first time I was carried out by one of the guards, and the second time I was barely able to get out alone. Still, however, I saw all the operations and manœuvres, as much as if I had been there a hundred times, and had all the technics and pedantry of the art at my command; and what was wanting in the practice and experience of a hardened amateur was fully made up to me by the vivacity with which I felt everything, and the deep impression its splendors, its dangers, and its cruelties made on my memory. . . . . Nothing can prevent the crowd from going if they have the money necessary to pay their admittance; and if they have it not, instances have been known where they have sold everything they possessed in the world to get it; and . . . . I was shown a man who was so absolutely destitute of all means, that he married the evening previous, as the only way of obtaining them. Nothing, in short, can hinder them, not even the heats, which hinder everything, and almost bring life itself to a pause in Madrid; and if they cannot get seats on the shady side of the amphitheatre, they will sit in the sun during one of the burning noons of July and September; and do it so heedlessly, that the first bull-fights given after the dog-days this year sent a crowd of patients to the hospital, thirty-eight of whom died within ten days afterwards of fevers caught there.

Nor are these the only fatal effects. The interest the common people take in everything relating to this festival rises afterwards, at any moment of excitement, to passion and guilt. Quarrels arise about a favorite *picador* or *banderillero*, that are never appeased; the details of one of these shows become the source of family bitterness for life; and only a few days ago, one Monday afternoon, as I was just going into the palace of the Prince de Laval to dinner, a man stabbed his brother, who fell dead before me at the door I was entering, in consequence of a difference that had thus arisen in the amphitheatre in the morning.* . . . .

It is a curious and interesting sight to see the people, when, from their union in a great mass, they feel their own strength, and when, from their excitement, they enter into the rights of their own importance and power, — when, in fact, they feel themselves to be what they are, and become for the moment free in consequence of it. Royalty is little respected on Mondays in Madrid, and therefore whatever the people persist in requiring in the amphitheatre, — even to the extreme cruelty of putting fire upon the bull's back to goad his fury, — is always granted, to avoid unpleasant consequences. Their exclamations and cries, too, which from the excitement under which they are uttered often seem revolutionary, are sometimes curious, and such as on any other occasion would be found offensive and dangerous. Of an uncommonly brave and persevering bull, several young men in my neighborhood cried out repeatedly that he was fit to be the president of the Cortes, and of another, who shrunk from the contest after receiving only two blows from the *picador*, apparently the same persons kept shouting, ... that he was as cowardly as a king. . . . . The bull-fights are, indeed, a warrant and apology for all sorts of licentiousness in language, in the same way the Roman shows were; and, like the amphitheatre of Flavius, that of Madrid would furnish a little anthology of popular wit, which, though it might strongly savor of vulgarity, could hardly fail to be very characteristic and amusing. . . . .

After all, however, the people are not so bad as might reasonably be anticipated from all the means that seem to be studiously taken to corrupt them. The lower class especially is, I think, the finest *materiel* I have met in Europe to make a great and generous people;

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* Talking about bull-fights with the Duke de Laval, he spoke of the women's love of them, and said that, at the last, one of the royal princesses had driven the *pica* into the bull's neck, — the nail to which are attached the colors of the province from which the bull came. Mr. Ticknor said that he could scarcely believe that of any woman, but that she was a Portuguese, and might be pretty coarse. "Well," said the Ambassador, "you are going to court, of course," naming the day; "come and stand by me when the royal family pass, and I will make her boast of it." When the time came, Mr. Ticknor took his place by the Duke; the ladies of course stopped to speak with the Ambassador of France. When the Portuguese princess came, the Duke said to her that he heard they had a fine bull-fight on Monday. "O yes," she said; "and I did something towards its success, for *I* drove in the *pica*."

but this material is either unused or perverted. Talent is certainly not wanting, and instruction to a certain point is very general. Nearly everybody can read and write, and if they can do no more, it is because the monks, who manage all the education of the country, find it for their interest to stop them here. In disposition, and turn of character, they vary in different provinces. In Catalonia they are industrious and active; in Aragon, idle, proud, and faithful; in Castile, cold and rude, but still attaching themselves easily to those who are kind to them; and in Andalusia, light-hearted, giddy, cruel, and revengeful. Galicia furnishes water-carriers to all Madrid, and they have among themselves a tremendous police, which insures the honesty of the individuals, and sometimes even inflicts secretly the punishment of death; but the government tolerates without acknowledging it, because the Gallegos are not unjust, and their opportunities and temptations to dishonesty are so great, that, though you never hear of an instance of it, much is due to their police. They are the hardiest and most enterprising of all the Spaniards, and, at the season of the harvest, may be found all over Castile and Estramadura, and even in Portugal, gathering it for the idle inhabitants; some remain afterwards as servants, and some are to be found in little shops and inns everywhere in Spain; but when they have accumulated a subsistence, they are almost sure to go home to die in peace at last. These different characters are so distinctly marked in the different provinces, that it seems as if you had changed country every time you pass from one to another; but still there are some traits in common to them all. One of the most striking — and one, it seems to me, on which many of their national virtues are founded — is a kind of instinctive uprightness, which prevents them from servility. I have seen the lowest class of the people, such as gardeners, bricklayers, etc., who had never seen the king, perhaps, in their lives, suddenly spoken to by him; but I never saw one of them hesitate or blush, or seem confounded in any way by a sense of the royal superiority. And in a country where the noxious luxury of a great number of servants is so oppressive, it is curious to see with what familiarity they treat their masters; joining in the conversation at the Duchess of Ossuna's, for instance, while they wait at table, correcting the mistakes of their statements, etc., but in all cases and under all circumstances without for an instant offending against the most genuine and unaffected respect. The higher, however, you go up in society in Spain, the less the different classes are like what their situation ought to make them. As the means of respectable instruction fail almost altogether, the middling class has by no means the strong, decided character it has in other countries. Except on the sea-coast, they cannot well have the ambition of accumulating wealth ; because it will not give them rank in society ; and as they are almost inevitably ignorant, they in general lead an idle, dull, and unworthy life ; though still, when you *do* find a man who, by the mere force of his character, has raised himself above the level of this class, you are pretty sure to find something marked and distinguished. The highest class of all is deplorable. I can conceive nothing more monotonous, gross, and disgraceful than their manner of passing their day and their life. . . . .

I was presented at court, as it is better a stranger should be in Spain ; and afterwards went occasionally to see the show, which is sometimes magnificent. Not one of the royal family is able to manage even the common formal conversation of a presentation, except Don Francisco ; and the king was guilty of the marked folly of always talking to me about his Father in Rome, with extreme interest, making inquiries how he looked, etc., as if he were notoriously the most affectionate son in the world. The *besa-manos* (kissing hands) is, however, the grand exhibition, and in fact is unique in its kind, for nothing like it is to be seen at any other court in Europe. The ceremony is this. On the great court festivals, the magnificent saloon of the ambassadors is dressed out in all its gala ; the royal family, in all the royal paraphernalia, stand in a row opposite to the entrance, and as many of their subjects as have a court dress, or a dress that warrants them to appear at court, come and kiss their royal hands in token of allegiance. Of course all in office come in their spendid uniforms, all above a lieutenant of the military, all the nobles of the realm, the heads of the monastic orders in their humble, solemn habits, the king's body-guards with their finery, etc., etc. ; in short, as mingled and splendid a show of magnificent dresses, contrasted and broken, occasionally, by the plain and sober suits of the clergy, as I can well imagine, and in no small number, too, for I one day remember to have seen between thirteen and fourteen hundred, who thus voluntarily passed under the yoke. It was there I first saw the distinguished men whose names were so famous in Spain and in Europe, only a few years ago, — Palafox, the Marquis of St. Simond, the Duke of Infantado, the Maid of Zaragoza, dressed as a captain of dragoons, and with a character as impudent as her uniform implies, etc., etc. ; and, indeed, aside from this, the mere show is more magnificent than can be seen at any other court in Europe ; but this is all there is, at Madrid, that can interest or amuse any stranger at the palace for a moment.

With a middling class thus oppressed and ignorant, a nobility so gross and unworthy, and a court worse than all below it, the strangers whom accident, curiosity, or occupation bring together at Madrid take refuge in one another's society. The points of union and meeting are the houses of the different persons belonging to the *corps diplomatique*, and thus all the strangers who have been bred in a more refined and more respectable state of society, together with a few Spanish families, who from living in foreign countries have caught more or less of foreign culture and manners, — like the Duchess of Ossuna, the Marchioness de Mos, the Marquis de Sta. Cruz, the Prince of Anglona, etc., — make a society completely apart from the Spanish, and with a tone and character altogether different. A more decided proof of the fallen state of manners and refinement could hardly be given than this elegant society, which, subsisting entirely by itself, is the object of considerable jealous repugnance to the higher classes of the Spaniards, who yet gladly come to its luxurious dinners and splendid *fêtes*.

When I went into Spanish society, it was at the houses of the Marquis de St. Iago, the Marquis de Sta. Cruz, at Mr. Pizarro's, the Prime Minister, at the Duchess of Ossuna's, etc., etc. I mention these because they are the best. That at the Marquis de St. Iago was the most truly and unmixed Spanish that was open to foreigners in Madrid; that is, the most so where there was much elegance and show, for he is one of the first of the first class of grandees, and extremely rich. At his house, the *tertulia* assembled between ten and eleven every night, and was composed of the chief nobility who would consent to go out of their own houses. The amusement was gaming, and almost all the gentlemen smoked; many came dirtily dressed, and all were noisy, rude in their manners, and to a certain degree gross. It was, however, considered the most elegant and fashionable, as it certainly was the most numerous and splendid, merely Spanish *tertulia* in Madrid that I saw. I went to it rarely, and always only to see the Marquis's sister, Paulita, one of the sweetest and most interesting creatures in the world, — young, beautiful as a sibyl, full of genius and enthusiasm, and disinterestedly refusing to be married that she may keep her fortune, which is immense, in her own hands, and remit its income to her father, who is an exile, and whose title and wealth have been taken away and given to his child. She was the only Spanish *young* lady at Madrid whose conversation could interest for a moment, unless it were, indeed, a very well educated daughter of the Duchess de Ribas;

and she was the only person at this *tertulia* of the St. Iago family, who could have induced me to go there a second time, for any purpose but that of persuading myself anew of the rudeness and corruption of the highest class in Spain.

The Marchioness de Sta. Cruz, who is certainly the most elegant Spanish woman in her manners at Madrid, did not make a regular *tertulia* at her house, because she went at ten o'clock every night to her mother's, the Duchess of Ossuna; but until that time she received all who came. The Spaniards, however, evidently did not like it, for they could not feel the charm of such manners as the Marchioness has learnt in better societies and more refined countries, so that after all the tone here was more foreign, and there were more visitors from the *corps diplomatique* than from all the rest of the capital.

At the Prime Minister's were to be found high officers of the government, those who desired to become so, pretenders to place, and those who feared to lose it, *et hoc genus omne*, together with the gentlemen of the diplomacy and the foreigners they introduced. Mr. Pizarro seldom came, for he really had not time. He is — I write after his fall and exile — an honorable, honest man, with respectable talents, firmness, and perseverance, but often unpleasant in society from great personal vanity. His wife — who is still to be called young, and will long be beautiful — was the most estimable and respectable Spanish woman I knew in Madrid; besides that, she had received an uncommonly good education abroad. She was born in Constantinople, and lived there many years, so that she yet speaks modern Greek easily, as her nurse was an Albanian; she also speaks Turkish tolerably. After her father's return, — for he was minister there, — she married Mr. Pizarro, and has been with him at several of the courts of Europe, and added elegance of manners to her other accomplishments, while grace and beauty were born with her. In her own house, where she lived without show, because her husband administered the royal favor and was still poor, she was simple and kind; and in the diplomatic parties, where she was almost always found, she was sought for her unaffected manners and her elegant conversation.

The house, however, to which I went most frequently, was that of the Duchess of Ossuna, — a woman extraordinary alike from her rank, her talents, and her wealth. I know not how many titles she unites in her person and her family, nor how many fortunes have served to form the foundation of her immense incomes, but the number is great. At one time during the Revolution she was, notwithstanding all this, reduced by the French to nothing, for every one of her estates was confiscated, and herself with all her children and grandchildren shut up in one small, poor house in Cadiz during the whole siege. She has often described to me how gayly and happily she lived there; and when I was in Cadiz, I was told she continued during the whole siege the most light-hearted person in the garrison. She keeps the most splendid Spanish establishment in Madrid, and passes every Thursday at her country-seat, where I used sometimes to go with the Duke de Laval, to take a late dinner, and ride into Madrid in the evening; but still she did not like to have a great deal of company at her *tertulias;* and as there was no gaming, not many of the higher class of Spaniards liked to come. She, however, always had her children; and her children are the first persons at court, both by their talents and culture. . . . .

Of course all these houses were but places where I went only now and then, either to exercise myself in speaking Spanish, to see foreign, new, and strange manners, or to meet one or two persons that interested me. The society on which I relied for rational conversation and agreeable intercourse was the foreign and diplomatic, which had its stated rendezvous and amusements, five evenings every week, and afforded a refuge on the others.

On Sunday evening there was always a quiet, sober party at Sir Henry Wellesley's. He himself is a man of not more than common talents, but of sound judgment, and altogether a respectable English gentleman. . . . .

The chief secretary of the legation, Mr. Vaughan, is a Fellow of Oxford, about five-and-thirty years old, who, though in the opposition, has made his way by talent and learning, and is soon to become a minister. For five years he had a travelling fellowship, and employed it in going through the interior of Asia, crossing down from Russia into Persia, and coming back by Palestine and Greece; altogether one of the most romantic expeditions I have ever heard of, and he himself altogether an interesting man. . . . .

On Tuesday evening everybody went to the *soirée* of the Countess de Balbo, wife of the ambassador from Sardinia. She is now very old, and being a Parisian, and daughter of a man distinguished by his rank and talents, had to pass through many vicissitudes during the Revolution, and relates a vast number of interesting anecdotes of French society, from the time of Buffon and Franklin down to the elevation of Bonaparte. The Count was no doubt the most learned and sound man in Madrid. He has passed a great part of his life in study and learned society; is himself the head and chief support of the Academy of Turin; and, after being ambassador all over Europe, has, since I left Madrid, been called home to be Minister of State, and Director of Public Instruction, — an office for which he asked on account of the quiet it would give him in his old age; at the same time he refused the splendid appointment of viceroy of the island of Sardinia, which was sent to him while I was at Madrid. I used to dine with him often in an unceremonious way, and enjoyed much the overflow of his very extensive and judicious learning, for he is in this respect one of the most distinguished men I have seen in Europe. The Duke de Laval, when there was any doubt or question about anything that could not be settled, always used to say, "Eh bien donc, demandez à Monsieur de Balbe, car il sait tout"; and when I heard him converse I often thought so. Cæsar, his only son, a young man about two years older than myself, on whose education he has bestowed unwearied pains, was, among those of his own age, what his father was in the oldest class, — the first at Madrid. He has much learning, good taste, and sense for all that is great and beautiful, extraordinary talents, and an enthusiasm which absolutely preys upon his strength and health. But, though he is passionately fond of letters, his whole spirit is eaten up with political and military ambition. He thinks of nothing but Italy, and, taking his motto from his favorite Dante, "Ahi serva Italia di dolore ostello," etc., is continually studying the *Principe* and *Arte di Guerra*, and dreaming over Machiavelli's grand plan to consolidate it all into one great, splendid empire, with the Alps for a barrier against the intrusions of the North. I knew him intimately, for there was seldom a day we did not meet at least once, and I shall always remember him with affection, for it is rare in Europe to meet a young man with so high talents and so pure a character.

On Wednesday evening there was a convocation at the house of the Minister of Russia. He has of late played a bold part in Spanish politics, and a year ago had such personal and immediate influence with the king, that he could nominate or displace a ministry at will; but, since the unfortunate sale of the Russian fleet, his power has declined. In all respects, however, he is a curious study in the great book of the knowledge of the world. He is, on the whole, to be called ignorant of books, and is certainly an idle, lazy man; but his genius is strong, bold, and original, and he makes his way in the palace merely by the imposing weight of talent. *Au reste*, he is careless and capricious, and the chief part he plays in society is at the whist-table, of which he is immoderately fond. His wife, Mad. de Tatistcheff, is a Polish woman, old enough to have a daughter by an earlier husband grown up, but still beautiful, and an accomplished coquette. The daughter, who has been educated entirely in England, is without much talent or beauty ; natural, simple, and good, and with a French and an English girl, whom Mad. de Tatistcheff has in her family, made a pleasant society. Wednesday evening, however, was the most splendid evening in the week at Madrid. Mad. de Tatistcheff had fitted up a neat theatre, and the party always began by a little French farce or comedy, which some of the diplomatists performed well, and which was amusing. She, however, never took a part in it, but reserved herself for an exhibition of more taste and effect afterwards ; I mean the singularly striking and beautiful one of making natural pictures, for which her fine person admirably fitted her. This art was invented by the famous Lady Hamilton. When Goethe was in Italy, he was bewitched with it, and when he afterwards published his *Wilhelm Meister*, gave such glowing descriptions of the effect it is capable of producing, that all Germany took the passion for a while, and it has ever since been more successfully practised there than anywhere else. Mad. Schulze of Berlin, who represents in public, is now the most admired ; but I never was where she exhibited, and those who have seen both, say Mad. de Tatistcheff is more beautiful, and does it with more taste and talent. . . . .

Compared with the magical effect it produces, the most beautiful picture is cold and dead, and the most beautiful woman uninteresting and prosaic ; for here you have all the fancy, taste, and poetry of art, glowing with life and starting into reality ; and while on the one hand the painter's talent chooses the attitude, arranges the costume, and distributes the lights and the colors, on the other, the warm, living form and the eye beaming with intelligence and feeling come to his aid, and give a grace beyond the reach of art. I shall therefore always remember Mad. de Tatistcheff's representations of Guercino's Penitent Magdalen, of Domenichino's Sibyl, of Raphael's St. Cecilia, and indeed all the many wonderful living pictures she made, as among the most striking pleasures I have enjoyed in Europe. Indeed, in all respects, if her husband made a great figure at court and in the palace, she sustained his reputation well in her drawing-room ; for her Wednesday evening *fête*, beginning with a play and these beautiful magical exhibitions, and ending as it always did with a ball, was the most splendid one in the week.

On Thursday evening, however, Lady Wellesley followed her, —

haud passibus æquis, to be sure, — but still with a beautiful entertainment. She had the finest garden in Madrid, and trusting to the invariable climate of Castile, used to illuminate it fancifully, and receiving her company there, made it a gay and graceful *fête champêtre*, with dancing on the grass, music, a supper, etc. Nothing of the sort could be done with more taste, and perhaps if the majority of voices were taken, this would have been called, from the genuine, light-hearted enjoyment it gave, the pleasantest evening in the week.

On Saturday evening Prince Scilla, the Neapolitan Ambassador, and the richest of all the *corps diplomatique*, gave a concert and a ball. He is one of the best natured, kind-hearted, honorable gentlemen in the world, — and his family and legation are like himself, — and Saturday evening, therefore, was a pleasant one, because it was impossible to be in Prince Scilla's house, without feeling you were with kind, good people ; and besides this, there was amusement enough and no ceremony. . . . .

Two persons I must not forget, for they were the two I knew the most intimately and familiarly. The first was my own minister, Mr. Erving, to whom I was introduced by Mr. Jefferson ; and it was a matter of satisfaction to me to find my country represented by a man who was so much respected, both by the diplomacy, the government, and the Spaniards. As to the opinion of the diplomacy, I know it as well as I can know anything ; and Mr. Pizarro and Mr. Garay made so little mystery of respecting Mr. Erving *more* than *any* other foreign minister at Madrid, that it gave a little umbrage to them all, as three of them have told me, and as I easily saw without being told. Moreover, the king's conduct to him personally at the levee, after he received the news of Jackson's taking Pensacola, and when, the Prince Laval had triumphantly told me the night before, and M. de Tatistcheff had told Cæsar de Balbo, he would not venture to be seen at court, sufficiently showed what was the influence of his name and character, which he has entirely founded, as everybody there knows, on two rules, — never to ask anything however inconsiderable from anybody as a favor, and never to cease to insist upon what he ought to claim as a right. In his own house I found him very pleasant, for he has talent, a clear head, and considerable knowledge, though very little literature. His establishment was elegant, and he might easily have made it more so if he had chosen ; but it was not necessary, for he was quite on a par with most of the ministers there. In short, I am clear there was not one of the diplomacy who understood his business better, or, taking the whole capital together, was more respected than Mr. Erving.

The other person I refer to is the Prince and Duke de Laval Montmorency, of whom I have already spoken so often. He is one of the most distinguished noblemen in Europe, for he traces his ancestry up to the remotest age of the French Monarchy, and there finds his progenitor to be the first nobleman in the country who received the Christian religion, and who thus gave to the family the title of "Premier Baron Chretien," which they still wear in their arms. Since then there has hardly been one of its generations that has not been marked by some of the great offices of the kingdom. They have repeatedly been married into the royal family of the Bourbons, have acquired successively the title of Count of Buchoven, and Prince of Laval from the German Empire, Duke of Laval, and peer of the realm in France, and Duke of San Fernando-Luis and grandee of the first class in Spain, besides all sorts of knighthoods, crosses, commanderships, etc., etc., and besides having been, more than once, at the head of affairs at home, and having often gained great battles abroad. I have never yet found anybody who was not ready to say that these honors are well placed on the prince that now wears them; for to more than common talents, and more than common acquired knowledge, he adds a genuine goodness that delights, above everything else, in promoting the happiness of all around him. In the last point he gave his own character exactly one evening, when he said to a lady that accused him of wishing to disoblige her: "*Moi*, madame? vous,—*vous* dites cela de moi? de moi, qui ai toujours eu l'ambition, que depuis le plus humble valet, jusqu' au Roi, tout le monde dise, quand je passerai, c'est un excellent homme; il a le cœur profondément bon"; and, in truth, I never saw him otherwise. Mad. de Staël loved him very much, and during her last sickness, when he happened to be at Paris, used to beg him to come and see her every day, that she might enjoy his brilliant conversation; for, even at Paris, he was famous for this talent, and at Madrid was unique. His dinners were by far the pleasantest there, for whatever there was of elegant talent and literature at Madrid were friends at his house, and, wherever he was, the conversation took a more interesting and cultivated turn than elsewhere. The daily rides that I made with him, and Cæsar de Balbo, are among the brightest spots in my life in Europe, though perhaps I never disputed so much and so hotly, in a given time, in my life, for though he is nearly fifty years old, and has passed, with unmoved tranquillity, through the revolutions of the last thirty years, without taking part in any, he is in discussion as prompt, excitable, and enthusiastic as a young man of twenty; and as Cæsar de Balbo is the model of all that is bold, vehement, and obstinate, we used to have fine battles. Indeed the Duke de Laval, with whom I seldom failed to pass three or four hours, every day, in society somewhere, is one of the very few men I have met in Europe in whom I never saw anything to discourage the regard his general character and conduct inspired, and whom I shall always remember with unmingled gratitude and affection. . . . .

Excursion to the Escorial.

Just before I left Madrid I took five days, from September 1st to the 6th, to visit the Escorial and St. Ildefonso, the two most famous royal "residences," and on all other accounts two of the most interesting spots in Spain. I set out early on the morning of the 1st, by the horse-post, which is the most agreeable mode of conveyance the country affords, and after traversing the dreary, barren waste round Madrid, in which for the space of thirty miles I saw only two meagre, dirty villages, and hardly a solitary tree, I at last entered the royal domains of the Escorial, where there are woods, if there is nothing else. These domains extend for many miles round the convent, and, even before I entered them, its domes and towers springing up on the dark, barren sides of the mountain, upon whose declivity it stands, were already visible. I spurred my horse with eagerness to greater speed, and just before eight o'clock reached the little village that has been formed round it, having, in this expeditious and not unpleasant mode of travelling, gone thirty-five (English) miles in four hours.

The Escorial is as vulgar a name as the Tuileries. It signifies the place where scoria are thrown, and it is so called because there was formerly an iron manufactory near, that threw its scoria on this spot. Its more just name is San Lorenzo el Reale, since it is a royal convent, dedicated to Saint Lorenzo. It is a monument of the magnificence, the splendor, the superstition, and perhaps the personal fears of Philip II. It was at the battle of St. Quintin, which happened on the day of this saint, — and which is painted in fresco by Giordano round the chief staircase of the convent, — that he made a secret vow to build a monastery in his honor, if he succeeded and escaped. The battle was gained, and in 1567 he began the convent, led to this spot by the circumstance that he had often hunted here, and perhaps by his gloomy disposition, which seemed always to delight in barrenness and desolation. . . . . The convent itself is worthy of the severest influences of the most monkish ages. It is the only establishment I have ever met that satisfied all the ideas I had formed, of the size of a monastery such as Mrs. Radcliffe or Dennis Jasper Murphy describes, and which is here so immense that, in the space occupied by its chief staircase alone, a large house might be built. . . . . For two days I enjoyed walking about continually with the monks, the prior, and the Bishop of Toledo, who happened to be there.

The church of the convent would be reckoned among the large churches of Rome, and the beautiful ones of Italy. The instant I entered it, its light, disencumbered arches and dome, its broad, fine naves, and its massy, imposing pilasters reminded me of Palladio's works at Venice. . . . . Immediately below the chief altar is the Pantheon, the burial-place of the kings. It is small and circular, made of the richest marbles, and ornamented with bronze and precious stones, yet in a very plain, simple style of architecture, and, from the solemn air that breathes through the whole of it, much better fitted to its purpose, than the gorgeous burial-place of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany. The sarcophagi are all of bronze, and all alike, ranged one above another to the height, I think, of six, and each plainly marked with the name of him whose ashes it contains. Seven kings rest here, beginning with Charles V., and seven queens, since none are interred in this sacred and glorious cell but such as have given succession to the empire. . . . . The libraries are an important part of this establishment. The lower one contains the printed books, all neatly bound in the same plain livery, with their edges gilt, and their names written on the gilding, which is thus placed outwards instead of a label, and gives a very gay appearance to the collection. It was Philip II. who began it, and therefore it contains a great many books in Spanish literature that are now extremely rare ; though, as there is neither order nor catalogue, it is almost impossible to find them, and those I observed were hit upon by chance. The library above, which is the manuscript library, is, as everybody knows, a great mine which is yet but imperfectly explored. The whole number is 4,300, of which 1,805 are Arabic, 567 Greek, a great number of curious Castilian, which chiefly engaged my attention, etc., etc. Philip III. added to it an immense number of Arabic manuscripts,* which he took at sea, on board a vessel bound to Morocco ; it would now be beyond all price, but that the greater part of it was burnt in 1671. Since the time of Philip IV., who finished the ornaments of both the halls of the libraries, little has been added to either.

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* There is a complete Catalogue of the Arabic manuscripts by Cassini, in two folios. Madrid, 1770.

Among the manuscripts here should be mentioned those of their church service, which are the largest and most magnificent in their style of execution, illumination, etc., I ever saw, far before the famous ones of Florence. There are 220 of them, each so large that they can be carried only by two men on their shoulders. In the collection of reliques is a Greek manuscript of the Four Gospels, pretended — in an inscription that looks to be about the fourteenth century — to have belonged to St. Chrysostom. It is certainly ancient, written in initial capitals, etc., and deserves attention, if it has not received it.

The pictures which have been accumulated here are numerous, and scattered through the whole building, — in the aisles, the corridors, the galleries, and even the very cells. The chief collections, however, are in the church, the sacristy, and the two halls where the monks hold their chapters. Of the Italian schools the most abundant is the Venetian, but it is of course the Spanish that prevails, among whose masters the most frequent are Mudo, Carvajal, etc. There are a great many prodigiously fine works by Spagnoletto and Bassano, a few by Correggio, Caracci, and Titian, and even the Roman school, with its great head, is not wanting. In statuary, too, they have something, especially a Saint Lorenzo of great beauty, that is evidently of ancient Greek workmanship, transformed by the power of the church to what it now is ; and a Christ Crucified, by Benvenuto Cellini, very fine, which he mentions in his Life, and which, if I mistake not, is singular among the works of this original and eccentric genius.

With all these resources, with the society of the monks, who are in number one hundred and twenty-three, and with the delightful music of the church, which, whether heard in its lofty, solemn naves, or echoed through the interminable aisles, that make the whole convent a labyrinth, falls on the ear like magic, — with these resources I passed two short and very happy days at the Escorial.

It was at sundown, on the evening of the 2d, that I took leave of the prior and the bishop, and mounted my post-horse for St. Ildefonso. We galloped up the side of the mountain, by a fine bright evening, and descending partly down on the other side, came to St. Ildefonso, — or, as it is commonly called here, La Granja, — at ten o'clock, severely chilled, though in the plain the heat of the dog-star still rages ; for St. Ildefonso is situated where no other monarch's palace is, in the region of the clouds, since it is higher up than the crater of Vesuvius, and precisely at that elevation where the great clouds are commonly formed in summer.*

I sent my letter of introduction to Count Guaiaqui, a Peruvian nobleman of talent and an immense fortune, who was six years captain-general of his country, and has since refused the viceroyalty of Mexico. He called on me immediately, and brought the governor of the place, who offered me all sorts of civilities, and arranged my visit here, and at Segovia, in the pleasantest manner. The following morning I began my operations, conducted by Count Guaiaqui, and, in the course of a most beautiful day, enjoyed all that is to be seen at this royal *sitio*. It is entirely the work of Philip V. Before his time there was nothing here but a farm-house, belonging to a convent of Segovia, which he bought, struck by the beauty of the situation and the refreshing coolness of the climate, which afforded a delightful retreat from the oppressive heat of Madrid in summer.

Philip was a Frenchman, who knew of nothing and conceived nothing more beautiful than Versailles. La Granja, therefore, is its miniature. There are three gates of entrance which form the front of the establishment, — the little village is within these gates, and before the palace, to which it serves only as offices and an appendage. Farther up is the palace; then come the gardens with the very beautiful fountains; and then the whole is closed up by the mountain covered with fine woods, and filled, until lately, with all sorts of game. . . . .

The first thing we went to see was the glass manufactory, a royal plaything established by Philip in 1726; but, what is remarkable, the only royal manufactory in Spain that yet pays its own expenses. The work is ordinary, and in general trifling. . . . .

From the manufactory we went with the governor, who came to find us, to the palace. It is a mere repetition of Versailles in its outline and arrangement, and like that, has a fine façade towards the gardens, and a chapel in front where are deposited, in a plain sarcophagus, the bones of its founder. The interior is finer, and better preserved than that of the palace of the Escorial, and has still its furniture and a part of its pictures, though the best are in Madrid. . . . . When we had finished all this we went to walk in the gardens, where my new friends showed me everything, ... the fountains, and the great reservoir on the side of the mountain that supplies them, all still reminding me of Versailles in miniature, though the situation and scenery are vastly finer.

After this I went to dine with Count Guaiaqui, — the governor promising me, that, if I would come to the gardens at five o'clock, all the fountains should play, — a great compliment to me, or rather to my letter of introduction from the Prince Laval. At five o'clock, then, I was there, and soon afterwards the show began. It was a delicious evening, one worthy of the Bay of Naples, and the sun was fast setting behind the mountain, to the westward of us. The village was all assembled in the gardens to see the *fête*, and added not a little to its picturesque effect, by giving life and movement to the scene. The first exhibition was of sixteen fountains, in a line ascending the hill, and composed of several hundred *jets d'eaux*, so arranged as to make one *coup d'œil* of singular beauty and variety. The setting sun fell upon the whole series, and each had its little rainbow dancing on the white spray it threw up, while the foliage of the trees amidst which it was seen, and which sometimes opened and sometimes closed the view, made it seem the work of enchantment. I thought of the gardens of Armida, and the celestial fountain, which Southey, in his "Kehama," has formed of the blended and conflicting elements, but for once the reality exceeded the efforts of imagination. I could not be weary with looking at it; but at last my conductor took me by the elbow, and I went to see the fountain of Diana, which is imitated from Versailles, and the most poetical thought I have ever seen in this kind of ornament; but the imitation is finer than the original, the baths of Diana, which is, I suppose, the most magnificent single fountain in the world; . . . . but there was nothing so struck and delighted me as the first *coup d'œil*, compared with which all there is at Versailles is a mere awkwardly combined plaything.

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* See Humboldt, "Configuration du sol de l'Espagne."

. . . . In the morning I rode on to Segovia. . . . . The first thing I did was to present a letter from Count Guaiaqui to the bishop, — a very respectable old man, who from an income of $ 30,000 a year gives $ 25,000 to the poor, and denies himself even the common luxury of a coach, which his age and infirmities really require. He gave me his secretary, a lively young Peruvian, for my guide to see the city. . . . . The first thing we went to see was the cathedral, a curious and regular mixture of the Gothic and Greek architecture, but otherwise not interesting. The next was the Roman Aqueduct, called by the people "Puente del Diablo," for they have no idea such a stupendous work could be achieved by a personage of less authority and power. . . . . It begins outside of the city, and traverses the valley on a hundred and fifty-nine arches in the upper row, but not quite so many below, and goes to the hill where stands the castle. It is built of square-hewn stones, united without cement or clamps, and is nevertheless so perfectly preserved, that it still serves the purpose for which it was built as well as when it was new; nobody knows its date, but it did not seem to me to be of the good ages of Roman architecture, though it is certainly one of the most solid and magnificent monuments that have come down to us from antiquity. . . . .

My little secretary now resigned me into the secular hands of the general-commandant, to whom I also had letters, and who carried me immediately to see the military school of which he is the head. It is in the Alcazar, or castle, a remarkable building, whose front indicates a great antiquity, and whose ornaments and style are of the richest, most gorgeous Moorish architecture. It was once the residence of the kings of Castile, whose statues in wood, with those of the kings of Oviedo and Leon, from 700 to 1555, are all preserved here. For a long time, however, it was used only as a castle of state, and the last person that was confined here was Escoiquiz, in 1808. . . . . It was Charles III. that established the military school here, where one hundred and thirty-two young men of noble birth are educated for the army. They have eight professors (all officers), ... a respectable laboratory, a good philosophical apparatus, and an excellent military library of about twenty thousand volumes. . . . . I am satisfied there is no public institution I have seen in Spain that is established on so good a footing, and so well, regularly, and successfully conducted as this is. . . . .

Early in the morning of the 6th I mounted my post-horse and galloped over the mountains, ... arrived at Madrid at four o'clock, so little fatigued, that, after dining and resting, I wrote all the evening, and at ten o'clock went to Prince Scilla's, where I danced till midnight.

CHAPTER XI.

Journey through Southern Spain. — Aranjuez. — Cordova. — Visit to the Hermits. — Granada. — The Alhambra. — Malaga. — Gibraltar. — Cadiz.

JOURNAL.

ON the evening of September 13, after dining with a few friends at Mr. Erving's, I mounted my post-horse at his door, to leave Madrid. It would be very ungrateful in me to say I left it without regret. I had come there with sad and dark thoughts; but, instead of the solitary, melancholy life I had imagined I was to lead, I found myself, on the whole, more pleasantly situated there, and passed my time, as I think, in some respects, more profitably, than I have done anywhere in Europe. All these thoughts were present to my mind, with the recollections of the many kind and excellent friends I had made there, as I rode slowly and sadly down Calle de Alcalà; passed for the last time the Prado, in all its splendor and gala, where I regretted even to the king's coach that was just entering; and forcing my way through the crowd at the Gate of Atocha, and in the Delices, and galloping over the bed of the Manzanares, now dried up, entered the dreary plain round Madrid. . . . . The night was so beautiful, so mild, so calm, that it might well have stilled agitations and regrets more serious than mine; . . . . and before I arrived at Aranjuez I felt myself already hardened, and prepared for the long and difficult journey I had commenced.

The approach to this Royal Sitio * is announced many miles beforehand, by the long rows of trees that line each side of the road, by the magnificent stone bridges that are thrown over every little stream and valley, and by circular openings, ornamented with seats, statues, and walks, for the benefit of the idle crowd that always followed the Court here, in the delicious months of the spring. At about half past nine I entered this neat little city,† built expressly in imitation of a Dutch village. . . . . It was originally [the Palace] — I mean in the time of Charles V. — a mere hunting-lodge, and though the succeeding princes gradually enlarged it, ... it remained little more than a fine country-house, until Charles IV.*— who seems to have had a sense for the beauties of nature, though he certainly had it for little else — made it his favorite residence, and added the Casa del Labrador and its immense gardens.

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* Sitio, a country-seat.

† Aranjuez.

The Palace is an ordinary building, but full of pictures. Such Murillos, Velasquez, and Riberas I had never seen, except a few in the Palace and Academy at Madrid ; and I was delighted to find that the Marquis de Sta. Cruz had marked them all with his "M." for the new Royal Gallery, where they will be, for the first time, in a situation in which their merit will be known and felt.

What there is curious and interesting in architecture, here, is the Casa del Labrador, or, as we should translate it, "the Farm-house," — a little plaything of Charles IV., — standing in the midst of a fine wood, about half a mile from the Palace. It is the merest little jewel. There is but one suite of apartments in it, and only two large saloons ; all the rest being divided into small rooms, cabinets, etc., each ornamented with beautiful embroidered tapestry ; the roofs painted in miniature frescos, and the floors paved in mosaic. Everything, in short, has a neatness and perfection in its finish, and the whole has an air of comfort, and a preservation of unity in its style, such as I have seldom met ; while in the richness of its ornaments, which are often of gold and sometimes of platina, it is absolutely unrivalled.

The Sitio of Aranjuez, however, is not to be so much considered in relation to its architecture and ornaments, as in relation to its natural situation and the beauty of its scenery. It stands in a valley formed by the Tagus, which winds gracefully through it, and forms one large island in front of the Palace, — where is the principal garden, — and two waterfalls, that have been managed by art so as to produce a considerable effect. This is to be regarded as merely the central point of the establishment, while on all sides, where the valley opens, fine groves have been formed, picturesque alleys and walks cut, and rural ornaments distributed for many miles round ; so that as a park, or, in fact, as a fine country establishment, there are few, I suspect, in Europe, to compare with it. . . . .

Aranjuez, like the Escorial and St. Ildefonso, marks its Fasti with several famous events, of which the most remarkable is the last. I mean the Revolution, which finally broke out here, on the 17th–18th

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* Charles V., Emperor of Germany, was Charles I. of Spain. Charles IV. reigned from 1788 to 1808.

March, 1808, and the meeting in October, of the Central Junta, which fled before the approach of the French to Seville, on the 21st November.* This flight probably finishes the history of the political importance of Aranjuez; but its exquisite scenery, and all the beauties which nature has so lavishly poured around it, and which, from the time of Argensola to that of Quintana, have been one of the favorite subjects of Spanish poetry, will remain the same, whether cultivated and cherished by royal favor and taste, or suffered to wanton in their native luxuriance.

On the afternoon of the 14th I left Aranjuez, and came on to Ocaña, the city whose name often occurs in the ancient Spanish ballads, and whose architecture still bears traces of its Moorish origin. . . . . In the evening I came on fifty-five miles to Madrilejos. . . . . Here I had a singular proof of Spanish fidelity and hospitality. My license to post was endorsed with a particular order from the Ministry, that the postmasters should receive me with attention, and give me any assistance I might need. The one at Madrilejos showed, from the moment I entered his house, a kind of dignified obedience to this order, which struck me; and on his relating a story of a robbery, when three thousand reals were taken, and my reply that, in a similar case, less would be taken from me, he began to suspect that I might be in want of money. At first, therefore, he slightly intimated that if I wanted anything, I might be sure he would supply my needs; and finding I did not reply very directly, pressed me further, — offered me money at once, and would not be satisfied until I proved to him that I was in no want, or fear of it. This was no empty offer; I am sure I might have commanded that man's purse and house.

On the 15th I made an easy journey of seventy miles, for the Post is so rapid, and so little fatiguing, that eight hours is enough for it, and it can be done without real weariness.† . . . . I went out of my way a little, to see where the Guadiana disappears, — a phenomenon which is no less interesting than extraordinary. The precise spot is nowhere so well marked as in the map to Pellicer's Don Quixote, where it is settled with great accuracy, on account of what Montesinos says to Durandarte, in the cave.*

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* Southey gives this as the date of a proclamation issued from Aranjuez by the Junta, and describes their retreat later, without specifying the day.

† Mr. Ticknor described this mode of travelling as pleasant; the courier, with the mail, riding a few yards before him; both mounted on small horses, which were changed every hour, going steadily at an easy gallop. To secure some change of position, during a journey of many hours, the stirrups were made extremely short at starting, and gradually lengthened, as the day went on. Mr. Ticknor had his own saddle, of course, and carried, attached to it, a skin of wine, and a haversack with bread, and, occasionally, some other food.

The 16th, early in the morning, I came through Sta. Cruz, the splendid fief of the Marquis, who is son-in-law to the Duchess of Ossuna, and soon afterwards came to the famous passage of the Sierra Morena which divides La Mancha from Andalusia, and which I traversed, at the point where Don Quixote gave their liberty to the galley slaves. It is a long range of dark mountains, which have little striking in their forms ; . . . . one of the gorges is, however, fine ; and the great number of eagles with which it abounds, and which sail over your head at a height that hardly permits you to hear their cries, strike the imagination like poetry, and announce to you that you are in one of the original, undisturbed solitudes of nature. . . . .

At the foot of the mountains I entered La Carolina, the chief place of a colony of Germans, brought here by Charles III., and distributed through about twenty neat little villages he here built for them. They are in a delicious situation, well built, and in a flourishing condition ; full of an industrious population, that furnishes a great quantity of articles in the common arts, such as wooden clocks, coarse earthenware, etc., etc., to all Spain. Carolina is really a beautiful town, with fine buildings, spacious walks, and all the marks of wealth and comfort in the population ; and the whole colony, extending from the foot of the Sierra Morena to near Baylen, forms a singular contrast, by its neatness and industry, with the squalid poverty that marks the villages of La Mancha and Castile.

It was in this delightful spot that I first observed the change of climate that might be expected on passing so considerable a chain of mountains. The balmy mildness of the evening air, just such as I had felt it a year ago on descending the Alps ; the reappearance of large groves of olives, which are so rare and meagre in Castile ; and the hedges of aloes, which I had not seen since I left the coast of Catalonia, — all proved that I had come into what may, without impropriety, be called the Italy of Spain.

In the morning [of the 17th] I rode along, still through the same delicious country, and came at last upon the banks of the Guadalquivir, which I kept continually in view, until, passing the superb stone bridge of Alcolea, the turrets and domes of Cordova appeared in the horizon before me. A half an hour afterwards I entered the city, having ridden, between four o'clock and eleven, sixty-three miles. . . . .

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* The passage here mentioned is as follows : "Your squire, Guadiana, lamenting his hard fate, was, in like manner, metamorphosed into a river that bears his name ; yet still so sensible of your disaster, that when he first arose out of the bowels of the earth, to flow along its surface, and saw the sun in a strange hemisphere, he plunged again under ground, striving to hide his melting sorrows from the world." — *Don Quixote,* Part II. Chap. XXIII.

The epoch of the splendor of Cordova is, of course, between 755 and 1030. . . . . The remains of the luxury and magnificence of this grand epoch in the Moorish annals are not to be mistaken at Cordova. The ruins of the Palace of the Kings, where the Inquisition now stands, on the bank of the Guadalquivir, and one of the bridges, which, however, is partly of Roman architecture, would be considered very curious in any other part of the world ; and, undoubtedly, we should everywhere find more distinct and more magnificent traces of this singular people, if they had not been so carefully obliterated by the conquerors when they entered, in the thirteenth century, and if the monuments, which even they spared and respected, had not been overturned by a tremendous earthquake in 1589.

One, however, still remains to us ; and one, too, that so completely fills and satisfies the imagination, that a stranger at Cordova hardly regrets or remembers what he has lost. I mean the Cathedral, still in the popular language called the Mezquita, the grandest of all the monuments of Arabic architecture ; for, between Bagdad and the Pillars of Hercules, nothing to be compared to it is to be found. Abderrahman I. began its construction in 786, and his two successors enriched and finished it. It is one of the largest churches in the world, five hundred and thirty-four feet long and three hundred and eighty-seven feet six inches wide, built of a fine stone, and forming nineteen naves, supported by eight hundred and fifty columns. The *coup d'œil*, on entering, is magnificent. Nothing but St. Peter's equals it ; not even the vast Gothic churches of the North, or the Cathedral of Milan ; besides that it has the charm of entire novelty in its form, style, and tone. In all these it is still essentially and purely Arabic. The beauty of its marbles, the curious mixture of the Eastern, the Western, and the Northern styles in its architecture, — which has confounded the inquiries of the learned as to the origin of the style called Gothic, — and the minute delicacy and graceful lightness of its ornaments, combined with the grand effect produced by the whole imposing mass of the edifice, whose thousand columns make you feel as if you were in the labyrinths of a forest, altogether render it not only the first thing of its kind in the world, but one of the most curious of all the monuments of the wealth and power of man. . . . .

Until 1528 it remained precisely as when the Moors left it ; and even now the only considerable alteration is the construction of a chapel in the centre, which, however, is so hidden by the columns, that, from many parts of the church, it cannot even be seen. . . . .

You enter by the court and portico, where the faithful, like Moses, put off their shoes because it was holy ground. The very fountains still flow there which flowed for their ablutions ; and the orange-trees, the cypresses, and the palms, which still form its refreshing shade, harmonize with the Eastern associations and imagery the edifice itself awakens in the imagination. On the inside, you are continually passing Arabic inscriptions taken from their holy books ; you see the sanctuary where they preserved the volumes of the Coran ; you enter the dark recess where the doctors met for the exposition of the law ; and you sit in the very seat where sat that long and splendid line of proud Moorish kings, from Abderrahman to Hisem. . . . .

The Mosque, however, as the popular feeling still insists on calling it, was not the only thing that interested me in Cordova. A visit that I made on the 19th to the hermits that live in the mountains, about ten miles from the city, gave me a view of the human character on a side where I had not before seen it, or, at least, had caught only some imperfect and indistinct glimpses of it. The Duke de Rivas and his brother Don Angel called on me at five o'clock in the morning on horseback. They were dressed in the picturesque and ancient costume of the country, such as the Picadores wear at Madrid,* and which the Andalusian gentlemen and nobility often put on, because it is really very beautiful and rich, and because it is, besides, popular, and produces a good effect when they go among their peasantry and vassals, whose own dress, in very humble forms and materials, it still remains.

It was a beautiful morning ; their horses and the one they brought for me were fine Arabians, and we rode gayly up the dark sides of the Sierra until nearly eight o'clock, when we had almost reached the summit. There, by the side of a little fountain that gushed from the rocks, we found a cloth spread on the ground and covered with a breakfast of cold meats, fruits, and wine, which the Duke had sent up beforehand. In this romantic spot, under the shade of some pomegranate-trees, and with a magnificent view of Cordova, the rich plain that spreads for fifty miles above and below it, and the Guadalquivir winding through the whole of it, we stretched ourselves on the grass, and I made a breakfast such as is so often described in works of fiction, but which I never realized before, and which I can never forget. When we had finished, we walked up the rest of the mountain, as the passage had now become too steep and difficult for the horses; and on the summit, or rather just below it, so as to shelter themselves from the north-winds and give them a southern aspect, we found this very extraordinary establishment.

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* In the bull-fights.

Its origin is not well known. The hermits pretend that it has existed ever since the time Christianity came into Spain, though not precisely on the spot where it now is; but all that is certain is, that about two hundred and fifty years ago a nobleman of Cordova, wearied with the world, retired to this solitude and was soon after followed by others, who were attracted by his reputation for sanctity to imitate the austerity of his life and devotions. Their number was shortly so great that they chose one to govern the establishment, and from 1613 they have regular Fasti. . . . . Thirty-four that now live there are shut up, each in his little cell, which stands separate from all the others. They never speak together but on especial occasions, with leave of their head; they never see each other but at mass, once a day; never sleep on anything but boards; never eat anything but vegetables nor drink anything but water, and refuse all alms in money or in anything else that does not serve as the immediate means of subsistence. They have a little church, plain and simple, where the Elder Brother — Hermano Mayor, as he is called — lives; and the little cabins of each of the hermits, though not squalid or miserable, are small, and absolutely destitute of everything that can be called either the comforts or the conveniences of life. . . . . Over the door is the skull of one of its former tenants, and within, before the crucifix, there is commonly another. Nine times a day they perform their devotions, at a signal given from the church, which is answered by a bell from each cell; and if there be any faith in wan and suffering countenances, the bloody thongs I saw, hanging up before their humble altars, are but the proofs of the cruel severity of their secret mortifications.

With all this, they are of no religious order, have made no profession and taken no vow, and can go from their hermitage as freely as they came to it; and yet, such secret charms has this life, that there is no instance remembered, or on record, of any one who has returned to the world. Neither have they been men who came here from the lowest classes of society, ignorant of the pleasures of this world, for there is hardly a noble family in Cordova that has not furnished more than one hermit. There are four or five such there now, besides one that has been a colonel in the army, another that commanded a frigate, and fought bravely at Trafalgar. . . . . The Elder Brother himself, who has been there twenty-six years, might, if he would return to his family, claim a title and fortune ; but these things have lost all charms for him. Yet a more benevolent countenance and manners, or more unaffected kindness, I have rarely seen. He inquired of the Duke very minutely about his friends and relations, told him many anecdotes of their youth, and but for the solitude of his cell, his sackcloth, and his flowing beard, it would have been difficult to say he was anything but a well-bred gentleman, a little touched, indeed, in the tones of his voice and in the forms of his expressions, by the softening and humbling hand of adversity and suffering, but still preserving the unpretending and natural dignity of his character and the ease and grace of his manners. He carried us through the whole establishment, and suffered the brothers to talk to us. Some did it willingly and even gayly, others with reluctance and in monosyllables only. . . . . It was altogether one of the most extraordinary and interesting spectacles I have seen in Europe, and . . . . left an impression on my feelings and fancy that can never pass away. . . . .

I remained in Cordova in all two days and a half, and was not a little amused with what I saw of the people and society there. It is altogether different from what I had seen in Madrid. The Castilians are gay in their own private circles ; the Andalusians are gay always and everywhere, and they have an open-heartedness towards strangers which, if it be not a more efficient hospitality than you meet at the North, is much more fascinating. The nobility is rich, and generally agricultural, fond of a country life and country amusements, great hunters, bull-baiters, and Picadores ; and, above all, proud of having fine horses and cattle. It is in these rich plains that I first realized the truth of Roxas' description of Castañar's wealth and the nature of his incomes, for I was often shown estates where were kept from three to five hundred horses, a thousand cattle, etc., etc., for these are the strength and resources of the country.* Each evening I spent at the Marquis de Villaseca's, the richest man in Cordova, and the pleasantest house there, as I was told in Madrid. Few people go there, but those that do, go familiarly and intimately ; and, to me at least, the society was interesting and amusing. The Marquis himself is a young man, with ninety thousand dollars a year, easy, good-natured, kind-hearted, hospitable, and ignorant ; with a house full of old domestics, whose ancestors have been in his family — as is the custom here — from untold generations, and who therefore treat him with great respect, to be sure, but still great familiarity. . . . .

The Duke de Rivas is a true Andalusian nobleman, loving hunting and horses, delighted with living among his own vassals, and promoting good agriculture ; a brave and successful soldier, and a dexterous Picador. Don Angel, whom he loves, I am told, affectionately, is certainly one of the most extraordinary young men I have met in Spain.* He has a fine person, a beautiful face, full of genius, has written several plays that have been well received in the Spanish theatres, painted a large piece that made much noise in the last exhibition at Madrid ; is as brave as Cæsar, since he has eleven severe wounds in his body received from the French ; and, with all this, is very modest, simple, and elegant in his manners, and a pure Andalusian in the gayety of his temper, his horsemanship, and his love of bull-fights and dexterity as a Picador. I really passed my evenings very happily with them. The amusements were dancing, singing, etc., and the evening before I came away, they danced their national dances in the national costumes, to gratify my curiosity, so that I stayed until almost morning, as much as if I had been an Andalusian. . . . .

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* Allusion to a play by Francisco de Roxas, called Del Rey abaxo Ninguno.

On the 20th, very early in the morning, I left Cordova, and returned upon my steps as far as Andujar, where I dined. There I turned off, and plunging at once into the mountains, continued travelling through a broken and picturesque country, where, though there was only a road for horses, I often met considerable towns, and almost always with some strong Moorish fortification near them, until four o'clock on the morning of the 22d, when, after having ridden twenty-four hours successively with the mail-post, for safety, I entered Granada. . . . .

After resting myself a little, I went to the palace of the Archbishop, and presented my letter from the Nuncio. The Archbishop is an old man of nearly seventy, but so well preserved that he does not look like fifty-five, plain in his manners and almost rude, and with a strong air of genuine ecclesiastical decision and authority in all he does and says. After talking with him a few minutes, he took me by the coat, and carrying me into a large suite of apartments, gave me the key, and said, "There, sir, these rooms are yours, and this servant is at nobody's orders but yours as long as you are in Granada ; but you will make use of them or not, just as you please, for I never shall inquire. Moreover, I dine at two o'clock every day, and you will always have a plate on my table ; but if you don't come I shall not complain of it, for I mean you should do exactly as you please." It was certainly the most rudely and heartily hospitable reception that could be given to a stranger, and his conduct afterwards showed that it was all to be taken literally and in earnest, for there was nothing he did not do for me during the two days I was in Granada.

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* Don Angel afterwards became Duke de Rivas. He was always affectionately remembered by Mr. Ticknor and some interchange of books and letters occurred between them in later years. In the Preface to the first edition of the "History of Spanish Literature," this Duke de Rivas is spoken of as one "who, like the old nobles of the proudest days of the monarchy, has distinguished himself alike in arms, in letters, and in the civil government and foreign diplomacy of his country."

One great source of my amusement in his palace was the comic recollections of Gil Blas, his ill-timed fidelity, and its ungrateful reward ; and often, when I was talking with the Archbishop, and the thought of the irresistibly droll scenes that Le Sage has placed here came into my mind, I could hardly prevent myself from laughing aloud. The parallel, however, certainly does not hold very strictly in the present incumbent. He is undoubtedly a good man, as everybody says ; he gives away nearly all his ecclesiastical incomes to the poor ; three hundred are fed at his door every day, as I have seen ; he supports two charity schools in every town of his archbishopric ; educates all the foundlings, etc., etc., and lives liberally and hospitably on his private fortunes, consecrating to religion all he receives from it. But he is not a man to write homilies ; and, indeed, with strong masculine sense, and even a bold, original style of thought and talk, he is one of the most grossly superstitious and ignorant men I ever met ; and his chief favorite, instead of being a shrewd, original, practical fellow, like Gil Blas, is a humble, insinuating little priest without talent or culture. I recollect that in giving me an account of an irreligious man, he said, "He believes neither in God, Christ, nor *even* the Virgin" ; and in describing a library he has at Xerez, he said, that among the MSS. there were autographs of *every one* of the apostles and prophets, most of which had wrought and still work miracles.*. . . .

The Cathedral is not very extraordinary, though still a fine church, and remarked chiefly for an admirable dome supported by twelve arches. It was begun by Ferdinand and Isabella, chiefly built by Charles V., and finished by Philip II., but was interesting to me only for a few good pictures, and for the Chapel of the Kings, where are deposited the bodies of Ferdinand and Isabella. . . . .

The Convent of the Carthusians is also due to the Catholic kings, and is, after the Escorial, the finest I ever saw for its architecture, extent, and magnificence. Yet no monks except the order of La Trappe live so severely. They never eat meat, and only once in a week speak together. They live shut up in their cells the rest of the time, and if, from any accident, they meet, they stop an instant, cross themselves, and one says, instead of all other salutation, "Brother, we must die"; to which the only answer is, "Brother, I know it"; after which they cross themselves again and pass on. By order of the Archbishop, I was permitted to see their manner of life, their cells, etc.; and their austerities made me shudder. I would rather have been with the hermits of Cordova, where at least I should have had a beautiful and smiling nature always before me, than in the dreary, dark, cheerless solitude of this magnificent convent. . . . .

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* In conversation, Mr. Ticknor described the Archbishop at his breakfast, chatting freely on all subjects, while the little chaplain knelt by his side on a hassock, fluently reciting the prayers from the breviary, and His Reverence always responding at the proper moment with scarcely an interruption of his talk.

Granada was originally divided into four quarters, which still exist and are easily to be traced. Three were given to the people, but the fourth, the famous Alhambra, was reserved for the Court, and is still everywhere covered with bold, striking ruins of the peculiar style of Moorish luxury. It is a considerable hill, at whose base flow the waters of the Douro and Xenil, and beyond which lie the city, the delicious plain of Granada, dotted everywhere with convents and villages, and the dark mountains of the Sierra Nevada. On this hill — which was once strongly walled and fortified as a kind of citadel — stood the palaces and gardens of the Moorish kings, and around it were scattered the establishments of the Court and nobility, so that the whole Alhambra, with its guards, consisted of a population of forty thousand souls. The ruins that remain are worthy monuments of the glory and splendor that once inhabited them. You go up by a fine elm walk and enter the Gate of Judgment, where the Moorish kings sat in the patriarchal manner of the East to administer justice to all who came to ask it. You pass through the immense halls of their palaces, through their bathing-apartments, through the queen's toilet-room and the room where she perfumed herself, through the magnificent saloon of the ambassadors, through the beautiful recesses of the women's apartment, and amidst the exquisite beauties and refreshing shades and fountains of the hanging gardens of the Generalife. All this is in the light, gay, luxurious style of the Arabian architecture, which so singularly marks the peculiar characters of their genius and imagination, and is so different from the severe purity of the Greek and Roman taste and the gloomy grandeur of the spirit of the North. The different degrees, too, in which all this is preserved or ruined, add much to the general effect of the whole.

Here you pass under superb rows of oaks and elms, whose size and regularity prove to you that they are the same where those proud kings walked who claimed to themselves the titles of emperor and sultan ; and a little farther on, you find yourself in a thicket as wild as the original fastnesses of nature. Sometimes you meet with a fountain that still flows as it did when tales of Arabian nights were told on its borders, and sometimes you find the waters burst from their aqueducts and bubbling over the ruins of the palaces or pouring in cascades from the summit of the crumbling fortifications. Sometimes the architecture is preserved, even to the very minutest of its most delicate ornaments, as in the queen's toilet, the luxurious bathing-rooms, and the saloon of the ambassadors, and sometimes it has been broken by earthquakes into grand masses of picturesque ruins covered with the graceful drapery of the ivy and the vine ; while, for a vast distance around, the remains of immense gardens are apparent in the garden flowers that still grow wild there, in the pomegranate and palm trees that spring up in every thicket, and in the profusion of waters that were the peculiar and characteristic luxury of the Arabs, and which still, brought by their aqueducts from the neighboring mountains, are everywhere seen winding down the sides of the hill and hastening to join the Xenil and the Douro in the fertile plain below.

I wandered here for hours, meeting at every instant something to delight and surprise me, resting under the shade of a palm-tree, sitting amidst the refreshing coolness of the minute fountains the Arabs invented only to temper the heat, or enjoying the magnificent view from the summit of the Generalife, which, taking in the plain below, traversed by four streams and bounded by mountains, is more like an original to Milton's description of Paradise than the Val d' Arno, or anything else I have seen in Europe. At length, the sun set upon my unsatisfied eagerness, and the twilight began to fade below. I came down slowly and reluctantly ; returned to the Archbishop's and talked it all over with him ; went to bed and dreamt of it, and the next morning, at half past five o'clock, was again on the summit of the Generalife, with my eyes again fastened on the same enchanting scenery and prospect. The morning was as beautiful as the evening had been. The plain became gradually illuminated, and the mountains beyond passed from gray to purple, and from purple to gold, as I gazed upon them. The birds were everywhere rejoicing at the return of day, in the groves and gardens of the Alhambra, as gayly as if it were still the chosen seat of Arabian luxury ; and the convents in the city and its environs were just ringing their matins. In the nearest I could occasionally catch the tones of the organ and the choir, while from the most remote the tolling of the bell had almost died away before it reached me in the intervals of the morning breeze. All was in harmony, — the hour, the season, and the scene ; and when the sun rose, it rose on one of the most splendid and glorious prospects in the world.*

The old Archbishop was delighted at breakfast-time to find I had been again at the Alhambra, for in his veneration for this wonderful ruin he is little better than a Mahometan. He sent me out, however, directly afterwards, with his rude kind of hospitality, to see the city itself. It is a good city, like any other, with a few fine houses belonging to the nobility ; but what most struck me was the Moorish character so often apparent. I first noticed it in the curious form, arrangement, and splendor of the silk market, which is substantially as it was in the fifteenth century ; afterwards in the more showy and rich dresses of the people, in the paintings on the outside of their houses, or in the minute and delicate ornaments of their architecture, and in the awnings over their courts, in their verandas, and in the profusion of waters distributed through their houses, so that they sometimes have a *jet d'eau* in every room. The last thing in which I noticed it was in their language, as in their salutation, "Dios guarde a ṽm," and in their accent, which makes an *h* guttural, as in Al*h*ambra, Al*h*ama, *h*arto, etc., all which are completely Moorish ; as well as a general tone perceptible in the ways and dress of the common people.

At dinner, the Archbishop had invited a good many persons to meet me, and thus made the last hours of my visit to Granada pleasant, for I was obliged to go away this very evening (September 25). I would have stayed until the morning, though only to rest myself, but the "Corzarios," or company that trades between Granada and Malaga, set off at five o'clock, and the roads are so infested with robbers that no other mode of travelling is safe. We commenced our march, therefore, about thirty strong, with about an hundred mules of burden and six persons like myself, who travelled with them for a protection the government does not pretend to give. The only one that interested me was Count Polentinos, whom I had known at the Archbishop's, a young man of some knowledge in physical science, that is, for a Spanish nobleman. He is of Madrid, and had been at Granada for a lawsuit, which has been pending in the Spanish courts two hundred and eleven years, and which, though he confidently believes he has gained and terminated it, is yet not so completely closed that his adversary cannot disturb him with one more appeal. This is a specimen of Spanish justice, and the Count related to me several similar instances of promptitude in its administration, not less characteristic. We entered at once into the mountains that surround Granada on this side as on all others, and came on that night to Alhama to sleep. The next day we continued several leagues farther in the same kind of country, sometimes even in regions refreshed by the eternal snows that rested on the chain above us, and often through a very rude, picturesque scenery, marked by the remains of Moorish castles and fortifications. As we approached Velez Malaga, however, all this gradually changed. The heats came upon us most oppressively in the valleys; the peasants were all out, drying and packing their Muscadel raisins for our market and the English; the road was lined with aloes, which I now for the first time saw, shooting up their immense blossoms to the height of thirty feet, and looking at a distance like young pines. The palm-trees, dates, and pomegranates grew more frequent; and at last we came to what I had so often heard talked of, and what proved to me completely that I was now in a tropical climate, I mean a regular plantation of the sugar-cane. . . . .

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* In a letter to Mr. Daveis, December 5, 1818, Mr. Ticknor says : "The Alhambra, a name which will make my blood thrill if I live to the frosts of a century, not that the pleasure I received, on wandering over the immense extent of these most graceful and most picturesque of all ruins, was like the quiet, hallowed delight of a solitary, secret visit to the Coliseum or the Forum, when the moonbeams slept upon the wrecks of three empires and twenty-five hundred years, for it was nothing of all this ; but it was a riotous, tumultuous pleasure, which will remain in my memory, like a kind of sensual enjoyment, as long as it has vivacity enough to recall the two days I passed amidst this strange enchantment."

[On the 27th], at nine o'clock, I gladly entered the busy little city of Malaga. . . . . The inhabitants — I mean those I knew in a visit of only three days — I found hospitable as the spirit of commerce always makes a people, and frank, open, and giddy, as everybody knows the Andalusians are. Count Cabarrus and his family, and the house of Mr. Rouse would have done anything for me, and, in fact, did much; but Count Teba and the Bishop, who interested me and amused me much more, made it quite unnecessary.

I knew Mad. de Teba in Madrid, when she was there on a visit last summer; and from what I saw of her then, and here where I saw her every day, I do not doubt she is the most cultivated and the most interesting woman in Spain. Young and beautiful, educated strictly and faithfully by her mother, a Scotchwoman, — who, for this purpose, carried her to London and Paris, and kept her there between six and seven years, — possessing extraordinary talents, and giving an air of originality to all she says and does, she unites, in a most bewitching manner, the Andalusian grace and frankness to a French facility in her manners, and a genuine English thoroughness in her knowledge and accomplishments. She knows the five chief modern languages well, and feels their different characters, and estimates their literatures aright ; she has the foreign accomplishments of singing, playing, painting, etc., and the national one of dancing, in a high degree. In conversation she is brilliant and original ; and yet, with all this, she is a true Spaniard, and as full of Spanish feelings as she is of talent and culture. One night I saw her play, in the house of one of her friends, before about fifty people, the chief part in Quintana's tragedy of Pelayo. The whole exhibition of the evening was interesting, and especially so to me, for it was got up in the true old Spanish style, first with a Loa to the governor, then the tragedy, then an Entremes ; afterwards a Tonadilla in national costume, followed by the Bolero ; and, finally, a Saynete. But it was the Countess de Teba — who played her part like a Corinne, and, who, in fact, has more reminded me of Corinne than any woman I have seen — that carried off every movement of approbation.* It was after all this gayety that I very sadly bade her farewell forever, and a couple of hours afterwards, at four o'clock in the morning, mounted my horse for Gibraltar.

The Bishop [of Malaga] . . . . is about fifty years old, possessed of uncommon talents and eloquence, dignified, and a little formal in his manners, and cautious, adroit, and powerful in conversation. When he was canon at Toledo, he was a representative in the Cortes and much remarked for his eloquence, where there were certainly no common competitors, and, what does him yet more honor, he was one of the three chosen to draw up the famous free constitution, and is considered as its chief author. This is the bright side of his character. Now reverse the medal, and he is cunning, obsequious to his superiors and hard to his dependents, loving all kinds of splendor, and a glutton. As I brought an especial letter to him from the Nuncio, he made a great dinner for me, to which he invited the Governor, the Captain of the Port, Count Teba, and all the persons he was aware I knew, several of the nobility of the city, etc., in all about forty persons. His cook made good the boast it is said he ventured, when the Bishop received him, "that the king should not dine so well as the Bishop of Malaga," for such a luxurious dinner I have rarely beheld, and never one so elaborate. The bread, as he told me himself, came from five-and-twenty miles off, because the baker is better; all the water is brought on mules fifty miles, from a fountain that has the reputation of stimulating the appetite and promoting digestion; he had meats on the table from every part of Spain, pastry from Holland, and wines from all over Europe. In short, taking his eloquence, his culture, and his dinner together, he is as near the original of Gil Blas' Bishop of Granada as a priest of the nineteenth century need be; and if he should ever come to the archbishopric, which is probable, nothing will be wanting but the shrewd, practical secretary, to complete the group which Le Sage has so admirably drawn.

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* Thirty years after this, M. de Puibusque, author of "L'Histoire comparée des Littératures Française et Espagnole," being in Boston and much with Mr. Ticknor, spoke with great admiration of the Countess de Montijo, describing the brilliancy of her talent, and the variety of her culture and accomplishments. Mr. Ticknor said he had known but one lady in Spain to whom such a description could apply, and had believed her to be the only one ; but she was Countess de Teba. M. de Puibusque explained that it was the same person, under a title later inherited. Mr. Ticknor mentioned this in a letter to Don Pascual de Gayangos (August 20, 1849), and sent a message to Mad. de Montijo, who recollected him and returned his greeting. The Empress Eugenie is her daughter.

My journey to Gibraltar was bad. The first day it rained the whole time, so that I was wet through to the skin, and yet was able to advance no farther than Marbella, where I was received by the hostess of the poor little inn with a genuine, faithful kindness I can never forget. This is generally the case in Spain. If you really want assistance, if you are really suffering, you are sure to meet nothing but good-will. In Gibraltar I remained from the morning of the 30th September to noon on the 3d of October, and passed my time pleasantly, except that it made me not a little homesick to find so many countrymen there, to hear English everywhere talked, and to look forth from the summit of the rock upon the Atlantic, which I had not seen for above three years, and which seems but a slight separation between me and my home. . . . .

The governor, General Don,* to whom I had letters, was very kind to me and sent me through all the fortifications, ... and gave me for my guide an officer who explained it all to me, without which I should hardly have been wiser than before I went. As I passed along from one battery to another, until I had seen eleven hundred cannon that could be manned in fifteen minutes, it seemed to me as if it were a luxury and waste of fortification; as if it could be defended against all the world with half the present means, as in fact it was in 1705, 1728, and 1782, when half the means did not exist; and as I went through the famous galleries, it seemed to me almost as if men were useless there, and as if the Rock could defend itself. . . . . The town is very pleasant, for English industry and wealth have made it so in defiance of nature. I have seen few towns of the same size more neat or more comfortable, and, what is yet more extraordinary, still fewer that have so many or so fine gardens. Indeed, a genuine horticulture has been carried so far under the present excellent governor, that, instead of depending on the neighboring villages, Gibraltar exports to them different kinds of vegetables through the whole year. Notwithstanding this, however, everything has, as it ought to have, a military character and tone. The houses are painted dark, so as to mask them from an enemy; the walks are esplanades and batteries; the squares made for reviews; and even the hospitable dinner-table of the governor is made of planks from one of the bomb-ships engaged in the siege of 1782, and the candlesticks in his drawing-room are made of some of the brass ordnance of the famous floating batteries. . . . .

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* Later, General Sir George Don, G. C. B. The name always puzzled the Spaniards, who asked, "Don what?"

The road from Gibraltar to Cadiz is dreary, passing almost always through a good soil, but one much neglected, unpeopled, and uncultivated. . . . .

I remained [at Cadiz] two days, but saw no one monument of architecture, other than military, to attract my notice; almost nothing in painting, for the few collections there were are scattered, and nothing in letters, except the fine Spanish library of the Hanseatic Consul, Böhl von Faber.* The few persons I knew, especially the women, answered well to the character for grace, lightness, and gayety they have had, from the time of Martial to that of Lord Byron; but, as all have admitted, there are few people here that attract a solid esteem for their cultivation. . . . .

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* In a note to the "History of Spanish Literature," Mr. Ticknor says: "Few foreigners have done so much for Spanish literature as Böhl von Faber," and mentions his daughter as "one of the most popular of the living writers of Spain," her novelas appearing under the pseudonyme of Fernan Caballero.

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CHAPTER XII.

Seville. — Cathedral. — Spanish School of Painting. — Sir John Downie. — Journey to Lisbon with Contrabandists. — Cintra. — Portuguese Society.

JOURNAL.

ON the 8th of October I embarked in the steamboat that plies on the river as far as Seville; and, after rather a pleasant and favorable passage, ... arrived in the evening at the ancient capital of Andalusia. It is admirably situated on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in the midst of an extensive and fertile plain, and is surrounded with the ancient Moorish wall, that was so terribly defended against St. Ferdinand. Under the Arabs, it was one of the largest and richest cities in Spain; and, on its surrender, nearly three hundred thousand Moors, it is said, emigrated to Granada, and yet did not depopulate it; so that, in 1426, it had again above three hundred thousand souls within its walls. The circumstance that the American fleets came here, increased its wealth prodigiously, between the end of the fifteenth century and the year 1717, as its churches and convents sufficiently prove; but the expulsion of the Moors by Philip III. gave it a severe shock. The fall of the manufactures, on which its population depended, and which fell from the introduction of other modes of dress, — as those of Lyons afterwards did, — hastened its decay; and finally, the exclusive monopoly given to Cadiz, and the gradual filling up of its river, — which is now no longer navigable for large vessels, though it might again be made so, — completed its ruin, and it lies lifeless and inactive, — *jacet ingens litore truncus,* — with a population of hardly ninety thousand souls.

Amidst all this decay, however, Seville is one of the interesting cities of Spain, and for the arts and letters perhaps the most so; for the splendid epoch of the Moors, the residence of the early Castilian kings, and the wealth of the newly discovered Americas, have left behind them monuments of no common note; while, at the same time, the circumstance that there are curious Roman ruins in the neighborhood, and that in the sixteenth century it was the capital seat of the genuine Spanish school in painting, increase its claims and its interest until, I am hardly disposed to doubt, they are unrivalled in Spain.

To begin, then, with the oldest. You pass out of Seville by the Faubourg Triana, — which is a corruption of Traiana, — and, after stopping an instant at the fine Convent of San Isidro del Campo to see the tomb of that Alfonso Perez de Guzman who gave a new escutcheon to the family of Medina Sidonia by the sacrifice of his son at the siege of Tarifa, you find on the right bank of the Guadalquivir, a league from the city, the extensive ruins of Italica. It was certainly the native place of Trajan and Silius Italicus, and may have given birth to Hadrian and Theodosius, for it seems hardly probable that the favor of one emperor could have spread out so large a city as the ruins here indicate. The most interesting remains are of the walls, baths, etc., and especially of an amphitheatre and some mosaics, of which La Borde has given a detailed and interesting description, with a history of the city down to its final fall in the sixth century, in a folio volume published some years since at Paris. Everything, however, is neglected. The amphitheatre even is falling in every year ; the mosaics, as I absolutely saw, are a part of a sheepfold, and, of course, more and more broken up every day ; and the only person, I believe, who takes any interest in these curious remains, is a poor advocate of Seville, who comes out here on the feast days, and digs among them with his own hands, though what he has found and what I saw in the Alcazar might well excite to more important excavations, if there were either taste or curiosity in the government to be excited.

Next comes the Alcazar, formerly the palace of the Moorish kings, where I passed a great many pleasant hours, and dined daily, with its kind, open-hearted, chivalrous governor, Sir John Downie. In modern times it has been much altered and enlarged ; but still there are a great many apartments, particularly the bathing-rooms and the hall of the ambassadors, that are Arabic, as is its general air, and its gardens of all flowers and fragrance, so that, notwithstanding its changes, it yet remains one of the very curious monuments of Arabian architecture. . . . .

[The Cathedral] is three hundred and ninety-eight feet long and two hundred and ninety-one feet wide, and altogether one of the most pure, solemn, and imposing specimens of the genuine, uncorrupted, unmixed Gothic style. Indeed, its great size, its immense naves, supported by the largest and finest columns of the kind, its rich chapels, whose walls are covered with the works of Murillo and Caño, and its ninety-three storied windows, painted in the best age of the art by the best artists, that were brought here for the purpose from different parts of Europe, entitle it to the rank claimed for it in Spain, that of one of the very finest specimens of Gothic architecture in Europe. Annexed to the Cathedral, and belonging to it, is a library that must interest an American at least, since it was founded by Hernando Colon, a natural son of the discoverer of our country. . . . .

Seville, however, should also be considered as the capital seat of the genuine Spanish school in painting. It is to the Italian school what the Sylvanus and the Borghese Gladiator are to the Apollo and the Niobe ; the perfection of human beauty, but nothing ideal, nothing taken from that hidden source of more than mortal grace and harmony, where Raphael stole the ideas for his Galatea, his Psyche, and his Madonnas, as Prometheus stole the fire of heaven. This is certainly wanting ; yet, perhaps, no man ever stood before the works of Murillo here, — his Feeding the Five Thousand, and his Moses opening the Rock, in the Caridad, or his Assumption, in the Capuchinos, — and yet could be guilty of breathing a single regret at the recollections of Italy. . . . . The wonderful genius of Murillo can be studied and felt nowhere but at Seville, where he lived and died, and whose Cathedral, convents, and houses are full of his works. Velasquez, too, was a Sevilian ; but he lived and labored at Madrid, and must be sought there in the Palace, and in the Academy of San Fernando ; but except him, I believe there is no Spanish painter of high merit, that cannot be better understood at Seville than anywhere else, especially Herrera and Caño, who, with Velasquez and Murillo, are the great masters of the school.

Of the people of Seville I saw a good deal and under different aspects, during the week I was there ; that is, a good deal for so short a period. The lower classes are gay almost to folly, or, at least, were so at that moment, for it was the season of the great annual fair at Santiponce. To this fair all Seville goes out, during a week, every day. There are nothing but playthings, showy ornaments, and other trifles sold there ; and as they come back into the city, a crowd is stationed at the bridge and for half a mile farther up, that abuses them with Andalusian volubility for their finery, which they gayly hold out and as gayly defend. In short, it is a kind of carnival, and I used to walk out that way for half an hour in the evening, to witness and enjoy this singular and striking exhibition of the light-hearted gayety of the popular character here, which, like the Roman, never passes to excess from this kind of excitement, as the character of the North does ; for in London or Berlin you could not have such a crowd and such abuse as I heard without quarrels.

I knew in Seville a good many ecclesiastics,— Guzman, who once commanded a Spanish frigate and is now a canon of the Cathedral, old, and one of the mildest, kindest, and most elegant gentlemen I remember to have met; Pereyra, very rich, with some learning and a great deal of taste, who served me regularly six hours a day as cicerone, and showed me everything in and about the city; and two or three others of less name. The Archbishop was out of town, and I did not think him worth a journey of three leagues. But the ecclesiastics in Spain never will serve for evening society, for in the evening they have their duties, their habits, and their suppers. In the evening, then, I used to go to the houses of some of the nobility that have tertulias: to Mestre's, who belongs to what is called the *sangre azul*, — the blue blood, — but who, however his blood may be colored, or whatever may be his pretensions, has a fine collection of pictures and a pleasant family; to the house of the Conde de Arcos, a good-natured gentleman, whom I knew in Madrid; and to the little dances at the Countess de Castillejas, which made a more rational amusement than I ever mét before at a Spanish tertulia.

Every day, too, I dined regularly at the Moorish castle, with its chivalrous castellan, Sir John Downie, a frank, vehement Scotchman, who has risen to much favor by his conduct during the last war. He came out first with Sir John Moore, and returned with the expedition; then came out again with Sir Arthur Wellesley, and gained such reputation in Estremadura, that a legion of seven thousand men was collected by the influence of his name, and served under him during the rest of the war with great success. It was there he received the present of Pizarro's sword, from Pizarro's family, which he showed to me, and which I saw with no common interest. This sword, too, has attached to it a story that well shows the chivalrous character of its present possessor. He had it at his side in 1812, when the famous attack was made on Seville, where he commanded the vanguard formed of his own legion. At the moment he approached, the French began to break up the only bridge by which the city could be reached; and, in order to prevent them, Sir John made a charge at the head of his troops. A chasm had already been made, but, thinking only of his object, he put spurs to his horse and leaped to the enemy's side. His men, however, who had not horses of such mettle, could not follow, and he remained alone. At this instant, he was struck by a grapeshot, and, while half senseless, was made prisoner. Still he did not forget his sword, and, gathering the little strength that remained to him, he threw it back over the chasm among his own soldiers, who recognized and saved it. The scabbard, however, being fastened to his side, fell into the hands of the enemy, and they had the meanness to keep it; so that, though the city was taken and he was liberated two days afterwards, it was never found again. This and a great many other similar stories he used to relate to me, with Scottish openheartedness, as we sat by his Moorish fountains or walked in the corridor of Charles V. after dinner; and these hours I shall remember as among the pleasantest I have passed in Spain.

My week in Seville — which was longer than I intended to remain there, though not so long as the city, its monuments and society, deserved — hastened rapidly away, and on the morning of the 15th of October I set off for Lisbon. The indirect but best route, which passes through Badajoz, is so dangerous from the number of robbers that now infest it, that, after taking the best advice I could get, I resolved to go directly across the mountains, under protection of one of the regular bodies of contrabandists that smuggle dollars from Seville to Lisbon, and in return smuggle back English goods from Lisbon to Seville.

For this purpose I sent to Zalamea, one of their little villages in the mountains, and two of them came openly to the city, and with two extra mules took me and my baggage and carried me to join their marauding party. We reached it about sundown the same evening, and found them all already bivouacked for the night, twenty-eight strong, with about forty mules. They were high-spirited, high-minded fellows, each armed with a gun, a pair of pistols, a sword and dirk, lying about in groups under some enormous cork-trees, or else preparing supper at a fire they had kindled. I easily accommodated myself to their manners, and spreading my blanket on the ground, ate as heartily and slept as soundly as the hardiest of them.

The next morning we felt quite acquainted, and, in the course of a journey of eight days through a country little frequented, and where, in fact, we avoided all human habitation, a curious sort of intimacy grew up between me and my kindly, faithful guides, which gave me a view of human nature on a side where I never thought to have seen it. Two of them were evidently men of much natural talent, and from them I gathered a pretty definite account of the principles and feelings of the fraternity and of their political and religious principles, which were strongly marked and well accommodated to their situation. This kind of conversation, indeed, was my chief amusement, for everything else on the journey was dreary and cheerless enough. Roads we sought none, but saw now and then a footpath or a sheep-track, which we rather avoided, and got on more by the instinctive knowledge of the guides than by any positive indication that anybody had ever gone that way before. Strangers, indeed, almost never had; only four were remembered in an experience of thirty years, by the whole party; and in truth, when the discouragements are considered, — two rainy nights that we slept out, an occasional scantiness of provisions, and the fatigue of a journey of eight days on mules, — I do not much wonder at it.

Yet, for myself, I must needs say I have seldom passed eight more interesting days; for by the very novelty and strangeness of everything, — sleeping out every night but one, and then in the house of the chief of our band; dining under trees at noon; living on a footing of perfect equality and good-fellowship with people who are liable every day to be shot or hanged by the laws of their country; indeed, leading for a week as much of a vagabond life as if I were an Arab or a Mameluke, — I came soon to have some of the same sort of gay recklessness that marked the character of my companions. In short, I had fine spirits the whole way, and did not find myself to have been long in coming to the borders of Portugal. There I bade farewell to the only country in the world where I could have led such a life; the only one, indeed, where it would have been safer to be under the protection of contrabandists and outlaws, than under that of the regular government, against which they array themselves.

On the morning of the 18th of October we arrived on the banks of the Chanza. . . . . We had been travelling through a rude, barren country, ... but as soon as we had passed the range of hills beyond the Chanza, we found a country always agreeable and often well cultivated; and this continued through Serpa, through the fine vale of the Guadiana, and by Alcacovas to Carvalho. The people, too, seem to have a sense and feeling for this beautiful nature that the Spaniards have not. Since I left Catalonia I have hardly seen a country-house, and there they are not properly built; but in Portugal I have found them everywhere, — a magnificent one with a fine aqueduct at Serpa, many others scattered along the route, and little gardens abounding in fruits, water, and shade, belonging to the better sort of peasantry, of which no trace is to be found in the rest of the Peninsula. As to the character of the people, they have not the Spanish force and decision, but neither have they the Spanish coldness, pride, and obstinacy. They are even polite and gentle, so that the first peasant I met seemed to me to be asking alms, when he was only bidding me "God speed"; and in their houses, owing to the free introduction of English manufactures for above an hundred years, under the Methuen treaty, they have more conveniences and are able to receive you more comfortably than in Spain. In short, from what five days' experience taught me, which is a good proportion of all that can be known in this little kingdom, I would rather travel in Portugal than in Spain, though my guides, with true Spanish exclusiveness, were every moment reminding me how much worse it was.

On the 23d, just five months from the day I entered Madrid for the first time, I reached La Moita on the Tagus, opposite Lisbon, and embarked to cross it. It was a beautiful day, and I did not at all regret that an unfavorable wind kept us nearly four hours in passing only fourteen miles.* The city, which, with its suburbs, forms one long line upon the shore of above eight miles, broken by as many hills that finally tower above it and are covered with gardens, vineyards, and orange groves, formed a splendid view, shifting and changing into new and striking beauties every moment, as the wind drove us up or the current carried us towards the mouth of the river; while, at the same time, the shore from which we receded, dotted with neat white villages, and gay with cultivation or frowning with castles and fortifications on its bold, solemn cliffs, added to the effect by contrast, and made the passage worthy of the beautiful stanzas Lord Byron has written about it. At last we landed, and I finally finished the most wearisome, dangerous, and difficult journey I ever made, though certainly one of the most interesting and instructive. . . . .

Lisbon is, in its situation and external appearance, a most beautiful city. The opening into the ocean, the splendid bosom of the Tagus, which here stretches to the breadth of twelve miles and then is contracted again by the precipices below Belem to a comparatively narrow, rapid stream; the multitude of ships crowded together by the amphitheatre of hills; and the city, which, springing from the water's edge, rises with its beautiful white houses and towers, and is crowned behind by the heights that are ornamented with country-houses, gardens, convents, and churches, — altogether make it a kind of rival for Naples. But within there is little to justify this magnificent exhibition as you approach it ; for, besides the extreme filthiness of the streets, there is little either curious, interesting, or beautiful in the buildings and architecture. . . . .

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* Some of the band of contrabandists with whom he had travelled came as far as Lisbon, and Mr. Ticknor used to tell the following anecdote of this passage across the Tagus. These men had become attached to him, and had acquired immense faith in his superior power. The tacking of their vessel, under a head wind, was very tedious to them, and one of them, who was very seasick, sent for "Don Jorge," and besought him to command the sailors to cease going backward and forward, and to take them straight across, nothing doubting that he would be obeyed.

The only building that has anything like a classical interest is the fine convent and church at Belem, an immense building or rather mass of buildings, erected about 1497, in a singular style, between Gothic and Arabic, by the famous Dom Manuel, to commemorate the successful accomplishment of the great voyage of Vasco de Gama. It was from this spot he went out, and it was here he landed again ; and Camoens, therefore, has consecrated it in two stanzas that might have given immortality to a subject less interesting and worthy than this monument of the greatest of all the Portuguese achievements, — see Lusiad, IV. 87, and X. 12, — for Portugal has never produced so great an effect on the world as by the discovery of the Indies.

But of all the works at Lisbon that deserve to be seen, the most remarkable is certainly the aqueduct that supplies the city, which is, I doubt not, unrivalled either as a conveyance for water or as a specimen of this kind of architecture ; for, as antiquity has certainly sent down to us nothing so perfect or so bold, I presume modern times have no competition to offer. It was the work of John V., and was built between 1713 and 1732. It brings the water from Bellas, about eleven English miles from Lisbon, and passes frequently under ground, and several times traverses deep valleys. The most remarkable point is where it crosses the vale of Alcantara, just before it enters the city ; and here it altogether exceeds everything I have seen, even the Pont du Gard, which is more remarkable than the aqueducts about Rome. The length of it here is more than two thousand four hundred Paris feet, and it passes on thirty-five enormous arches, springing from the depths of the valley and going boldly up to the top, of which the one in the centre is one hundred and seven feet eight inches wide and two hundred and thirty feet ten inches high, — the very boldest arch, I presume, ever risked, — and yet of such exact proportions and construction that it resisted the tremendous earthquake of 1755. The water passes the whole way completely covered, in a kind of continued building in which you can walk upright, and divided into two channels, in one of which it flows half the year and in the other the other half, so that it may be kept clean and in repair, — an advantage, I believe, no other aqueduct possesses. On each side, too, is a walk like a bridge, and the view from it of the valley winding up between the hills, ornamented with the country-seats of the nobility, and covered with orange and lemon and almond trees, is worthy of the neighborhood of Lisbon; while, as you look perpendicularly down, your head grows giddy at the awful height. Or, as you look up from the bottom, and see the majestic arch over you, at such an elevation that its thickness is sensibly diminished to the sight, though it still echoes and re-echoes every sound you utter, you feel that indistinct impression of inferiority and subjection that you do when you stand before one of the great works of nature. . . . .

I cannot, of course, speak with minuteness or assurance of Lisbon. I was there only from October 23 to November 21, and my time was so incessantly occupied that, excepting in the evening, I went out only by accident, unless it were to one of the public libraries. . . . .

But, though I should pass over everything else, I must not pass over Cintra. To this beautiful spot I went with my friend Sir John Campbell, and we passed there three days, at the festival of San Martinho, when all the country was rejoicing in the balmy freshness of a second spring, and all the fields and valleys were filled with flowers, as they are with us in the month of May. This singular phenomenon I have been witnessing ever since the rains fell in the end of September; for, since then, the earth has been putting on its gayest hues again, so that now, when the second spring, as it is here called, may be considered in its perfection, everything, even to the lilies and roses and lilacs, is in blossom. Cintra, therefore, was exquisitely beautiful. It is the height first descried on approaching this coast, and is called by the sailors the Rock of Lisbon. You approach it from the city by a road that offers occasionally a few fine prospects; but you are obliged to turn the angle of the mountain and come round full upon the side that faces the northwest before you can see it.

Cintra, therefore, is a village and a collection of country-seats scattered on the declivity and in the dells of a precipitous mountain, whose sides are covered about two thirds of the way to the summit with the beautiful verdure of rich and various woods, and broken by innumerable little cascades that come rushing down over its rocks; while from its base extends a luxuriant plain, full of culture and population, which, at the distance of between four and five miles, is terminated by the ocean, whose magnificence finally closes up the whole prospect. The road passes, I should think, about half-way between the summit and the base, and beginning from the southeastern point, where you first enter, extends round to beyond the village of Colares, — a distance of four or five miles, — cut like a kind of cornice in the side of the mountain, whose windings and indentations it follows, so that the prospect shifts and varies at every step you advance ; now hiding you in some sunless little dell, where you have only the secrecy of a solitude, covered by the deep shades of its rocky forest, and made, as it were, audible to the feelings by the gushing of some cascade from above, and now carrying you out upon a projecting precipice, from which you have again the wide and glorious prospect of the rock, its broken sides, and the houses and castles that cover them, with all the richness of the plain below and all the grandeur of the ocean beyond.

All this was heightened to me by the society of those who make every "scene of enchantment more dear" ; for with Sir J. Campbell, Mr. Musgrave, the British agent, and Count Bombelles, the Austrian *chargé d'affaires*, all pleasant and interesting men, and men of excellent culture, I passed my time in the family of Baron Castel Branco, whom we joined every morning before breakfast, and from whom we did not separate until midnight. This excellent family, commonly known here by the name of the Lacerdas, is of the ancient and most respectable Portuguese nobility ; and consists, besides the father and mother, — who are worthy people, — of three accomplished and interesting daughters, one of whom, Donna Maria da Luz, is a most open-hearted, sweet, intelligent girl. Their hospitality was altogether of that kind and winning sort, which comes upon you with the heartiness of old familiarity ; and when I had passed half the first day there, I felt that I should wrong their kindness if I went anywhere else. They, like my friends from Lisbon, had of course seen everything at Cintra for the thousandth time ; but each morning after breakfast, mules were brought to the door for us all, and the whole cavalcade of nine or ten persons set out to scramble over the rocks together.

In this way we went successively to the palace where Alphonso VI. has left the traces of his weary footsteps, and where he died in 1669, after an imprisonment of seven years ; to the "sete ahis," — seven sighs, — the country-seat of the Marquis of Marialva, where the famous Convention of Cintra was signed ; to Penhaverde, the favorite retreat of Don Jõao de Castro, the great navigator and powerful viceroy of the Indies . . . . ; to Mon Serrate, the romantic, elegant seclusion of that Mr. Beckford whom Lord Byron has justly "damned to eternal memory" under the name of Vathek ;* to the Quinta da Penha, to Colares, and, finally, to the rock which forms the most western limit of the European continent, and where nature, by a glorious boundary, marks the termination of her works in the Old World. Besides this, too, we went, of course, to the Moorish fortifications on one of the heights, and to the Cork Convent, — so called because it is lined with cork, to prevent the humidity that reigns in Cintra, — a fearful hermitage, situated on the giddy brow of the precipice, nearly three thousand feet above the level of the ocean that rolls below, from both of which we enjoyed the grand and imposing prospects that their height and situation naturally imply. But it is in vain to talk of the prospects of this enchanting spot, for if I were to begin I should never finish. . . . .

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* From the story of that name, of which he was the author. — Childe Harold, Canto I. Stanza 22.

My life during these three days was tranquil, and the pleasure I enjoyed was of that quiet kind which leaves no weariness. I rose early, and opening my windows to the balmy freshness of the season, and the beautiful prospect of the rock, and its valleys, with the plain, and the ocean, sat down and read in Dante, or Camoens, or Lord Byron, whose descriptions here are faithful as nature, more so even than I found them in Spain ; though there I was struck with them. At nine o'clock, Count Bombelles — with whom I lodged — came into my chamber, and we went over to the beautiful country-house of the Lacerda family, where we breakfasted. Then followed immediately the excursions to the rock, or along the road, on which, when at about two o'clock we became somewhat hungry and very fatigued, we stopped in some little secret, shady dell, and took the collation that had followed us. At evening we returned and dined, never alone, for the Baron's table always had half a dozen extra covers, and there was generally somebody from Lisbon, or some friends in Cintra, that came in to occupy them. Afterwards, of course, cards — the only, the universal, the unvarying amusement in Portugal — came in ; but in this house alone I found enough who would not play to make a pleasant party in one corner of the saloon, where, with Count Bombelles, Mr. Musgrave, Donna Maria, and two or three others, I finished the evening.

Lisbon, on my return, seemed cold and inhospitable, for such sort of kindness as I received at Cintra is to be replaced by no other. . . . . There is no Prado, as at Madrid, for the Portuguese women are still more restrained than the Spanish ; and the public walks which the Marquis de Pombal made, for the express purpose of producing a freer intercourse between the sexes, are still unfrequented. . . . . There is, too, properly speaking, no society, for in these countries, where comfort and happiness are little sought, social intercourse can be produced only by great wealth, and great wealth has now passed to the Brazils with the chief nobility, and those who remain do not seek the pleasures of society. When Marshal Beresford is here, — which he is not now, — there is much company at his palace, but that is all; and even what is called society, in the houses of the rich merchants, is but a great dinner, with cards in the evening, to such excess and fatuity, that out of forty-five people I have counted ten tables, and of course, only five persons remained, like myself, to walk up and down among them, in wearisome listlessness. Another embarrassment to society is the distance at which people live from each other. The city extends eight miles along the river, and there is no part of it in which either the rich, the noble, or the fashionable chiefly live, or more resort, than to any other; so that any person of a particular class finds himself at a fatal distance from the rest, with whom he would naturally associate; and I, who lived near the booksellers, and the Public Library, happened, to be sure, to be near one or two persons whom I could call my friends, such as Mr. Stephens, Mr. Musgrave, etc., but was, at the same time, four miles from the two families I would gladly have visited the most frequently.

I do not mean, however, that I felt the want of society, even at Lisbon. . . . . I knew a good many persons who interested me more or less; several men of letters, such as Maçedo, Barbosa, Trigozo, and Andrade, with whom I was familiar; several ecclesiastics, who, by the by, are in general more cultivated than the clergy at Madrid; and several families, both foreigners and Portuguese. Among the last was Mr. Stephens, an old English gentleman, at whose table I always had a plate, and where I met generally John Bell, Mr. Musgrave, and two or three other men of letters, and M. Lesseps, the French *chargé d'affaires*, an uncommonly interesting man from his knowledge and vivacity, and remarkable as the only individual who escaped from La Peyrouse's last fatal expedition, ... of which he never speaks but with very strong emotions, for he loved La Peyrouse like a father.

Two Portuguese families are to be noted. . . . . The first is the family of the Count d'Alba, whose wife is sister to the famous Count Palmella, — now just going to be the chief minister at the Brazils, — and is considered the most cultivated woman in the highest class of the nobility. Like her sister, Mad. de Souza, — who gave me my letter to her, — she is rather awkward and dry in her manner; but still she is interesting, because she endeavors to be so by good sense and unpretending kindness; and if she had not lived nearly four miles off, I should have gone to see her often. For the same reason I saw but little of the Duchess de Cadaval, the most distinguished and the most extraordinary woman in Portugal. She is daughter of the Duke of Luxembourg, and married the Duke de Cadaval, who was of the Braganza blood, and who, with the family of Lafoës and the family of the Duke of Wellington, had the only dukedoms in Portugal. . . . .

The name of Cadaval is the great name in Portugal, and the people already look to it, as they did to the name of Braganza in the time of the Philips ; and the intention of the wild conspiracy of Gomez Freire, in June, 1817, was to take the Duke of Cadaval, inexperienced as he is, and place him by violence upon the vacant throne. The Duchess, however, who is now, I suppose, about fifty years old, pale and feeble, but with an animated, original countenance, and strong, cautious talents covered by great elegance of manners and gentleness of disposition, has thus far kept all suspicion from finally attaching to herself or her son. Still, however, her very conduct and caution alarm the government. She sees no Portuguese society, and teaches her son to hold himself aloof from intercourse and observation ; she keeps still more removed from foreigners ; and though she received me with politeness and attention, because I brought her a pressing letter from her near relation, the Prince Laval, there was a sort of calculated elegance in her manner whenever I saw her, which was clearly intended for effect. . . . .

The only Portuguese families to which I could have gone with pleasure would have been Count d'Alba's, that was too far off, and the Lacerdas, that had not come in from Cintra when I left Lisbon. But when I had a moment of time during the day, it was only necessary to go out and climb some of the hills in the city, and the beautiful prospects that everywhere abound came upon my heart like intimacy and kindness. Among other favorite spots, I went several times to the English burying-ground, beautiful in itself from its solemn neatness and from the cypresses, poplars, and elms with which it is planted, and still more so from the prospects it commands. It was stipulated for in the treaty Cromwell made in 1655, and all Protestants are now buried there. I saw a few names that I knew, among others those of Mrs. Humphrey's father and mother, and that of Dr. Doddridge ; but I sought in vain for Fielding's, who died here in 1754, and the tradition of whose grave is preserved only by Mr. Bell, and two or three other Englishmen in Lisbon, who take an interest in letters.*

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* The preceding thirty-five pages consist of Journal made up from note-books, at his first leisure after the dates, as was his wont. See p. 86.

CHAPTER XIII.

Voyage from Lisbon to Falmouth. — Immediate Departure for Paris. — Society. — Talleyrand. — Return to London. — Lord Holland. — Sir J. Mackintosh. — John Allen. — Lord Brougham. — Hatfield. — Woburn. — Cambridge.

TO MR. ELISHA TICKNOR.

LISBON, November 4, 1818.

. . . . Your letter, my dear father, has much alarmed me about my mother. . . . . I pray you to speak on this subject with perfect plainness to me. Do not let me be unprepared for this blow, if indeed it awaits me. I know that what you say does not necessarily convey this dreadful implication, and I trust it is only my feelings to-day that have inferred it where it was not intended to be expressed, but I grow cold as I think of it, even among the possibilities of the future.

November 7.

I have never felt so disheartened and discouraged since I left home. . . . . This is chiefly owing to the sad news I have received here,* and a little to the slowness with which I proceed in the purposes for which I came. I do not mean that I find any difficulties in the language or literature, for there are none, ... but I have books to buy, and the booksellers are ignorant, tardy, and unaccommodating; I have information to gain from men of letters, and they are few, and in general unaccustomed to think much upon the subjects on which I have asked them; so that, though they are kind and even very kind, I hardly get along at all. This disheartens me very much. . . . . For three days I have worked sixteen and eighteen hours a day, without fatigue, in my room and in the public library; and if it depended on nobody but myself, ... I could be gone on the 13th.

November 13.

Yesterday I received, my dearest father, yours of September 30.

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* Of the death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Woodward, and of his mother's indisposition.

I cannot tell you what a consolation it was to me to hear that my mother is better. Lisbon itself looks brighter with my brightened thoughts, and even the sad, rainy weather is less tiresome. I hope a packet will sail the 16th. If it does, I shall set off at once.

To Mr. Elisha Ticknor.

London, December 2, 1818.

I wrote to you, dearest father and mother, on the 20th of last month, from Lisbon. The day after, I sailed in the packet and came to anchor in Falmouth Harbor on the evening of the 28th; . . . . and as I once more put my foot upon kindred ground, I could have fallen down and embraced it, like Julius Cæsar, for, as I have often told you, once well out of Spain and Portugal, I feel as if I were more than half-way home, even though I have the no very pleasant prospect of returning for a little while to the Continent I am so heartily glad to have forsaken. Early the next morning I began my journey, and I cannot express to you how I have been struck by the contrast between Spain — which is now continually present to my imagination as a country dead in everything a nation ought to be — and England, where the smallest village and the humblest peasant bear some decisive mark of activity and improvement and vital strength and power; Spain, where all is so stagnant and lifeless, that the passage from one hamlet to another is a matter of such difficulty and danger that the peasants hazard it only in bodies and strongly armed, and England, where it may almost be said the facility, safety, and rapidity of conveyance make every individual in the kingdom a neighbor to every other. I assure you that often, as I was rolling along the smooth turnpikes, and saw the innumerable coaches glide by me like lightning, or looked upon my map, and saw the whole land so intersected with roads and canals that it looked like an anatomy, my head has grown giddy with the vain effort to trace out a comparison with the country I had just left, and account, even partially, for the overwhelming difference. . . . .

Yesterday morning I came early to Bath, ... and at five in the evening took my seat in the mail-coach, which, this morning at eight, landed me safely in the London Coffee-House, Ludgate Hill, without the least curiosity to see the great show of the queen's funeral, which all the city has gone out in the mud and fog to gaze at.*

The first thing I asked for was, of course, my letters. . . . . None are so late as the one I received from you at Lisbon, just before I left; . . . . still I am extremely anxious to receive later accounts, which will tell me the effect cold weather may have produced on my mother's very feeble health.

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* Queen Charlotte, wife of George III.

I shall remain here about four days, just long enough to make a few arrangements and get out my passport, and then go as fast as I can to Paris. On board the packet I wrote to Mr. Gallatin, desiring him to take out the order for opening the king's library to me, an operation that occupies a week. . . . . In a month, I should think, everything will be finished, and then, returning through London, ... I shall make all haste to Edinburgh. . . . .

TO MR. ELISHA TICKNOR.

PARIS, December 22, 1818.

Yours of the 16th – 29th October, my dear father, arrived since I last wrote you, and, what is better, one from Savage of November 9, both of which speak of great improvement in my mother's health. They have, therefore, removed a great load from my fears, and I feel now as if I had once more the free exercise of my faculties.

I have received the necessary permission at the king's library, and am in full operation among its great treasures. I have, besides, made the acquaintance of Moratin, an exiled Spaniard, who is thoroughly familiar with Spanish literary history, and who gives me three or four hours together whenever I ask it, so that I have all possible direction and assistance in this. In Portuguese I have M. de Souza, who is the learned editor and generous publisher of that magnificent edition of Camoens, of which he sent a copy to Harvard College library. With these two, and the means they have given me, I have been so occupied for several days, that I have not been able to do anything with Reynouard and the Provençal; but as soon as I have finished my Spanish and Portuguese researches, I shall begin here.

It is a melancholy fact, which I am sure will not a little strike you, that, after having been four months at Madrid and one at Lisbon, besides my journeys to the great cities of Andalusia, I should be at last obliged to come back to Paris, to find books and means neither Spain nor Portugal would afford me. But so it is, and I have at this moment on my table six volumes, and shall, before I leave Paris, have many more, which I sought in vain in the libraries of the capital, of Seville, and Granada; and yet, so unequally are the treasures of these languages distributed, that the better half is still wanting in Paris, where the rarest is to be found.

JOURNAL.

PARIS, *December* 10, 1818, *to January* 12, 1819.* — The dinner-hour at Paris is six o'clock or half past six. I always dined in company, generally either at Count Pastoret's, at the Duc de Duras', at the Count de Ste. Aulaire's, or, if I had no special engagement, at the Duc de Broglie's, on whose table I always had a plate. Dinner is not so solemn an affair at Paris as it is almost everywhere else. It is soon over, you come out into the salon, take coffee and talk, and by nine o'clock you separate. Half an hour later the *soirées* begin. They are the most rational form of society I have yet seen, but are here pushed to excess. Those who are known and distinguished so much as to be able to draw a circle about them, take one or two evenings in each week and stay at home to receive, with very little ceremony, all whom they choose to invite to visit them. There are, therefore, a great number of these parties, and often, of course, several fall on the same night. A person who has an extensive acquaintance will make several visits of this sort every evening, ... and that he is in fact obliged to do it is its only objection ; for if it were possible to take just as much of it as you like and no more, I do not know that a system of social intercourse could be carried to greater perfection than this is in France. . . . . You come in without ceremony, talk as long as you find persons you like, and go away without taking leave, to repeat the same process in another salon. . . . . The company is very various, but it should be remembered, to the credit of French manners, that men of letters are much sought in it. I was never anywhere that I did not meet them, and under circumstances where nothing but their literary merit could have given them a place. . . . . All, however, is not on the bright side. . . . . Almost everybody who comes to these salons comes to say a few brilliant things, get a reputation for *esprit*, — the god who serves for Penates in French houses, — and then hasten away to another coterie to produce the same effect. This is certainly the general tone of these societies ; it is brilliant, graceful, superficial, and hollow. . . . .

I had a specimen of the varieties of French society, and at a very curious and interesting moment, for it was just as the revolution took place in the Ministry, by which the Duke de Richelieu was turned out, and Count Decazes put in. . . . . The most genuine and unmingled ultra society I met, was at the Marchioness de Louvois'. She is an old lady of sixty-five, who emigrated in 1789, and returned in 1814; and her brother, the present Bishop of Amiens, who was then French Minister at Venice, retreated at the same time to the upper part of Germany, and continued an exile as long as the family he served. I never went there that the old lady did not read me a good lecture about republicanism; and if it had not been for the mild, equal good sense of the Bishop, I should certainly have suffered a little in my temper from her attacks, supported by a corps of petits Marquis de l'ancien régime, who were always of her coterie. . . . .

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* Summary such as he made at the end of his visits in other cities.

The Duchess de Duras' society was ultra too, but ultra of a very different sort. It was composed of much that is distinguished in the present management of affairs, to which she has been able to add many men of letters without distinction of party. This is the result of her personal character. She is now about thirty-eight years old, not beautiful, but with a striking and animated physiognomy, elegant manners, and a power in conversation which has no rival in France since the death of Mad. de Staël. Her natural talents are of a high order, and she has read a great deal; but it is her enthusiasm, her simplicity and earnestness, and the graceful contributions she levies upon her knowledge to give effect to her conversation, that impart to it the peculiar charm which I have seen operate like a spell, on characters as different as those of Chateaubriand, Humboldt, and Talleyrand. I liked her very much, and went to her hotel often, in fact sometimes every day. On Sundays I dined there. Chateaubriand, Humboldt, and Alexis de Noailles were more than once of the party; and the conversation was amusing, and once extremely interesting, from the agony of political feeling, just at the moment when the king deserted them, and gave himself up to Mons. Decazes. On Tuesday night she received at home, and all the world came, ... and I think, except the politics, it was as interesting a society as could well be collected. On Saturday night, as wife of the first Gentleman of the Bedchamber, she went to the Tuileries and received there, or, as it is technically called, did the honors of the Palace. . . . . I think I have never seen the honors of a large circle done with such elegance and grace, with such kind and attentive politeness, as Mad. de Duras used to show in this brilliant assembly.

But it was neither in the Court circle at the Tuileries, nor in her own salon on Tuesdays, nor even at her Sunday dinners, that Mad. de Duras was to be seen in the character which those who most like and best understand her thought the most interesting. Once when I dined with her entirely alone, except her youngest daughter, and once when nobody but De Humboldt was there, I was positively bewitched with her conversation. One evening she made a delightful party for the Duchess of Devonshire, of only five or six persons, — my old friend the Viscount de Senonnes, Humboldt, Forbin, and two or three ladies ; and Chateaubriand read a little romance on the Zegri and Abencerrages of Granada, full of descriptions glowing with poetry, like those of the environs of Naples in "The Martyrs." . . . . Between four and six o'clock every day her door was open to a few persons, and this was the time all most liked to see her.* . . . .

The Countess Pastoret's was, too, an ultra house, for her husband is entirely of the Bourbon party, and takes a good deal of interest in politics ; but, in general, the political tone did not prevail, for he is a member of the Institute, and a man of considerable learning. . . . . Mad. de Pastoret asked me to three little dinners, and once, when Camille Jourdain, Cuvier, and La Place were there. These parties were extremely simple, rational, and pleasant. This, in fact, is exactly Mad. de Pastoret's character. She has natural talent, and has cultivated herself highly. . . . . I have seldom seen a better balanced mind, or feelings more justly regulated. . . . . I have talked with many persons who have passed through the horrors of the Revolution, but no descriptions I have received have produced such an effect on my feelings, as those given by Mad. de Pastoret's simple and unpretending, but touching eloquence. It reminded me of La Roche Jacquelin. . . . . Since the death of her son, Mad. de Pastoret has never been into the world, and therefore is at home every evening, and sees only those who will not exact a formal return of visit for visit. Among those who came there most frequently was the old Duc de Crillon, the representative of Henry IV.'s Crillon, ... and such men as Cuvier and La Place, who, like Count Pastoret himself, belong, by their age and character, to an elder state of society, and by their political situation take a deep interest in the affairs of the day.

One of the stories that Mad. de Pastoret told me was indeed touching.† . . . . During the worst period of the Revolution, she lived — as she did when I knew her, and I believe as she always did — in a luxurious hotel on the Place Louis XV. She was, in fact, for some time confined there, — with the guillotine in the middle of it, — and not allowed to go out of her house, any more than the rest of her family, who were all royalists. Suddenly, her husband was arrested and imprisoned. The front of the house was entirely closed up, and light, and, as far as possible, sound, were excluded. But there was no room to which the grating, rattling sound of the axe, as it fell, did not more or less penetrate, or where the shouts of the cruel multitude were not heard, as, now and then, though rarely, they expressed their triumphant satisfaction at the death of some peculiarly obnoxious victim. The dreadful thing to Mad. de Pastoret was that, being unable to get any information whatever concerning her husband, the axe never fell but she asked herself whether it might not have been for him. On one occasion she obtained special permission to go out, under surveillance, and she employed it to visit the foreign ministers, — some of whom she knew, — and obtain their intercession for her husband. The person who received her with the most kindness was the American Minister, Mr. Morris. Mons. Pastoret afterwards escaped from France, and was for some time in exile. He has since been Chancellor of France, and has published law-books of great merit.

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* The Duchess de Duras published two graceful stories, "Ourika," and "Edouard," and printed for private distribution a collection of prayers and devout meditations.

† This paragraph was written out later by Mr. Ticknor, and added to the Journal.

The Countess de Ste. Aulaire's salon was the place of meeting for the Doctrinaires, Decazes' party, which triumphed while I was in Paris, and to whose triumph Mad. de Ste. Aulaire contributed not a little. She is a beautiful woman, with an elegant mind, and much practical talent; and her husband, a relation of Decazes, is one of the powerful men of their party, and a leading member in the Chamber of Deputies. Their house used to be called "the Ministry," and Mad. de Ste. Aulaire's parties, "the ministerial parties"; for Decazes came occasionally, and Barante, Guizot, etc., were there nearly every Tuesday night; and as this convocation happened on one of the evenings of Mad. de Duras', I two or three times witnessed singular contrasts on going from one to the other, just as the great question of the change of Ministry, which lasted above a fortnight, was in the agony of agitation. . . . .

The Princess Aldobrandini * was at home every night. She is not as beautiful as she was when I knew her in Italy, but she has lost none of her vivacity, and talks still as fast as ever. A good many Italians came to her hotel, and among them my old friend, Count Confalonieri of Milan; but the old Duc de la Rochefoucauld, her grandfather, was the most amusing and interesting of all the persons I met there. It is the same who was in America, and he still retains

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* Later, Princess Borghese.

the hardy, vigorous, independent mind that must always have distinguished one who has passed without loss of honor through so many revolutions, and is still as good-humored and kind as all his friends have uniformly found him. . . . .

The Duchess de Grammont had a *soirée* for the Liberals every Saturday night, to which I always went before going to the Tuileries, in order to see and hear both sides together. The persons who came to it were merely a part of those who went to Mad. de Broglie's, and it was generally rather dull. . . . .

I went more frequently to the Duchess de Broglie's than anywhere else. She has the same tender, affectionate character she had when I saw her watching over her mother's failing health, the same open-hearted frankness, and the same fearless independence of the world and its fashions, that has always distinguished her. . . . . I have seldom seen any one with deeper and more sincere feelings of tenderness and affection, and never a Frenchwoman with so strong religious feelings; and when to this is added great simplicity and frankness, not a little personal beauty, and an independent, original way of thinking, I have described one who would produce a considerable effect in any society. In her own she is sincerely loved and admired. . . . .

These were the houses to which I went most frequently, and the persons I best knew at Paris, excepting my countrymen. . . . . Humboldt, I think, I saw, either by accident or otherwise, nearly every day, and of all the men I have known, he is, in some respects, the most remarkable; the man on whom talent and knowledge have produced their best and most generous effects. . . . .

The last day I was in Paris, Mad. de Broglie made a little dinner-party for me, to which she asked Humboldt, Forbin, De Pradt,* Lafayette, and two or three other persons, whom I was very glad to see before leaving Paris. It happened too to be Monday night, and therefore I passed the remainder of the evening in her salon, upon which my latest recollections of Paris rest, for I left her hotel about one o'clock, and a very short time afterwards was on the road to Calais.†

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* The Abbé de Pradt, who, as Mr. Ticknor elsewhere says, "of all others in French society, is said to have the most *esprit* in conversation."

† Among the smaller souvenirs of this visit in Paris are notes from the Duc de Broglie and from Humboldt to Mr. Ticknor, which have a pleasant flavor and hints of character. M. de Broglie says: —

"Je suis au désespoir, mon cher fédéraliste, de vous avoir encore une fois man-

The following anecdotes were written down later by Mr. Ticknor, and placed by him in the Journal according to the date: —

I have spoken of Prince Talleyrand, whom I saw occasionally in Paris this winter (1818 – 19), and of whom I have given my general impressions.* But I met him twice, under circumstances which afforded me such intimations of his character, that I think it worth while to record them long afterwards, although I failed at the time to write out my notes, as I often did during my hurried life in Paris, at that period.

On both the occasions referred to, I met Mons. de Talleyrand at the hotel of the Duchess de Duras, to whom I was presented by a letter from the Duc Adrien de Montmorency Laval, French ambassador in Madrid, in such a way that, from the first, she received me with great kindness and permitted me to visit her familiarly. She received a great deal of company, but her favorite time for seeing her friends without ceremony was between four and six, — what she called "mes

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qué de parole. Ce n'est pas ma faute. J'ai été ce matin, visiter une prison hors de Paris; je comptais être revenu à temps; et les heures nous ont gagnés au point, que j'arrive en ce moment. Venez nous voir ce soir. Nous reprendrons jour et heure. Ne soyez pas trop en colère. Tout à vous.

"V. BROGLIE. 5 h. ½."

M. de Humboldt writes thus: —

"Je vais réitérer une demande bien indiscrète, monsieur. J'étais venu ce matin vous offrir mes amitiés, et vous prier, de vouloir bien vous charger de quelques feuilles imprimées, pour la maison de Sir Joseph Banks. Le célèbre botaniste M. Brown, qui a été à la Nouvelle Hollande, et qui est le Bibliothécaire de Mr. Banks, me demande avec instance, le 4^{me} volume de mes Nova Genera Plantarum, qui renferme les Composées que nous avons découvertes, M. Bonpland et moi, et que Mr. Kunth a décrites. Je vous supplie en grace de me renvoyer le pacquet, si vous le trouvez trop volumineux. Mille tendres amitiés.

"Ce Lundi. A. HUMBOLDT.

"J'espère vous voir ce soir, chez le D. de Broglie. Veuillez bien en tout cas, me marquer en deux lignes si vous pouvez vous charger du paquet."

* The passage in which Mr. Ticknor had already given his impression of Talleyrand is this: "His recollection of all he had seen and of all the persons he had known in America seemed as distinct as if he had left the country only a few days since; and he spoke of them with a fresh and living interest that continually surprised me. I remarked, however, that if I spoke, in reply to him, of anything that had happened since to those persons, or of any change in the circumstances that were still so familiar to his thoughts, it made not the slightest impression upon him. It was only his own recollections that interested him, and the persons he had known then occupied him only as a part of himself, so that it was indifferent to him whether they were now dead or alive."

petites cinq heures," — the last thing, in fact, before dinner, when her reception-room was no longer the salon for formal morning calls, but a charming library, just lighted for the early darkness of the season. I went oftenest at this hour, and generally found one or two friends with her.

One evening, as I entered, I saw a single elderly gentleman standing with his back to the fire, dressed in a long gray surtout coat, buttoned quite up to his throat, and marked only with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, which ornamented the buttonholes of so many of the persons met in good society, that it constituted no distinction worth notice. He had on a heavy, high, white cravat, concealing a good deal of the lower part of his face, and his hair seemed brought down with powder and pomatum so as to hide his forehead and temples. In short, hardly anything of his features could be seen that it was easy to cover, and what I saw attracted at first little of my attention. He stood there kicking the fire-fender. I observed, however, that he was in earnest conversation with Mad. de Duras; that she called him "Mon Prince"; and that the tones of both of them, and especially those of the lady, were a little too eager to be entirely pleasant, though quite well bred.

I therefore took up a pamphlet and seemed to read; but I listened, as they were talking on a subject of political and legal notoriety, with which society and the journals were then ringing. It was, whether, under a phrase in the "*Charte*," or Constitution, "La religion Romaine Catholique est la religion de l'État," Protestants were required on days of public religious ceremony, like the Procession of the Corpus Christi, to hang out tapestry before their houses, or give other outward signs of respectful observance. The more earnest Catholics maintained that they were so required; the Protestants denied it, and had just prevailed, on the highest appeal in the courts of law. Mad. de Duras was displeased with this decision, and was maintaining her point with not a little brilliancy; the gentleman in gray answering her with wit, but not as if he wanted to discuss the matter. But at last it seemed to me that he became a little piqued with some of her sharp sallies, and said, rather suddenly and in a different tone, "But do you know, Mad. de Duras, who advised" — I think he said "Beugnot" — "to put those words into the Charte?" "No, I do not," she replied, "but they are excellent words, whoever it was." "Eh bien," he retorted, instantly, "c'était moi." "I am glad," she replied, with equal promptness, and laughing, not altogether agreeably, "that you advised such good words, and I thank you for them." "But do you know *why* I advised them?" "No," she said, "but I am sure you can have had only a good reason for so good a thing." "Well," he continued, "I suggested those words because they did not mean anything at all, — parcequ'ils ne signifiaient rien du tout."

Mad. de Duras replied with something approaching to asperity, and the conversation went on for some little time in this tone, until, finding it, I suppose, more agreeable to talk about something else, she turned to me in a rather decisive manner, and said, "You have no troubles of this sort in America; you have no state religion." I answered, without entering into the matter, that of course we had not; but the gentleman in gray — apparently as glad to change the subject as the lady was — immediately began to talk about the United States, and to ask questions. I had not the smallest suspicion who he might be, but I soon perceived that he had been himself in America. I therefore took the liberty to ask him what parts of the country he had visited. He told me that he had been in Philadelphia, in Washington's time; and on my soon replying that I was from Boston, he said that he had been there too, and praised America generally. Mad. de Duras here interrupted him by saying, "It was there I first saw you, when I was a little girl, my mother and I émigrées. We met you at a public ball in Philadelphia." "Oui," said the gentleman in gray, going right on with his own thoughts, "c'est un pays remarquable, mais leur luxe, leur luxe est affreux," comparing it, no doubt, with the tasteful and dainty luxury to which he had been accustomed in France, before he fled from the Revolution, and amidst which he had everywhere lived since his return.

I now became very curious to know who he was, and asked him what other parts of the United States he had visited. He told me he had been in New York, and that, at one time, he went as far east as Portland. I immediately suspected who he was, for I knew that M. de Talleyrand had been so far east, and no farther. I questioned him, therefore, about Boston. He seemed to have some recollection of it; said he knew a very intelligent family there, he did not remember their names, but there was a daughter in it whose name was "Barbe" [Barbara], one of the handsomest creatures he ever saw. I knew in an instant that it was Barbara Higginson, whom I had known as Mrs. S. G. Perkins quite intimately, when she was the mother of half a dozen children; with whom I had crossed the Atlantic in 1815, and who had often told me of her acquaintance with Talleyrand, and that he talked English with her who knew no French at all, when he refused to talk it in society generally. But he no longer cared anything about her or about anybody in Boston, except as a part of his own recollections and life.

In this way we continued to talk for some time, until, at last, Mad. de Duras turned and said, "Messieurs, you talk so much about individuals that I think you ought to know each other," and presented me without further words to Prince Talleyrand. Everything, of course, now became easy and simple. I asked him about the United States, concerning which I thought he did not like to talk, but he said, "There is a great deal to be learnt there, j'y ai appris assez, moi-même"; and then, turning to Mad. de Duras, he said, laughing, "If Dino [his nephew] would go there, he would learn more than he does every night at the opera." I asked him about Washington's appearance, and he spoke of him very respectfully but very coldly, which I easily accounted for, because it was well known that Washington had told Hamilton that he could not receive Talleyrand at his levees, and Pichon had told me, in 1817, that he knew Talleyrand had never forgiven it.*

But this naturally brought Hamilton into his thoughts, and of him he spoke willingly, freely, and with great admiration. In the course of his remarks, he said that he had known, during his life, many of the more marked men of his time, but that he had never, on the whole, known one equal to Hamilton. I was much surprised, as well as gratified, by the remark; but still feeling that, as an American, I was, in some sort, a party concerned by patriotism in the compliment, I answered, — with a little reserve, perhaps with a little modesty, — that the great military commanders and the great statesmen of Europe had dealt with much larger masses of men, and much wider interests than Hamilton ever had. "Mais, monsieur," the Prince instantly replied, "Hamilton avait deviné l'Europe." After this, he spoke almost inevitably of Burr, whom he had also known in America, but whom he did not rate, intellectually, so high as I think most persons who knew him have done. He said, that when Burr came to Europe, he wished to induce the French government to be concerned in a project for dismembering the United States, which he had earlier entertained. "But," Talleyrand said, "I would have nothing to do with him. I hated the man who had murdered Hamilton." "*Assassiné*" was the word he used. This may have been his sole motive, though he had little influence, I suppose, at that time, and it is not very likely. But, at any rate, he suffered Burr to fall into poverty in Paris and come home a beggar, arriving at Boston, where he was relieved, but not visited, by Mr. Jonathan Mason.

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* Among the Writings of Washington, published in 1838, by Jared Sparks, appears (Vol. X. p. 411) a letter to Alexander Hamilton, dated May 6, 1794, and marked Private, in which the President gives his reasons for not receiving M. Talleyrand-Perigord; and in an accompanying foot-note a letter is given from Lord Lansdowne, introducing Talleyrand to General Washington. The autograph letter of Washington to Hamilton came into Mr. Ticknor's possession through Mr. Sparks.

The conversation now became very various and interesting, and was continued until near dinner-time. Among other things, Mad. de Duras gave an account of her own escape and her mother's from Bordeaux for the United States, amidst the terrors of the Revolution; and finding that I was acquainted with Captain Forbes, who had materially assisted them to get on board an American vessel in the night, she charged me with many messages for him, and subsequently added a note of acknowledgment, which I delivered to its address personally the following summer on Milton Hill. Captain Forbes told me that he had already received other acknowledgments from her and her mother; her father, General Kersaint, having perished by the guillotine in the days of Terror.

But, at last, it was time to go, and we went, the Prince first and I afterwards, not thinking to see him again. However, I did see him several times, but only once when the conversation was especially interesting, and this was again in the library of Mad. de Duras, the last time I saw her, and just as I was leaving Paris for London. It was at the moment when there had been for several days a "*crise*," as it was called, or a sort of suspension of efficiency in the government, from the resignation of the Duc de Richelieu, and the difficulty of arranging a new Ministry. I had not been in the room five minutes before I perceived that, like all the rest of the world, Prince Talleyrand and Mad. de Duras were talking about the anxieties of the time, and that the Viscount de Senonnes was there, listening. I joined Mons. de Senonnes, whom I knew very well, and we both said as nearly nothing as possible. Indeed, there was nothing for anybody else to say. The Prince had all the talk, or all but the whole of it, to himself, and he was much in earnest in what he said; willing, too, I suppose, that it should be heard and his opinions known. His view of things seemed the most sombre. Everything was threatening. No sufficient Ministry could be formed. The king had nobody to depend upon. In short, everything was as dark as possible. Mad. de Duras said very little. She was, as everybody knew, an important personage in the management of affairs at the Palace, and was now evidently made unhappy by the view the Prince gave of the immediate future, which certainly was gloomy enough. At last he rose to go, but continued to talk in the same disagreeable strain as he moved very slowly towards the door ; and then, at the instant he went out of the room, said, in a peculiar tone of voice, "Et, cependant, Madame de Duras, il y a un petit moyen, si l'on savait s'en servir,"* and disappeared, waiting no reply. An awkward silence of a moment followed, and then, making sincerely grateful adieus and acknowledgments to Mad. de Duras, I followed him.

But I had not fairly got into my carriage, in the court-yard, before M. de Senonnes overtook me, and said that Mad. de Duras would be obliged to me if I would return to her for a moment in the library. Of course I went, and as soon as I had shut the door, she said, "You must be aware of the meaning of the extraordinary conversation you have just heard, and especially of the Prince's last words ; and I hope you will do me the favor not to speak of it while you remain in France. As you are going away so soon, you will not, I trust, feel it much of a sacrifice." Of course I gave her the promise and kept it, although I should much have liked to tell the whole conversation at the De Broglies', where I dined with Humboldt, Lafayette, and De Pradt the same evening, and who would have enjoyed it prodigiously. But the first house at which I dined in England was Lord Holland's, where I met Tierney, Mackintosh, and some other of the leading Whigs, to whom I told it amidst great laughter. Two or three times afterwards, when I met Sir James Mackintosh, he spoke of Talleyrand, and always called him "le petit moyen."

JOURNAL.

On the 18th of January, 1819, I came to London [from Ramsgate], by the way of Canterbury, getting thus a view of the agricultural prospects in the county of Kent, and struck for the third time with the bustle which, from so far, announces the traveller's approach to the largest and most active capital in Europe. . . . .

I went to see the kind and respectable Sir Joseph Banks several times, and renewed my acquaintance with the Marquess of Lansdowne, passed a night with my excellent friend Mr. Vaughan, etc. . . . . I found here, too, Count Funchal, ... and was very glad to know more of Count Palmella, whom I had known a little at the Marquis of Marialva's, and who is certainly an accomplished gentleman and scholar, as well as a statesman.* I have met few men in Europe who have so satisfied my expectations as this extraordinary young man, who, at the age of about thirty, has thus risen to the height of power, in one of the most despotic governments in the world, by the mere force of talent, without friends or intrigue. I dined with him twice, once quite alone, and was struck with his various, original, and graceful style of conversation. I have now become so weary with the perpetual change of acquaintance, that I generally seek, wherever I go, to make myself as familiar as I can in one house, at the expense of all others. . . . . The one to which I went the most frequently in London, and where I spent a part of many evenings, was Lord Holland's,† and certainly, for an elegant literary society, I have seen nothing better in Europe. Lord Holland himself is a good scholar, and a pleasant man in conversation; Sir James Mackintosh was staying in his house, Sydney Smith and Brougham came there very often, and Heber and Frere, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Lauderdale, Lord Auckland, Lord John Russell, etc., and I do not well know how dinners and evenings could be more pleasant. There was no alloy but Lady Holland, whom I did not like, ... but I should have been very foolish if I had suffered this to prevent my enjoyment, when to avoid it I had only to talk to some one else.‡ Lord Holland is an open-hearted gentleman, kind, simple, and hospitable, a scholar with few prejudices, and making no pretensions, either on the score of his rank, his fortune, his family, his culture, or anything else. I never met a man who so disarms opposition in discussion, as I have often seen him, without yielding an iota, merely by the unpretending simplicity and sincerity of his manner. He is said to resemble Mr. Fox in his face, and certainly is like Mr. Fox's busts; but I should think there was more mildness in his physiognomy than I can find in Mr. Fox's portraits.

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* "And yet, Madame de Duras, there is a small resource, if they knew how to make use of it."

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* See *ante*, pp. 180 and 248. Palmella had been Portuguese plenipotentiary at the Congress of Vienna, and afterwards held other high offices.

† Then living in St. James's Square.

‡ Lady Holland was polite and even kind in after years to Mr. Ticknor, who used to attribute it to a little passage of arms that once occurred between them. She characteristically remarked to him, that she believed New England was originally colonized by convicts, sent over from the mother country. Mr. Ticknor replied that he was not aware of it, but said he knew that some of the Vassall family — ancestors of Lady Holland — had settled early in Massachusetts, where a house built by one of them was standing in Cambridge, and a marble monument to a member of the family was to be seen in King's Chapel, Boston. Lady Holland was, for a moment, surprised into silence; then questioned him about the monument, and asked him to send her a drawing of it, which he did.

Sir James Mackintosh is a little too precise, a little too much made up in his manners and conversation, but is at the same time very exact, definite, and logical in what he says, and, I am satisfied, seldom has occasion to regret a mistake or an error, where a matter of principle or reasoning is concerned, though, as he is a little given to affect universal learning, he may sometimes make a mistake in matters of fact. As a part of a considerable literary society, however, he discourses most eloquent music, and in private, where I also saw him several times, he is mild, gentle, and entertaining. But he is seen to greatest advantage, and in all his strength, only in serious discussion, to which he brings great disciplined acuteness and a fluent eloquence, which few may venture to oppose, and which still fewer can effectually resist.

Allen, who is a kind of secretary to Lord Holland, and has lived in his family many years, is a different man. He has a great deal of talent, and has written much and well, in the "Edinburgh Review"; he has strong feelings and great independence of character, which make him sometimes oppose and answer Lady Holland in a curious manner. He has many prejudices, most of them subdued with difficulty, by his weight of talent and his strong will, but many still remaining, and, finally, warm, sincere feelings, and an earnest desire to serve those he likes. Sir James Mackintosh said of him to me, that, considering the extent of his knowledge, he had never known anybody in whom it was so accurate and sure; and though there is something of the partiality of an old friendship in the remark, there is truth in it, as the "Review of Hallam's Middle Ages" and many others will prove. Mr. Allen, however, was not a man to contribute a great deal to such general conversation as that at Lord Holland's. It was necessary to sit down alone with him in a corner, or on a sofa, and then his conversation was very various and powerful, and showed that he had thought deeply, and made up his mind decisively, upon a great many subjects.

Sydney Smith, who then happened to be in London, was in one respect the soul of the society. I never saw a man so formed to float down the stream of conversation, and, without seeming to have any direct influence upon it, to give it his own hue and charm. He is about fifty, corpulent, but not gross, with a great fund of good-nature, and would be thought by a person who saw him only once, and transiently, merely a gay, easy gentleman, careless of everything but the pleasures of conversation and society. This would be a great injustice to him, and one that offends him, I am told; for, notwithstanding the easy grace and light playfulness of his wit, which comes forth with unexhausted and inexhaustible facility, and reminded me continually of the phosphoric brilliancy of the ocean, which sparkles more brightly in proportion as the force opposed to it is greater, yet he is a man of much culture, with plain good-sense, a sound, discreet judgment, and remarkably just and accurate habits of reasoning, and values himself upon these, as well as on his admirable humor. This is an union of opposite qualities, such as nature usually delights to hold asunder, and such as makes him, whether in company or alone, an irresistibly amusing companion ; for, while his humor gives such grace to his argument that it comes with the charm of wit, and his wit is so appropriate that its sallies are often logic in masquerade, his good-sense and good-nature are so prevalent that he never, or rarely, offends against the proprieties of life or society, and never says anything that he or anybody else need to regret afterwards.

Brougham, whom I knew in society, and from seeing him both at his chambers and at my own lodgings, is now about thirty-eight, tall, thin, and rather awkward, with a plain and not very expressive countenance, and simple or even slovenly manners. He is evidently nervous, and a slight convulsive movement about the muscles of his lips gives him an unpleasant expression now and then. In short, all that is exterior in him, and all that goes to make up the first impression, is unfavorable. The first thing that removes this impression is the heartiness and good-will he shows you, whose motive cannot be mistaken, for such kindness can come only from the heart. This is the first thing, but a stranger presently begins to remark his conversation. On common topics, nobody is more commonplace. He does not feel them, but if the subject excites him, there is an air of originality in his remarks, which, if it convinces you of nothing else, convinces you that you are talking with an extraordinary man. He does not like to join in a general conversation, but prefers to talk apart with only two or three persons, and, though with great interest and zeal, in an undertone. If, however, he does launch into it, all the little, trim, gay pleasure-boats must keep well out of the way of his great black collier, as Gibbon said of Fox. He listens carefully and fairly — and with a kindness that would be provoking, if it were not genuine — to all his adversary has to say, but when his time comes to answer, it is with that bare, bold, bullion talent which either crushes itself or its opponent. . . . . Yet I suspect the impression Brougham generally leaves is that of a good-natured friend. At least, that is the impression I have most frequently found, both in England and on the Continent.

Heber* is an elegant gentleman, a kind of literary, amateur Mæcenas, with a very fine and curious library ; in short, a man in whom a gentlemanly air prevails, both in his manners, accomplishments, talents, and knowledge, all of which may be considered remarkable.

Frere is a slovenly fellow. His remarks on Homer, in the "Classical Journal," prove how fine a Greek scholar he is ; his "Quarterly Reviews," how well he writes ; his "Rovers, or The Double Arrangement," what humor he possesses ; and the reputation he has left in Spain and Portugal, how much better he understood their literatures than they do themselves : while, at the same time, his books left in France, in Gallicia, at Lisbon, and two or three places in England ; his manuscripts, neglected and lost to himself ; his manners, lazy and careless ; and his conversation, equally rich and negligent, show how little he cares about all that distinguishes him in the eyes of the world. He studies as a luxury, he writes as an amusement, and conversation is a kind of sensual enjoyment to him. If he had been born in Asia, he would have been the laziest man that ever lived. . . . .

There were of course more who came there, the Ordes, Bennett, Lord William Russell, etc., etc., besides Counts Palmella and Souza ; but those I have described, and who were there often, constituted the proper society at Lord Holland's, and gave it that tone of culture, wit, and good talk without pretension, which make it, as an elegant society, the best I have seen in Europe. It was in this society I spent all the leisure time I had while I was in London.

Two days I passed very pleasantly at the Marquess of Salisbury's. He lives at Hatfield, Herts., in a fine establishment, once a residence of James I., and built by him ; though a part of it is older, and contains the room where Elizabeth was imprisoned by her sister Mary, and wrote the verses that still remain to us. It is surrounded by a large park, full of venerable oaks, and is a kind of old baronial seat, which well suits with the species of hospitality exercised there. The long gallery is a grand, solemn hall, which, with its ornaments, carries the imagination at once back to the period when it was built ; and King James's room, an enormous saloon, fitted up with grave magnificence, is said to be one of the most remarkable rooms in England. . . . . I arrived late in the afternoon, ... and, while I was dressing, a large party of gentlemen that had been out hunting passed under my windows, on their return to the hall, with all the uproar and exultation of success. . . . .

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* Richard Heber.

We sat down to dinner about thirty strong. The conversation was chiefly political and high ministerial, but the young gentlemen talked a good deal about the day's sport, which, just at this moment, when the shooting season is closing, is a matter of importance. . . . . As we returned to the saloon, we found a band of music playing in the long gallery, which we were obliged to traverse in its whole length. After coffee and tea had been served, the party was a little increased by visitors from the neighborhood, and for those who were disposed to dance there was the long gallery and music, but no ceremony. . . . .

The marquess is seventy years old,* but well preserved, and a specimen of the gentlemen of the last generation, with elegant, easy manners, and a proud, graceful courtesy. Lady Salisbury is but little younger, yet able to ride on horseback every day, and even to join occasionally in the chase. . . . . I became, of course, acquainted with most of the persons there ; but those that interested and pleased me most were the Marchioness of Downshire and her two daughters, the Ladies Hill, beautiful girls and much accomplished, with whom I danced all the evening. I know not when I have enjoyed myself in the same way so much and so simply. . . . .

[The next morning] Lord Cranbourne† took me out and showed me the antiquities of the house and the beauties of the place. We rode about the fine park, stopped a little to see a shooting battue that was going on, went over the farming arrangements, etc., all marked with that extensive completeness and finish which it is seldom wrong to presuppose when an English nobleman's seat is concerned. . . . .

On returning to the saloon [after dinner of the second day], we found that a great deal of company had come, and in the course of an hour, the nobility and gentry of the county were collected there. It was, in fact, an annual ball that Lady Salisbury, who loves old fashions, gives every winter, in compliance with ancient usage, to the respectable families in the county, besides being at home, as it is called, one evening in every week to any who are disposed to come and dance without show or ceremony. . . . . The evening to me was delightful. I liked this sort of hospitality, which is made to embrace a whole county. The next morning I came back to London, ... and the following day early set off for the North.

I went, however, at first, no farther than Bedfordshire, where I passed three days at the splendid seat of the Duke of Bedford. The entrance to Woburn Abbey is by a Roman gateway opening into the park, through which you are conducted, by an avenue of venerable elms, through fine varieties of hill and dale, woodland and pasture, and by the side of streamlets and little lakes, above three miles. . . . . I arrived late in the afternoon. . . . . At half past six Lord John Russell, who had just returned from shooting, made me a visit, and carried me to the saloon and introduced me to his father and family. I was received with an English welcome, and a few minutes afterwards we sat down to table. There were about twenty guests at the Abbey, the Marquess and Marchioness of Woodstock, Earl and Countess Jersey, Earl Spencer,* Marquess Tavistock, Lord and Lady Ebrington, Lord and Lady William Russell, Mr. Adair, etc. The dinner was pleasant, — at least it was so to me, — for I conversed the whole time with Mr. Adair,† formerly the British Minister at Vienna, and a man of much culture, and Lady Jersey, a beautiful creature with a great deal of talent, taste, and elegant knowledge, whom I knew a little on the Continent. . . . .

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* First Marquess of Salisbury, died in 1823.

† Eldest son of Lord Salisbury.

In the evening the party returned to the great saloon, called the Hall of State, and every one amused himself as he chose, either at cards, in listening to music, or in conversation, though several deserted to the billiard-room. For myself, I found amusement enough in talking with Lady Jersey, or Lord John Russell, or the old and excellent Earl Spencer, but I think the majority was rather captivated with Lady Ebrington's music. . . . .

The next morning, at ten o'clock, found us mustered in the breakfast-room. It was a day of no common import at a nobleman's country-seat, for it was the last of the shooting season. The Duke was anxious to have a quantity of game killed that should maintain the reputation of the Abbey, for the first sporting-ground in Great Britain ; and therefore solemn preparations were made to have a grand battue of the park, for it was intended, in order to give more reputation to the day's success, that nothing should be shot out of it ; nor, indeed, was there any great need of extending the limit, for the park is twelve miles in circumference. Mr. Adair, Lord John, and myself declined, as no sportsmen, and so the number was reduced to eleven, of whom seven were excellent shots. The first gun was fired a little before twelve, the last at half past five ; and when, after the dinner-cloth was removed in the evening, the game-keeper appeared, dressed in all his paraphernalia, and rendered in his account, it was found that four hundred and four hares, partridges, and pheasants had been killed, of which more than half were pheasants. The person who killed the most was Lord Spencer, though the oldest man there. This success, of course, gave great spirits to the party at dinner, a good deal of wine was consumed, — though nobody showed any disposition to drink to excess, — and the evening passed off very pleasantly. It was certainly as splendid a specimen as I could have hoped to see, of what is to be considered peculiarly English in the life of a British nobleman of the first class at his country-seat. I enjoyed it highly.

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* Second Earl Spencer.

† Afterwards the Right Honorable Sir Robert Adair.

The next day was much more quiet. Several of the party went to town, and, though Lord Auckland and one or two others came down to the Abbey, the number was seriously diminished. I had the more time and opportunity to see the establishment and become acquainted with its inhabitants. Considered as a whole, Woburn Abbey is sometimes called the finest estate in England. As I went over it, I thought I should never find an end to all its arrangements and divisions. Within — besides the mere house, which is the largest and most splendid I have seen — is the picture-gallery, containing about two hundred pieces, many of which, of the Spanish and Italian schools, are of great merit ; and the library, which is a magnificent collection of splendid books, composed of beautiful editions of the best authors, in all languages, besides a mass of engravings and maps. I could have occupied myself in these apartments for a month. Outside, there are the aviary, fish-ponds, greenhouses, the gardens, tennis-court, riding-school, etc., and a gallery containing a few antiques that are curious, especially the immense Lanti vase, which has been much talked about, and well deserves it. . . . .

The Duke of Bedford is now about fifty-five, a plain, unpretending man in his manner, reserved in society, but talking well when alone, and respectable in debate in the House of Peers ; a great admirer of the fine arts, which he patronizes liberally ; and, finally, one of the best farmers in England, and one of those who have most improved the condition of their estates by scientific and careful cultivation. . . . . Lord John is a young man of a good deal of literary knowledge and taste, from whose acquaintance I have had much pleasure.*

On the 4th February I left the hospitality, kindness, and quiet enjoyment of Woburn Abbey, and went over to Cambridge. . . . . Of the society at Cambridge I had a pretty fair specimen, I imagine, though I passed only three days there. The first afternoon, on my arrival, I went to young Craufurd's, son of Sir James, whom I knew in Italy last winter. He had just taken his degree, and is to receive a fellowship at King's in a few days, so that he is rather more than a fair specimen of their manners and learning. I dined with him in their hall, and passed the evening with him at his room, in one of those little parties the young men make up, to drink wine and have a dessert after dinner. Those I met with him were clearly above the common level, as I knew he himself was ; but still, admitting them to be among the best, I was struck with the good tone that prevailed among them, their sensible and sometimes acute conversation, and their easy, gentlemanly manners. I must, too, add, that, although I saw others of his acquaintance at breakfast the next morning, and occasionally met students elsewhere, I did not find any material difference. . . . .

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* They had met in Italy. See *ante*, p. 166.

The second day I was in Cambridge I passed entirely with Professor Monk,* who went round with me all the morning, to show me the buildings and curiosities of the place. . . . . There was much pleasure in this, and I was rather sorry when dinner-time came, which is a pretty formidable thing in Cambridge. I dined to-day in the great dinner-hall of Trinity, with Professor Monk and the Fellows and Professors attached to that college. We were at a separate table with the Gentlemen Commoners, and fared very well. The mass of students was below, and a slight distinction was made in their food. I met here the Vice-Master, Renouard, Sedgwick, Judgson ; the Dean, Dobree, Monk's rival in Greek ; and, after dinner, went to the Combination Room, where much wine was drunk, much talk carried on. The tone of this society was certainly stiff and pedantic, and a good deal of little jealousy was apparent, in the manner in which they spoke of persons with whom they or their college or their university had come into collision. . . . . I ought to add, that we passed the evening at Mr. Sedgwick's rooms, where there were only a few persons from several different colleges, among whom better manners and a finer tact in conversation prevailed. . . . .

Herbert Marsh and Dr. Clarke were not in Cambridge. One person, however, I knew there, who was both a scholar and an accomplished gentleman, Dr. Davy, Master of Caius, to whom Lord Holland gave me letters, and from whom I received a great deal of kindness. I breakfasted with him alone, and enjoyed the variety of his conversation, always nourished with good learning, but never hardened with pedantry. . . . . In the afternoon he carried me to dine with a club which originated in attachment to the fallen Stuarts, and was therefore called "The Family," but has long since become a mere dinner-party every fortnight. Six of the fourteen Masters were there, Smyth, the Professor of Modern History, and two or three other professors. I was amused with the severity of their adherence to ancient customs and manners, and was somewhat surprised to find pipes introduced after dinner, not so much because smoking was liked, as because it was ancient in the usages of the club. . . . .

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* Greek professor, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester.

My journey to the North was a journey of speed, and, of course, I saw little and enjoyed less. . . . . Two or three points and moments, however, I shall not easily forget. The first was York. I arrived there on Sunday morning, and remained until the next day, but I passed the greater part of my time in its grand Gothic cathedral. It is one of those great monuments of the ponderous power of the clergy of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries which are scattered all over Europe, and whose unfinished magnificence shows how suddenly this power was broken up. York is as grand and imposing as almost any of them, I think, unless it be that at Seville, where there is a solemn harmony between the dim light that struggles through its storied windows, the dark, threatening masses of the pile itself, the imposing power of the paintings, ... and the deep, wailing echoes of that worship which is to be found and felt, in all its original dignity and power, only beyond the Pyrenees. . . . . Excepting that, I know nothing that goes before York. . . . .

The next point that surprised me was Newcastle. I merely passed the night there, ... but the appearance of the country about it was extraordinary. At the side of every coal-pit a quantity of the finer parts that are thrown out is perpetually burning, and the effect produced by the earth, thus apparently everywhere on fire, both on the machinery used and the men busied with it, was horrible. It seemed as if I were in Dante's shadowy world. . . . .

CHAPTER XIV.

Edinburgh. — News of his Mother's Death. — Mrs. Grant. — Mrs. Fletcher. — Playfair. — Scott. — Abbotsford. — Southey. — Wordsworth. — Dr. Parr. — Sir James Mackintosh. — London. — Hazlitt. — Godwin. — Wilberforce. — Return to America.

To Mr. Elisha Ticknor.

Edinburgh, February 11, 1819.

I HAVE received your letter, dearest father, to-day.* It was very unexpected, but I have not been altogether overcome. Cogswell will tell you so. I do not think anybody has willingly deceived me, certainly the last persons in the world to have done it would have been either you, my dear, my only parent, or dear Eliza, or Savage. You were all deceived by your hopes, and if this prevented you from preparing me for the great calamity with which God is now afflicting us all, it is certainly not for me to complain that the blow has fallen so heavily. . . . . Cogswell will tell you I have been very calm, considering how small my fears were. . . . .

I pray God to reconcile me altogether to his will. I have endeavored to do what seemed to me right and best, ... and even if I had embarked at Lisbon, where I received the first news that made me think her constitution had received a considerable shock, I should have arrived too late. . . . . I see, dearest father, with what Christian resignation and firmness you meet the dreadful shock, and I pray continually that I may be enabled to follow your example. . . . .

I cannot now make any plan, or think of my situation and circumstances coolly enough to be sure of myself, but of this you may be certain, that I will do nothing unadvisedly, and nothing that any of us will regret hereafter. Think of me, then, as trusting in Heaven, ... as supported by Cogswell's unwearied kindness, and as willing to make any sacrifice to attain the objects that are still attainable. If I could but see you one hour, the half of this bitterness would be removed ; but it cannot be, and I submit.

* See Vol. II. p. 505.

To Mr. Elisha Ticknor.

Edinburgh, February 15, 1819.

It is only five days since I wrote you, my very dear father, but it seems a much longer time. Such sad hours, occupied only with cruel regrets, move but slowly. . . . . I had been in Edinburgh but one day when your letter arrived. Of course I had seen nobody, and had done nothing, and in the five days that have passed since, I have not had the spirit to go out of the house. I remembered, however, all your injunctions to go on, and accomplish the purposes for which I came to Europe, and as there remains really very little to do, I do not think but I shall accomplish it. It consists chiefly in seeing many different persons, learning their opinions, modifying my own, and, in general, collecting that sort of undefined and indefinite feeling, respecting books and authors, which exists in Europe as a kind of unwritten tradition, and never comes to us, because nobody ever takes the pains to collect it systematically, though it is often the electric principle that gives life to the dead mass of inefficient knowledge, and vigor and spirit to inquiry. Besides this, I desire to learn something of Scottish literature and literary history, and pick up my library in this department and in English. It is not a great deal; if it were, I might shrink from it.

I began this morning, recollecting that the longer I suffer myself to defer it, the longer I must be kept from you. The first person I went to see was Mrs. Grant. . . . . I had not yet seen her, but when she knew why I did not call, she sent me a note which touched me very deeply. . . . . The hour I passed with her was very pleasant to me. . . . .

Afterwards I called on Dr. Anderson, "the good old Doctor Anderson," as the "Quarterly Review" calls him, and as everybody must think him to be who has seen him even once. He is the person, perhaps, of all now alive, who best knows English literary history, to say nothing of Scotch, which was, as it were, born with him. He received me with all the kindness I had been taught to expect from him, and to-morrow morning I am to breakfast with him and explain to him all I want to do and learn here, and get what information he can give me. He is a kind of literary patriarch, almost seventy years old, and I certainly could not have put myself into better hands. You see, my dear father, that I have already begun to do what you desired, and I shall go on until it is finished. In five weeks, I think nothing will remain to be done in Edinburgh, and then I shall go, by the way of Oxford, to London, finish what I have to do there, and embark in the first good ship. . . . . Farewell.

GEORGE.

The following passage was added to the Journal in the succeeding September: —

On the night of the 10th of February I reached Edinburgh. I entered no capital of Europe with a lighter heart and more confident expectations of enjoyment. . . . . And yet it was there I was destined to meet the severest suffering my life had yet known. On the 11th I received letters announcing the death of my mother on the 31st of December. . . . . The first anguish of the reflection that I was not with her was almost more than I could bear. It seemed to me that I had done wrong in going to Europe at all; and even now, that I write this, many months after the bitterness of the first suffering has gone by, it is a thought I cannot entirely drive from my mind. . . . . But all is in the hands of Him who has thus taken what was dearest to me in life, and who seems peculiarly to have reserved to Himself the consolation of sorrows which He alone can inflict; so that we may sometimes, at least, feel with persuading sensibility how entirely we are dependent upon Him.

To Mr. Elisha Ticknor.

EDINBURGH, March 1, 1819.

Since I wrote you last, my dear father, I have not done much. I know not well what is the matter with me, but I have a kind of torpor and inefficiency in my faculties, which makes me pass my time here to very little purpose. This is by no means from the want of effort, for I do not think I ever made greater exertions in my life. I have been to see nearly, or quite, everybody that would have interested me, if I were in the proper state of mind to be interested.

In the main point I am likely to succeed well enough. I mean the literature peculiar to the country. I have received all the kindness and assistance possible in this, from the four persons in Edinburgh best qualified to give them, Walter Scott, Mr. Jamieson, Dr. Anderson, and Mr. Thomson. Mr. Jamieson comes to me every morning, and we have read Scotch poetry together, from the earliest times down to our own day, until it has become as easy to me as English. But I wish him to continue a week longer, for in every literature there are many things to be learnt besides the words and the language, which can never be learnt but on the spot, because they are never preserved but as a kind of tradition, especially in cases like this, where the literature has not yet been fully elaborated and criticised. This, indeed, is the great advantage of the society of men of letters in Europe: it saves an immense amount of time; for a question, addressed to one who has thoroughly studied a subject you are just beginning to investigate, often produces an answer that is better than a volume, and perhaps serves as a successful explanation to half a dozen. There is a good deal of this society in Edinburgh, certainly, but not so much as I expected to find, or else I am not in a situation to understand or enjoy it. I know, however, all the principal persons who compose it, and meet them frequently, but there seems to be a great difficulty about it, or rather a great defect in it. When a number of persons are met together, as at a dinner, the conversation is rarely general; one person makes a speech, and then another, and finally it stops, nobody knows why, but certainly there is a kind of *vis inertiæ* in it, which makes its tendency rather to stop than to go on. It is necessary, therefore, to take each person singly, and then, if you insist upon talking with him, it is most probable he will talk very well. I know of but two exceptions to this remark, and they are Prof. Playfair and Walter Scott, who under all circumstances must be delightful men.

To his Sister.

. . . . I build a great many castles in my head, and have many a waking and sleeping vision about a home, but all must remain uncertain and unsettled till we meet. For myself, the desire that prevails over all others is, that of returning the little I can, of the great debt my infancy and childhood, and indeed my whole life, has incurred to you and to our dear father. How this may best be done must be determined by yourselves, and my life will easily accommodate itself to it, as you are now its chief objects and highest duties.

JOURNAL.

March, 1819. — Edinburgh is certainly one of the beautiful cities of Europe. It is situated on the declivity of a hill ending with the bold rock on which the Castle stands, or, rather, is there broken by a bold ravine which divides the old town from the new. . . . . It is hardly necessary to be nice in the selection of particular points about Edinburgh. It is all beautiful, and it is enough to get upon a height or a steeple, anywhere, and you are sure to be rewarded with a rich and various prospect. . . . .

The society here is certainly excellent. . . . In open-heartedness I imagine it is almost unrivalled, and what that virtue is, how completely it will cover a multitude of deficiencies and defects, one who has long been a stranger and obliged to make many strangers his friends, can alone know. It is a great thing, too, to have so much influence granted to talent as there is in Edinburgh, for it breaks down the artificial distinctions of society, and makes its terms easy to all who ought to enter it, and have any right to be there. And it is a still greater thing to have this talent come familiarly into the fashion of the times, sustained by that knowledge which must give it a prevalent authority, and at once receive and impart a polish and a tone which give a charm to each alike, and without which neither can become what it ought to be to itself or the world. This, I think, is the secret of the fascination of society at Edinburgh. . . . .

I did not, of course, seek general society at Edinburgh ; still, I knew a good many persons, most, indeed, whom I was desirous to know before I went there. . . . . To Count Flahault's I went often. He is a Frenchman, an elegant man, bred in England and with English habits and feelings ; and now married to a daughter of Lord Keith, a woman of a great deal of spirit, talent, and culture, who was the most intimate of the personal friends of the Princess Charlotte, and had more influence over her than almost anybody else. Her health was not good, and so they were always at home, and had more or less informal society every evening. Among the persons who came there, besides Lord Belhaven and Lord Elcho, — two of the most respectable young noblemen in Scotland, — were Cranston, the first lawyer there ; Clerk, Thomson, and Murray, three more of their distinguished advocates ; Sir Thomas Trowbridge, the same good-natured, gentlemanly man I had known at Rome ; and Jeffrey, who, both here and in his own house and in all society, was a much more domestic, quiet sort of person than we found him in America.

There was a young lady staying there, too, who drew a great deal of company to the house, Miss McLane, the most beautiful lady in Scotland, and one, indeed, whose beauty has wrought more wonders than almost anybody's since the time of Helen ; for she has actually been followed by the mob in the street, until she was obliged to take refuge in a shop from their mere admiration, and gave up going to the theatre because the pit twice rose up, and, taking off their hats to show it was done in respect, called upon her to come to the front of the box where she sat, and stand up, that they might see her. For myself, I could not find her so very remarkable, though still I would not appeal from a decision like this, which is like the decision of a nation. She had a fine face, certainly, an open, radiant kind of beauty, an exquisite complexion, brilliant black eyes and hair, and a very graceful figure and manner. Her conversation, too, was light and pleasant and unaffected, and, what was most of all to her credit, though she had a perfect consciousness of her own beauty, which she took no pains to conceal, it was mingled with no conceit. It was like an historical fact to her. . . . . She had half the titles in Scotland at her feet. . . . .

I went quite as often to Mrs. Grant's, where an American, I imagine, finds himself at home more easily than anywhere else in Edinburgh. She is an old lady of such great good-nature and such strong good-sense, mingled with a natural talent, plain knowledge, and good taste, derived from English reading alone, that when she chooses to be pleasant she can be so to a high degree. Age and sorrow have fallen pretty heavily upon her. She is about seventy, and has lost several of her children, but still she is interested in what is going forward in the world, tells a great number of amusing stories about the past generation, and gives striking sketches of Highland manners and feelings, of which she is herself an interesting representative.* . . . Not a great deal of society came to her house, and what there was did not much interest me. I met there Owen of Lanark, who talked me out of all patience with his localities and universalities; Wilson, of "The Isle of Palms," a pretending young man, but with a great deal of talent †; Hogg, the poet, vulgar as his name, and a perpetual contradiction, in his conversation, to the exquisite delicacy of his Kilmeny. . . . .

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* Extract from a letter of Mrs. Grant to a friend in America, dated June 24, 1819: "The American character has been much raised among our literary people here, by a constellation of persons of brilliant talents and polished manners, by whom we were dazzled and delighted last winter. A Mr. Preston of Virginia [South Carolina] and his friend from Carolina, whose name I cannot spell, for it is French [Hugh S. Legaré], Mr. Ticknor, and Mr. Cogswell were the most distinguished representatives of your new world. A handsome and high-bred Mr. Ralston, from Philadelphia, whose mind seemed equal to his other attractions, left also a very favorable impression of transatlantic accomplishments. These were all very agreeable persons, Mr. Ticknor pre-eminently so, and I can assure you ample justice was done to their merits here." — *Memoirs of Mrs. Anne Grant, of Laggan.*

† John Wilson, "Christopher North," whose chief acknowledged production at this time was the "Isle of Palms," a poem.

Mrs. Fletcher is the most powerful lady in conversation in Edinburgh, and has a Whig coterie of her own, as Mrs. Grant has a Tory one. She is *the* lady in Edinburgh by way of eminence, and her conversation is more sought than that of anybody there.* I have heard Sir James Mackintosh and Brougham speak of it with enthusiasm, and regret that she does not live in London, where they might hear her every day. She is, indeed, an extraordinary person. She converses with fluency, and with an energy and confidence that would seem masculine, if she did not yield so gently and gracefully, and did not seem to seek always to become a listener; and she has an elegance and finish in the construction of her sentences which is uncommon even in practised speakers, and which I have hardly found in a lady before; and yet it is apparent it is done without effort. . . . . One of her daughters, Mrs. Taylor, is one of the sweetest, most beautiful, and most interesting creatures I ever beheld. Another, Miss Fletcher, will, I think, be as remarkable as her mother. This was, therefore, a delightful house to visit, and during the latter part of the time I was in Edinburgh I went there often.

Playfair is a most interesting man of seventy. I would rather be like him, in general temper, manners, and disposition, than like anybody of that age I know. To say nothing of the amount of his culture and the elegance of his mind, which does not seem to grow dim with age, ... he has a childlike simplicity of manner, a modesty which will bring a blush on his cheek like that of a boy of fifteen, and an open enthusiasm for all good knowledge, as great as if he were beginning life instead of closing it. . . . . I passed two or three afternoons with him. His conversation was always without effort or pretension, and yet full of knowledge, elegant, and producing a charming effect. I think he came nearer to my notion of the character of Mr. H., as Mackenzie has drawn the better parts of it, than anybody I ever met.

I breakfasted with Mackenzie one morning at Lady Cumming's. He is now old, but a thin, active, lively little gentleman, talking fast and well upon all common subjects, and without the smallest indication of the "Man of Feeling" about him. . . . . While we were at breakfast Lord Elgin came in, a man about fifty, and as fat, round, stupid-looking a man as can well be found. The little he said justified what his appearance promised. . . . . There were other persons whom I knew and to whose houses I went, — Colonel Ellice and the Earl of Wemyss among the fashionable people, and among the men of letters, Pillans, the schoolmaster, — "the good old Dr. Anderson," as Southey calls him in the "Quarterly"; Jeffrey, who was everywhere, in all parties, dances, and routs, and yet found time for his great business, and was, on the whole, rather pleasant in his own house; Dr. Brown, Stewart's successor, an acute man, but foolishly affecting a dapper sort of elegance, and writing poetry just above thread-paper verses; * Thomson, an elegant gentleman and scholar; and Morehead, at whose house I twice saw Dr. Alison, a dignified, mild, and gentlemanly man. Dugald Stewart was in Devonshire for his health, both mental and bodily; and, after him, I have but one person to mention, and him I must mention separately. I mean Walter Scott.

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* An interesting autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher, with selections from her letters, etc., has been published by her family.

He is, indeed, the lord of the ascendant now in Edinburgh, and well deserves to be, for I look upon him to be quite as remarkable in intercourse and conversation, as he is in any of his writings, even in his novels. He is now about forty-eight, fully six feet high, stout and well made, except in his feet, stoops a little, and besides that his hairs are pretty gray, he carries in his countenance the marks of coming age and infirmity, which, I am told, have increased rapidly in the last two years. His countenance, when at rest, is dull and almost heavy, and even when in common conversation expresses only a high degree of good-nature; but when he is excited, and especially when he is repeating poetry that he likes, his whole expression is changed, and his features kindle into a brightness of which there were no traces before. His talent was developed late. Clerk, the advocate, told me that Scott hardly wrote poetry in his youth, and, in fact, could not easily do it, for, as they had early been schoolfellows, he knew this circumstance well; and even when he was past two-and-twenty, and they were going over to Fife one day in a boat together, and tried a long time to make some verses, Scott finally gave up in despair, saying, "Well, it is clear you and I were never made for poets."

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* Dr. Brown sometimes in his lectures introduced passages of poetry, which he recited so beautifully that the students applauded, and this vexed him, because they did not equally applaud the lecture. In telling this, Mr. Ticknor would add, as another instance of students' whims, that, when Germany was impoverished by the wars with Napoleon, if a professor at Jena appeared in his lecture-room with a new waistcoat, the students applauded him; and the old professor at Göttingen, who spoke of this, on being asked by Mr. Ticknor what occurred if a new coat made its appearance, exclaimed, "Gott bewahre! such a thing never happened!"

He lives in a style of considerable elegance in the city.*. . . . Sophia Scott is a remarkable girl, about eighteen or nineteen, with great simplicity and naturalness of manners, not a remarkable degree of talent, and yet full of enthusiasm ; with tact in everything, a lover of old ballads, a Jacobite ; and, in short, in all respects, such a daughter as Scott ought to have and ought to be proud of. And he is proud of her, as I saw again and again when he could not conceal it.

One evening, after dinner, he told her to take her harp and play five or six ballads he mentioned to her, as a specimen of the different ages of Scottish music. I hardly ever heard anything of the kind that moved me so much. And yet, I imagine, many sing better ; but I never saw such an air and manner, such spirit and feeling, such decision and power. . . . . I was so much excited, that I turned round to Mr. Scott and said to him, probably with great emphasis, "I never heard anything so fine" ; and he, seeing how involuntarily I had said it, caught me by the hand, and replied, very earnestly, "Everybody says so, sir," but added in an instant, blushing a little, "but I must not be too vain of her."

I was struck, too, with another little trait in her character and his, that exhibited itself the same evening. Lady Hume asked her to play Rob Roy, an old ballad. A good many persons were present, and she felt a little embarrassed by the recollection of how much her father's name had been mentioned in connection with this strange Highlander's ; but, as upon all occasions, she took the most direct means to settle her difficulties ; . . . . she ran across the room to her father, and, blushing pretty deeply, whispered to him. "Yes, my dear," he said, loud enough to be heard, "play it, to be sure, if you are asked, and Waverley and the Antiquary, too, if there be any such ballads." †

One afternoon, after I had become more acquainted with them, he asked me to come and dine, and afterwards go to the theatre and hear Rob Roy, — a very good piece made out of his novel, and then playing in Edinburgh with remarkable success. It was a great treat, for he took his whole family, and now saw it himself for the first time. He did not attempt to conceal his delight during the whole performance, and when it was over, said to me, "That 's fine, sir ; I think that is very fine" ; and then looked up at me with one of his most comical Scotch expressions of face, half-way between cunning and humor, and added, "All I wish is, that Jedediah Cleishbotham could be here to enjoy it!"

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* Whatever passages, in the account of his intercourse with Scott, have been omitted, contain facts made familiar by Lockhart's "Life of Scott," or statements afterwards withdrawn by Mr. Ticknor in a note.

† The authorship of the novels was not yet acknowledged, of course, though generally believed.

I met him in court one morning, when he was not occupied, and he proposed to take a walk with me. He carried me round and showed me the houses of Ferguson, Blair, Hume, Smith, Robertson, Black, and several others, telling, at the same time, amusing anecdotes of these men, and bringing out a story for almost every lane and close we passed; explained and defended more at large the opinion he has advanced in "Guy Mannering," that the days of these men were the golden days of Edinburgh, and that we live in the decline of society there. I am not certain we do not; but I was never less disposed to acknowledge it than at that moment.

Among other anecdotes, Mr. Scott told me * that he once travelled with Tom Campbell in a stage-coach alone, and that, to beguile the time, they talked of poetry and began to repeat some. At last Scott asked Campbell for something of his own, and he said there was one thing he had written but never printed, that was full of "drums and trumpets and blunderbusses and thunder," and he did n't know if there was anything good in it. And then he repeated "Hohenlinden." Scott listened with the greatest interest, and when he had finished, broke out, "But, do you know, that 's devilish fine; why, it 's the finest thing you ever wrote, and it must be printed!"

On Monday, March 15, early in the morning, I left Edinburgh. I was not alone, for Cogswell came with me, and we had a pleasant drive of six or seven hours down into the Border country, and finally stopped at Kelso, a pleasant town on the beautiful banks of the Tweed. We went immediately to see the ruins of the old abbey. . . . .

March 16. — Two miles farther on [beyond Melrose] is the magician's own house, — Scott's, I mean, or the "sherrie's,' as the postilion called him, because he is sheriff of the county, — as odd-looking a thing as can well be seen, neither house nor castle, ancient nor modern, nor an imitation of either, but a complete nondescript.† The situation is not very good, though on the bank of the Tweed and opposite the entrance of the Gala, for it is under a hill and has little prospect; but there is a kindness and hospitality there which are better than anything else, and make everything else forgotten. We had come down on an invitation to pass as much time with him as we could, and were received with the simple good-nature and good spirits which I have constantly found in his house. Mrs. Scott was not there, nor either of the sons. . . . . The establishment, therefore, consisted of Mr. Scott, his two girls, Sophia and Anne, and Mr. Skeene, to whom he has dedicated one of the cantos of "Marmion."

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* This anecdote was dictated by Mr. Ticknor in later years.

† It was still a cottage in dimensions, very different from the later erection.

Mr. Scott himself was more amusing here than I had found him even in town. He seemed, like Antæus, to feel that he touched a kindred earth, and to quicken into new life by its influences. The Border country is indeed the natural home of his talent, and it is when walking with him over his own hills and through his own valleys, ... and in the bosom and affections of his own family, that he is all you can imagine or desire him to be. His house itself is a kind of collection of fragments of history; architectural ornaments, — copies from Melrose in one part, the old identical gate of the Tolbooth, or rather the stone part of it, through which the Porteous mob forced its way, in another, — an old fountain before the house, and odd inscriptions and statues everywhere, make such a kind of irregular, poetical habitation as ought to belong to him. Then for every big stone on his estate, as well as for all the great points of the country about, he has a tradition or a ballad, which he repeats with an enthusiasm that kindles his face to an animation that forms a singular contrast to the quiet in which it usually rests.

Sophia shares and enjoys these local feelings and attachments, and can tell as many Border stories as her father, and repeat perhaps as many ballads, and certainly more Jacobite songs. She is, indeed, in some respects, an extraordinary person. There is nothing romantic about her, for she is as perfectly right-minded as I ever saw one so young; and, indeed, perhaps right-mindedness is the prevailing feature in her character. She has no uncommon talent, and yet I am sure he must have little taste or feeling who could find her conversation dull; she is not beautiful, though after seeing her several times in company with those handsomer than herself, I found my eye at last rested with most pleasure on the playful simplicity and natural openness of her countenance. . . . . Anne is younger, no less natural, and perhaps has more talent, and is generally thought prettier; but nobody, I think, places her in competition with her sister. . . . .

Nobody came to Abbotsford while we stayed there, and of course we had a happy time. The breakfast-hour was nine, and after that we all walked out together and heard any number of amusing stories, for Mr. Scott has a story for everything; and so we continued walking about and visiting till nearly dinner-time, at half past four. As soon as we were seated the piper struck up a pibroch before the windows, dressed in his full Highland costume, and one of the best-looking and most vain, self-sufficient dogs I ever saw; and he continued walking about, and playing on his bagpipes until the dessert arrived, when he was called in, received his dram, and was dismissed. Mr. Scott likes to sit at table and talk, and therefore dinner, or rather the latter part of it, was long. Coffee followed, and then in a neighboring large room the piper was heard again, and we all went in and danced Scotch reels till we were tired. An hour's conversation afterwards brought us to ten o'clock and supper; and two very short and gay hours at the supper-table, or by the fire, brought us to bedtime.

I delighted to talk with these original creatures about themselves and one another, for they do it with simplicity, and often make curious remarks. Mr. Scott gave me an odd account of the education of his whole family. His great object has always been, not to over-educate, and to follow the natural indications of character, rather than to form other traits. The strongest instance is his son Walter, a young man with little talent; "and so," said Mr. Scott, "I gave him as much schooling as I thought would do him good, and taught him to ride well, and shoot well, and tell the truth; and I think now that he will make a good soldier, and serve his country well, instead of a poor scholar or advocate, doing no good to himself or anybody else." Sophia, however, did not seem to be quite well satisfied with her father's system of education in some respects. "He 's always just telling us our faults," said she, with her little Scotch accent and idiom, "but never takes such very serious pains to have us mend. I think sometimes he would like to have us different from other girls and boys, even though it should be by having us worse." . . . .

But the visit that began so happily, and continued for two days so brightly, had a sad close. During the second night Mr. Scott was seized with violent spasms in his stomach, which could be controlled neither by laudanum nor bleeding. A surgeon was sent for, who continued with him all night, ... and the next morning the family was filled with the most cruel apprehensions, for though he has been subject to such attacks, none had come on with such violence. We therefore abruptly ended our visit a day sooner than we intended, and crossed to the main road at Selkirk, where I had a very sad parting from Cogswell.

March 18. . . . . Early the next morning I set off for Keswick, and in about twelve miles found myself already in the broken mountainous country that prepares an approach to the lakes. . . . . My drive, though through a country so interesting, had been sad, for I have now little that will cheer me when I am left in solitude, and I know not when I have been more deserted by all decent courage, than I was at the moment I entered Mr. Southey's door. The kindness of his reception gave me the first glad feeling I had had, from the time I left Cogswell at Selkirk.

Mr. Southey introduced me to Mrs. Coleridge, a good respectable-looking lady of five-and-forty, her daughter,* a sweet creature of uncommon beauty and gentleness, not quite sixteen, and his own family of daughters, the eldest of whom, Edith, has some of his own peculiar rapidity of mind, and Isabella, the fourth, only six years old, who has a bewitching mischievous beauty, which came from I know not where. After dinner he carried me into his study, and spread out a quantity of his literary projects before me, — his "Life of Wesley," which is in the press, his "Brazil," to be finished in a month, his "Spanish War," to which he has prefixed an interesting preface on the moral state of England, France, and Spain, between 1789 and 1808; and, finally, a poem on the War of Philip, — not him of Macedon, but our own particular Philip, recorded by Hubbard and Church, — and as this is more interesting to an American than any other of the works, it is the one I most carefully followed, as he read me all he has written of it.† He has, however, finished only six hundred of the six thousand lines that are to compose it, rhymed, and in various measure, but not so elaborately irregular as the versification of "Kehama," though the same principle is adopted of addressing the metre to the ear rather than to the eye. . . . . We sat up very late, and talked a great deal upon all sorts of subjects, especially America, Spain, and Portugal, for these, and particularly the last, are his favorite topics and studies.

The next morning he carried me to see the principal beauties of the neighborhood, and, among other things, the point where Gray stood when he enjoyed the prospect described in one of his letters, and the island in the lake, from which our Franklin, who was then staying at the house of a gentleman here, made his first experiment of pouring oil on troubled waters. . . . . Southey was pleasant during the walk and still more so at dinner and in the evening, talking with great rapidity; for the quickness of his mind expresses itself in the fluency of his utterance, and yet he is ready upon almost any subject that can be proposed to him, from the extent of his knowledge. In the evening he opened to me more great bundles of manuscript materials, his "History of Portugal," the work on which he thinks he can most safely rest his claims with posterity, his "History of the Portuguese East Indies," a necessary appendix and consequence of it, etc., etc.; in short, as he himself said, more than the whole amount of all he has published. He is certainly an extraordinary man, one of those whose character I find it difficult to comprehend, because I hardly know how such elements can be brought together, such rapidity of mind with such patient labor and wearisome exactness, so mild a disposition with so much nervous excitability, and a poetical talent so elevated with such an immense mass of minute, dull learning. He considers himself completely an author by profession, and therefore, as he told me, never writes anything which will not sell, in the hours he regularly devotes to labor. For this reason, his poetry has been strictly his amusement, and therefore, as he is forbidden early rising by his physician, he has taken the time before breakfast for his Muse, — which cannot be above half an hour or an hour, — and has not allowed himself any other. When I add that his light reading after supper is now in the fifty-three folios of the "Acta Sanctorum," I have given to myself an idea of industry such as I never saw but in Germany before.

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* Afterwards Mrs. Henry Nelson Coleridge.

† "Oliver Newman" was left unfinished. Mr. Southey promised Mr. Ticknor the autograph manuscript of this poem when it should have been published, and this promise was remembered and redeemed, after the poet's death, by his children. Mr. Ticknor had a pleasant correspondence with him for some years, and some of the letters from Southey appear in his Memoirs.

After all, however, my recollections of Southey rest rather on his domestic life and his character as a man, for here he seems to me to be truly excellent. . . . . His family now consists of Mrs. Lovell; Mrs. Coleridge and her beautiful daughter, who is full of genius, and to whom he has given an education that enables her, in defiance of an alarming degree of modesty, to speak of Virgil, Cervantes, and Dante as familiar acquaintance; and his own excellent wife,* with six fine children, who are half his occupation and more than half his pride and delight, all living in affection and harmony together, and all supported by the exercise of his talents, in a gentlemanlike establishment, where, besides an ample library, he has the comforts and a great many of the luxuries of life. I have seen few men who I thought better fulfilled the character Heaven destined to them than Southey. . . . .

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* Mr. Ticknor did not see Mrs. Southey, her infant son, whose cradle was in his father's library at this time, being only three weeks old.

March 21. — An extremely pleasant drive of sixteen miles . . . . brought me to Wordsworth's door, on a little elevation, commanding a view of Rydal water. . . . . It is claimed to be the most beautiful spot and the finest prospect in the lake country, and, even if there be finer, it would be an ungrateful thing to remember them here, where, if anywhere, the eye and the heart ought to be satisfied. Wordsworth knew from Southey that I was coming, and therefore met me at the door and received me heartily. He is about fifty three or four, with a tall, ample, well-proportioned frame, a grave and tranquil manner, a Roman cast of appearance, and Roman dignity and simplicity. He presented me to his wife, a good, very plain woman, who seems to regard him with reverence and affection, and to his sister, not much younger than himself, with a good deal of spirit and, I should think, more than common talent and knowledge. I was at home with them at once, and we went out like friends together to scramble up the mountains, and enjoy the prospects and scenery. . . . . We returned to dinner, which was very simple, for, though he has an office under the government and a patrimony besides, yet each is inconsiderable. . . . .

His conversation surprised me by being so different from all I had anticipated. It was exceedingly simple, strictly confined to subjects he understood familiarly, and more marked by plain good-sense than by anything else. When, however, he came upon poetry and reviews, he was the Khan of Tartary again, and talked as metaphysically and extravagantly as ever Coleridge wrote ; but, excepting this, it was really a consolation to hear him. It was best of all, though, to see how he is loved and respected in his family and neighborhood. . . . . The peasantry treated him with marked respect, the children took off their hats to him, and a poor widow in the neighborhood sent to him to come and talk to her son, who had been behaving ill. . . . .

In the evening he showed me his manuscripts, the longest a kind of poetical history of his life, which, in the course of about two octavo volumes of manuscript, he has brought to his twenty-eighth year, and of which the "Excursion" is a fragment. It is in blank-verse, and, as far as I read, what has been published is a fair specimen of what remains in manuscript. He read me "Peter Bell, the Potter," a long tale, with many beauties but much greater defects ; and another similar story, "The Waggoner." . . . . The whole amused me a good deal ; it was a specimen of the lake life, doctrines, and manners, more perfect than I had found at Southey's, and, as such, was very curious.

We sat up, therefore, late, and talked a great deal about the living poets. Of Scott he spoke with much respect as a man, and of his works with judicious and sufficient praise. For Campbell he did not seem to have so much regard; and for Lord Byron none at all, since, though he admired his talent, he seemed to have a deep-rooted abhorrence of his character, and besides, I thought, felt a little bitterness against him for having taken something of his own *lakish* manner lately, and, what is worse, borrowed some of his thoughts. On the whole, however, he seemed fairly disposed to do justice to his contemporaries and rivals. . . . . In the morning early I recommenced my journey. . . . .

March 23. — At Birmingham I took a post-chaise and went on, and slept at Hatton, — old Dr. Parr's. This was another pleasant literary visit. The old gentleman received me with kindness, and recognized me at once. I had a letter to him, but it was not necessary, as he remembered me. Since I saw him, age has laid a heavy hand upon him, and he has bent under it. . . . . His mind, however, seems to have remained untouched. He is still as zealous as ever; dogmatizes in politics with all his former passion, and gives himself up, perhaps, rather more to his prejudices, which cling closer to his character, as the moss clings closer to the rock, until at last it seems to identify itself with it. He talked a great deal of the literary establishments in Great Britain; seemed to despise Edinburgh, where, he said, you would not get so much knowledge at a lecture as you would in the same time at an English gentleman's dinner-table; preferred Oxford to Cambridge, though he is a Cantabrigian; spoke with galling contempt of Monk; and, in short, seemed disposed to spare very little that came in his way.

His politics were even more outrageous. He still praised Bonaparte, and entered into a defence of General Jackson and his Indian warfare in Florida, and seemed equally discontented with the Ministry and the Opposition, at home. Yet there is evidently not a real bitterness in his feelings. He differs from most persons, even among his friends, but the reason is chiefly that he has lived so little in the world as hardly to be a part of it, and if he has any relationships, they are to an age that for us has gone by, of which he seems a rude but an imposing relic. . . . . Setting his learning aside, — where he still stands alone among English scholars, — there are two traits in his character which would redeem greater faults; I mean his kindness, and the prevalent sense of religion, which seems always to be upon him, even when he is talking in his angriest moods. I felt both when

I left him, and he said, "I wish you would stay some days with me. We should have a great deal of good talk together; but if you ever come into this country again, I claim a week from you. But I am old, very old; I shall probably be gathered to the great company of the dead, and, I trust, to a better company in heaven; so that all I may give you now is the blessing of an old man, who wishes you well with all his heart."

To Mr. Elisha Ticknor.

London, April 3, 1819.

It is about a week, I think, since I wrote to you, my dear father, from Oxford. I passed only two days at the great university, for it is now important to me, above everything else, to be in London to make my purchases of English books, and finish all I have to do in Europe; and if I have any time left, I can stop at Oxford again on my way to Liverpool. . . . .

I am very busy, not with study, — for I have not pretended to study a word regularly since I left Scotland, — but in making all my last preparations for quitting Europe. Nobody can know how many last things are to be done at the finishing a great work that has continued four years, except one who has passed through it. I have two booksellers employed, and am all the time running about myself, and I think in a fortnight I shall have everything of this sort done; and, though it is a pretty close calculation, think I shall arrive in Liverpool on the first of May. If it be possible to get a good ship for Boston, I should much prefer it, but rather than wait I would embark in one of the regular New York packets, that are the finest vessels in the world. . . . . Six weeks, I learn, is the shortest time I can hope for, and I suppose fifty days is what we are to calculate upon. I mention all these facts, my dear father, that you may not make to yourselves a disappointment by expecting me too soon. . . . . This is among the last letters that I shall write to you. I count the days before I shall embark, and shall soon count the hours.

Farewell.

Geo.

JOURNAL.

While I was in London this time, I saw a good deal of Sir James Mackintosh, who spent a part of the winter at Lord Holland's, the house I most frequented. In consequence of this, Sir James was kind enough to invite me to visit him at Haileybury, where he has a comfortable and somewhat ample establishment, near the East India College, of which he is, as everybody knows, a professor. He is agreeable everywhere, but more so at home, I suspect, than anywhere else.

It was a small party in honor of the wedding of Sismondi, who had, a few days earlier, married a sister of Lady Mackintosh, Miss Allen, a cultivated lady, who, with her two sisters, I had seen often at Rome, and whom I felt that I already knew pretty well. Sismondi, too, I had known at Paris, in the society of the De Broglies and De Staëls, during the preceding winter. To these were added Lord John Russell, and Malthus, who is attached to the same college with Sir James. It was, therefore, a party well calculated to call out each other's faculties and to interest a stranger. Lord John was more amusing than I had known him in London or at Woburn. Sismondi, with his new-born gallantry, very gracious but not very graceful, undoubtedly did his best, for he was brought into direct contact with Malthus, from whose doctrines he had differed in his own treatise on the same subject, recently published; while Sir James, who delights in the stir and excitement of intellectual discussion, seemed to amuse himself by beating round on all sides, now answering Lord John with a story of the last century, now repeating poetry to Mrs. Sismondi, and now troubling the discussion of the eminent political economists with his ponderous knowledge of history, statistics, and government, in short, the subjects on which all three were most familiar and oftenest differed. Malthus is, what anybody might anticipate, a plain man, with plain manners, apparently troubled by few prejudices, and not much by the irritability of authorship, but still talking occasionally with earnestness. In general, however, I thought he needed opposition, but he rose to the occasion, whatever it might be.

But Sir James led in everything, and seemed more interested and more agreeable than I had seen him in London society. I suppose that, on the whole, I have never met with an Englishman whose conversation was more richly nourished with knowledge, at once elegant and profound, if I ever met with one who was his equal. What is best in modern letters and culture seems to have passed through his mind and given a peculiar raciness to what he says. His allusions to his reading are almost as abundant as Scott's, and, if they are not poured out so rapidly or with such wasteful carelessness, it is, perhaps, because he has an extraordinary grace in his manner of introducing them, and a sort of skilful finish in all he says.

Malthus, living in the neighborhood, went home at the end of the evening; but the rest of us sat up late to listen to Sir James, who talked under excitement, to Lord John and Sismondi, of the time of Warren Hastings' trial, and of his acquaintance afterward with Burke, including his visit to Beaconsfield, with great interest and animation. Even after I went to bed these great names, with those of Windham and Sheridan, rang in my ears for a long time, and kept me awake till the daylight broke through my windows. The next morning I returned to London, taking in my post-chaise Mr. Sismondi, whom I saw more of in the following days, going with him, among other places, to Lord Holland's, where he enjoyed the society very much. . . . .

One show that I took some pains to see in London was, to be sure, very different from the others, but still very curious. Mr. Washington Irving and I went together to see the damning of a play called "The Italians,"* which had been acted two nights, amidst such an uproar that it was impossible to determine whether the piece were accepted or not; and so it was now brought forward, avowedly for final adjudication. The house was filled; though, as a riot had been foreseen, few ladies were there. Before the curtain rose, Stephen Kemble, the manager, — a very respectable looking old man, with the marks of infirmity strong upon him, — came forward, but was received with such shouting and hooting by the pit, who thought the play ought to have been withdrawn, that he was not heard for a long time. At last his venerable appearance and humble manner seemed to have softened the hard hearts of the mob a little; and, after many bows, he was allowed, though not without several indecent interruptions, to read a short address, promising, if the play was condemned, that it should be immediately withdrawn, though still begging a fair hearing. Of the last there seemed to be some doubt.

The curtain rose and the actors began, but they were received with indignant cries and showers of orange-peels. They persisted, however, and the house grew quieter. The pit, indeed, seemed disposed to come to a compromise, and wait till the conclusion before it should enter into the exercise of its rights of condemnation. Still, it was apparent that the piece was already judged and sentenced, for every time that an actor said anything that could be forced to a bad sense, the audience took advantage of it. If he groaned, they groaned with comical dolorousness; if he complained, they complained most pertinaciously with him; and the words "'T is shameful," "'T is villanous," were echoed several minutes by most of the pit, standing on the benches and swinging their hats, and crying out as loud as their voices would permit. In this way, perhaps about one third of what was spoken might have been heard during the three first acts ; the rest passed only in dumb show, drowned in the universal uproar.

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* "The Italians; or, The Fatal Accusation," a tragedy by Mr. Bucke.

At the end of the third act the half-prices came in, as usual. They had not heard the address, and knew nothing of the tacit compact between the pit and the manager ; or, if they did, they cared nothing about it. The moment the curtain rose for the fourth act, cries of "Off! Off!" prevailed over all others, and half the time the body of the pit was jumping on the benches, and making an uproar that was almost sufficient to burst the ears of those in the boxes. The actors hurried on, skipped apparently half their parts, since not a syllable could be heard, and finally concluded in pantomime. When it was finished, the uproar, which I thought before as intense as it could be, seemed to be doubled. Several persons came forward to speak, but could not be heard. Hunt, who sat two boxes from us, collected a little audience and declaimed a few moments, but to very little purpose, for those more than ten feet from him were only spectators of his furious manner ; and all parts of the house seemed about breaking forth into an outrageous riot. The only way anybody's opinion could be known was by placards, and many had come provided with them, and hoisted them on their canes or umbrellas. Some were, "Damn the Italians," "Are not three times enough, Mr. Manager?" Others were in favor of the play ; and one, alluding to Kean's steady opposition to it and bad behavior after its reception, was, "Will the justice of an English public permit a deserving author to be condemned, without a hearing, by a blackguard actor and his vulgar pot companions?". . . .

At length the venerable old manager appeared. He made a dozen of his humblest bows, but in vain. He stretched out his hand, as if beseeching to be heard, and was answered only by louder and more vulgar outcries, ... and he was obliged to go off without having pronounced an audible word, after standing before his inexorable masters in that awkward and degrading situation above a quarter of an hour. He was followed by a burst of indignation that made the house almost tremble. An instant afterwards the curtain rose and a blackboard was discovered, on which was written in chalk, "'The Italians' is withdrawn." A shout of exultation, that deserved to be called savage, succeeded, and the pit relapsed into a kind of hollow calm that ill concealed a busy brooding that lurked beneath. The party that had been defeated was determined not to yield.

[The afterpiece was reduced to pantomime by tumult and orange-peels], and at midnight we still left the audience shouting, quarrelling, and tearing up the benches, all which, the newspapers the following day informed us, was continued some time, and was finally broken up by throwing pails of water from the gallery into the pit. . . . .

As we had passed so much of the evening with the mob, we thought we would finish the remainder of it with them, and went from the theatre to the Lord Mayor's ball. There were, I suppose, about three or four thousand people there; but, excepting Mr. Irving, with whom I went to see the show, and my bookseller, there was not a face I had ever seen before. The whole was a complete justification of all the satires and caricatures we have ever had upon city finery and vulgarity. At the head of one of the great halls, on a platform raised a couple of feet above the rest of the room, sat the Lord Mayor, dressed in full gala, and the Lady Mayoress, dressed in a hooped petticoat, a high head-dress, long waist, and a profusion of jewelry. They were surrounded by what, under other circumstances, might have seemed a court, but now looked more like the candle-snuffers and scene-shifters on the stage. . . . . They were fenced off from the rabble, and sat there merely for exhibition. And, in truth, the spectators were worthy of the show they came to witness. They were but a mob of well-dressed people, collected in fine rooms, crowding for places to dance, ... and gazing on the furniture in a manner that showed they had rarely or never seen such before, and almost fighting for the poor refreshments, as if they were half starved; and yet with that genuine air of city complacency which felt assured there was nothing in the world, either so elegant as the apartments, or so great as the Lord Mayor, or so well-bred as themselves. . . . .

I found Hazlitt living in Milton's house, the very one where he dictated his "Paradise Lost," and occupying the room where, tradition says, he kept the organ on which he loved to play. I should rather say Hazlitt sat in it, for, excepting his table, three chairs, and an old picture, this enormous room was empty and *un*occupied. It was white-washed, and all over the walls he had written in pencil short scraps of brilliant thoughts and phrases, half-lines of poetry, references, etc., in the nature of a commonplace-book. His conversation was much of the same kind, generally in short sentences, quick and pointed, dealing much in allusions, and relying a good deal on them for success; as, when he said, with apparent satisfaction, that Curran was the Homer of blackguards, and afterwards, when the political state of the world came up, said of the Emperor Alexander, that "he is the Sir Charles Grandison of Europe." On the whole, he was more amusing than interesting, and his nervous manner shows that this must be his character. He is now nearly forty, and, when quite young, lived several years in America, chiefly in Virginia, but a little while at our Dorchester. . . . .

Godwin is as far removed from everything feverish and exciting as if his head had never been filled with anything but geometry. He is now about sixty-five, stout, well-built, and unbroken by age, with a cool, dogged manner, exactly opposite to everything I had imagined of the author of "St. Leon" and "Caleb Williams." He lives on Snowhill, just about where Evelina's vulgar relations lived. His family is supported partly by the labors of his own pen and partly by those of his wife's, but chiefly by the profits of a shop for children's books, which she keeps and manages to considerable advantage. She is a spirited, active woman, who controls the house, I suspect, pretty well; and when I looked at Godwin, and saw with what cool obstinacy he adhered to everything he had once assumed, and what a cold selfishness lay at the bottom of his character, I felt a satisfaction in the thought that he had a wife who must sometimes give a start to his blood and a stir to his nervous system.

The true way, however, to see these people was to meet them all together, as I did once at dinner at Godwin's, and once at a convocation, or "Saturday Night Club," at Hunt's, where they felt themselves bound to show off and produce an effect; for then Lamb's gentle humor, Hunt's passion, and Curran's volubility, Hazlitt's sharpness and point, and Godwin's great head full of cold brains, all coming into contact and conflict, and agreeing in nothing but their common hatred of everything that has been more successful than their own works, made one of the most curious and amusing *olla podrida* I ever met.

The contrast between these persons . . . . and the class I was at the same time in the habit of meeting at Sir Joseph Banks' on Sunday evening, at Gifford's, at Murray's Literary Exchange, and especially at Lord Holland's, was striking enough. As Burke said of vice, that it lost half its evil by losing all its grossness, literary rivalship here seemed to lose all its evil by the gentle and cultivated spirit that prevailed over it, and gave it its own hue and coloring. The society at Lord Holland's, however, was quite different from what it had been in January. Then he lived in St. James' Square, in town, and had almost none but men of letters about him. . . . . Now he lived at his old baronial establishment, Holland House, two miles from London. Parliament was in full session and activity, and the chief members of the Opposition, especially Lord Grey and Earl Spencer, were much there. . . . . There was more of fashion and politics than when I went there before, and I had two very interesting dinners with them, one when only Brougham and Sismondi were present. . . . . The very house has a classical value. . . . . Lord Holland told me, that in the gallery, which he has converted into a library, Addison, according to tradition, used to compose his papers, walking up and down its whole length, with a bottle of wine at each end, under whose influence he wrote, as Horace Walpole says. . . . . Lord Grey is a consummate gentleman, and, besides being the leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords, is a good scholar. With all this, he is the affectionate father of thirteen children. There are few men I have known that are more loved than he is ; but in his general character, as he appears in mixed society, he is more a politician than anything else. . . . .

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[*] I had much known in Madrid Sir Henry Wellesley, ambassador there, and afterwards, as Lord Cowley, ambassador at Paris. He gave me important letters of introduction, and wrote besides to London, desiring me to be presented to his venerable mother. One morning, therefore, the Dowager Marchioness of Downshire took me, with her two charming, cultivated daughters, to make the visit. Lady Mornington was a person of a decided, dignified manner, not much infirm for her age, and with the air of a person accustomed to deference from her kinsfolk, however elevated, as well as from other people. She received me kindly, and we talked, as a matter of course, about Madrid, Sir Henry and Lady Wellesley, Lord Marcus Hill, and other persons there whom she knew ; as well as of some, like the Tatistcheffs, the Duc de Montmorency, etc., of whom she had only heard. My English was without accent, and, as I was presented at the request of her son, she took me to be an Englishman. The Downshires, however, knowing me only as an American, began, after a few moments, to talk about America by way of making conversation. But we had not got far before old Lady Mornington broke in upon us : "By the way, talking of America, there are more letters come from Mary Bagot ;[†] and she says it is worse and

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[*] This anecdote was written out later by Mr. Ticknor, and added to the Journal.

[†] Lady Mary, wife of Sir Charles Bagot, then Minister at Washington, a granddaughter of Lady Mornington.

worse there; that the more parties she gives the more she may; that she never saw such unreasonable, ill-bred people as those Americans," etc., etc. It was not easy to stop her. But the embarrassment was soon apparent. Lady Downshire, who was a little formal, became very stiff and red, and her daughters, the Ladies Hill, who were very frolicsome, found it hard to stifle their laughter with their handkerchiefs. At last Lady Mornington herself perceived the difficulty, and feeling that it was too late to correct the mistake, she looked all round with a remarkably large and expressive pair of eyes, and simply said, "Ah, I see how it is, we will talk of something else." We did not, however, stop long, although the old lady did not permit the conversation to be broken up or interrupted; but when we were fairly in the carriage again, to make some other calls, we had a good laugh.

Mr. Ticknor used to describe the following incident as occurring at the same period.

After dining one day at Lord Downshire's he accompanied the ladies to Almack's. On this evening Lady Jersey was the patroness. She was then at the height of beauty and brilliant talent, a leader in society, and with decided political opinions.

Before going to the ball Lady Downshire called at Lady Mornington's, and Mr. Ticknor went in with her and her daughters. While they were there, the Duke of Wellington came in; and, being asked if he was going to Almack's, said "he thought he should look in by and by."

A rule had lately been announced by the patronesses that no one would be received later than eleven o'clock. When the Downshires thought it time to go, the Duke said he would join them there later, on which his mother said to him, "Ah, Arthur, you had better go in season, for you know Lady Jersey will make no allowance for you." He remained, however.

A short time after the Downshire party had entered the ballroom, and had been received by Lady Jersey, Mr. Ticknor was still standing with her, and heard one of the attendants say to her, "Lady Jersey, the Duke of Wellington is at the door and desires to be admitted." "What o'clock is it?" she asked. "Seven minutes after eleven, your ladyship." She paused a moment, and then said, with emphasis and distinctness, "Give my compliments,—give Lady Jersey's compliments to the Duke of Wellington, and say she is very glad that the first enforcement of the rule of exclusion is such, that hereafter no one can complain of its application. He cannot be admitted."

JOURNAL.

The fashionable part of my life in London was so laboriously dull in itself that I will not describe it. . . . . But there was one place where I went several times, which was so unlike the others that it should not be mentioned with them,—I mean Mr. Wilberforce's. He lives at Kensington. . . . . Everything in his house seemed to speak of quiet and peace. . . . . He is about sixty years old, small, and altogether an ordinary man in his personal appearance. His voice has a whine in it, and his conversation is broken and desultory. In general, he talks most and is most attentive to those who talk most to him, ... for his benevolence has so long been his governing principle, that he lends his ear mechanically to all who address him. Yet now and then he starts a subject of conversation, and pursues it with earnestness, quotes Horace and Virgil, and almost rattles with a gay good-humor and vivacity, which strongly and uniformly mark his character. But, in general, he leaves himself much in the hands of those about him, or, if he attempts to direct the conversation, it is only by making inquiries to gratify his curiosity. . . . .

In general, the persons I met at Mr. Wilberforce's were pleasant people; and Sismondi, whom I carried there one evening, was as much delighted as I was, so that I do not think I was deceived by my prejudices or carried away by the mere quiet of a house, which seemed to me a kind of refuge from the wearisome gayety of the town. . . . . I always came away with regret, because I felt that I had been in the midst of influences which ought to have made me better.

I felt no such regret, however, when at last, on the 26th April, I left London. As I bade Mr. Williams farewell,* whose kindness had followed me all over Europe, and turned from his door, I was assured that my face was now finally set to go home. . . . . My journey to Liverpool was as rapid as I could make it, ... and I arrived there on the morning of the 28th. . . . . I desired to see nobody but Mr. Roscoe, and with him I had the pleasure of passing an evening, and finally met him at dinner the last day I spent in Europe. His circumstances have changed entirely since I passed a day with him at Allerton, on my first arrival from America, four years ago. He now lives in a small house, simply and even sparely, but I was delighted to find that poverty had not chilled the warmth of his affections, or diminished his interest in the world and the studies that formerly occupied him. He spoke of his misfortunes incidentally, of the loss of his library, with a blush which was only of regret; but still he was employed in historical and critical researches, and talked of a new edition of his "Lorenzo," in which he should reply to what Sismondi has said of him in his "History of the Republics of Italy." . . . .

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* Mr. Samuel Williams, a banker in London, and a member of a well-known Boston family.

Mr. Ticknor's voyage home in a "regular New York packet" was prosperous and smooth, occupying but thirty-seven days. It was rendered cheerful and pleasant by the company of William C. Preston, of South Carolina, "an admirable fellow, of splendid talent and most eloquent, winning conversation," whom he had already seen at Edinburgh, where Preston was a great favorite with Mrs. Grant; and that of Wickham, of Richmond, Virginia, son of the great lawyer,* "a young man of fine manners and an unalterable sweetness of temper." These young men, with Professor Griscom, "a Quaker chemist of New York, an excellent old gentleman with no small knowledge of the world," bivouacked on the deck around the sofa of "Mrs. B., of New York, a beautiful young creature of talent and culture," and all these five, having known each other before, kept themselves apart from the other passengers, and passed the days in reading, talking, and laughing.

As they neared the land the wind was unfavorable, and the captain relieved Mr. Ticknor's impatience by putting him on board a pilot-boat off Gay's Head, by which he was taken, in six or seven hours, to New Bedford. By this unpremeditated "change of base" he landed on his native shores without money, of which a supply would have met him in New York; but his eagerness to be at home made this of no consequence, and he liked to describe his mode of meeting the difficulty and the kindness it called forth. Going to the best hotel in the town, he asked the landlord who was the richest man in New Bedford, and being told it was Mr. William Rotch, he went immediately to him and stated his case. Mr. Rotch, without hesitation, lent him the money he asked; and, thus provided, he hired a chaise, in which he started at about ten in the evening, drove all through the warm summer night, under a full moon, and reached his father's house at seven in the morning, on the 6th of June.

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* See *ante*, p. 33.

CHAPTER XV.

Letters to Mr. Ticknor from Mr. Jefferson, the Duke de Laval, Count Cesare Balbo, Madame de Broglie, and Baron Auguste de Staël.

DURING his absence from home, Mr. Ticknor received many letters and notes from persons eminent on both sides of the ocean, and a few of these present themselves as a supplement to his own account of his experiences. They serve not only to show the impression he made, but to suggest traits of character exhibited in his relations with others, which are not so well brought forward in any other way. The allusions to conversations, and to points of sympathy or difference between him and his correspondents, add touches to the picture that would otherwise be lost. The first, in date, are letters from Mr. Jefferson, who seems to have formed quite an affection for the young Federalist from New England, who visited him early in 1815. These are only specimens, out of many letters written by the Ex-President to Mr. Ticknor.

Those from the Duke de Laval, from Cesare Balbo, Madame de Broglie, and Auguste de Staël are interesting in themselves, and full of vivacity; and they bear still more the marks of that individuality, on both sides, which creates the living element in any correspondence that is worth preserving. These friendships overmastered time and separation, as will be seen in later portions of these volumes.

FROM MR. JEFFERSON.

POPLAR FOREST, near LYNCHBURG, November 25, 1817.

DEAR SIR: Your favor of August 14 was delivered to me as I was setting out for the distant possession from which I now write, and to which I pay frequent and long visits. On my arrival here, I make it my first duty to write the letter you request to Mr. Erving, and to enclose it in this, under cover to your father, that you may get it in time. My letters are always letters of thanks, because you are always furnishing occasion for them. I am very glad you have been so kind as to make the alteration you mention in the Herodotus and Livy I had asked from the Messrs. Desbures. I have not yet heard from them, but daily expect to do so, and to learn the arrival of my books. I shall probably send them another catalogue early in spring; every supply from them furnishing additional materials for my happiness.

I had before heard of the military ingredients which Bonaparte had infused into all the schools of France, but have never so well understood them as from your letter. The penance he is now doing for all his atrocities must be soothing to every virtuous heart. It proves that we have a God in heaven, that he is just, and not careless of what passes in this world ; and we cannot but wish, to this inhuman wretch, a long, long life, that time, as well as intensity, may fill up his sufferings to the measure of his enormities. But, indeed, what sufferings can atone for his crimes against the liberties and happiness of the human race ; for the miseries he has already inflicted on his own generation, and on those yet to come, on whom he has riveted the chains of despotism!

I am now entirely absorbed in endeavors to effect the establishment of a general system of education in my native State, on the triple basis : 1. of elementary schools which shall give to the children of every citizen, gratis, competent instruction in reading, writing, common arithmetic, and general geography ; 2. Collegiate institutions for ancient and modern languages, for higher instruction in arithmetic, geography, and history, placing, for these purposes, a college within a day's ride of every inhabitant of the State, and adding a provision for the full education, at the public expense, of select subjects from among the children of the poor, who shall have exhibited at the elementary schools the most prominent indications of aptness, of judgment, and correct disposition ; 3. A university, in which all the branches of science deemed useful at this day, shall be taught in their highest degree. This would probably require ten or twelve professors, for most of whom we shall be obliged to apply to Europe, and most likely to Edinburgh, because of the greater advantage the students will receive from communications made in their native language. This last establishment will probably be within a mile of Charlottesville, and four from Monticello, if the system should be adopted at all by our Legislature, who meet within a week from this time. My hopes, however, are kept in check by the ordinary character of our State legislatures, the members of which do not generally possess information enough to perceive the important truths, that knowledge is power, that knowledge is safety, and that knowledge is happiness. In the mean time, and in case of failure of the broader plan, we are establishing a college of general science at the same situation near Charlottesville, the scale of which, of necessity, will be much more moderate, as resting on private donations only. These amount at present to about 75,000 dollars; the buildings are begun, and by midsummer we hope to have two or three professorships in operation. Would to God we could have two or three duplicates of yourself, the original being above our means or hopes. If then we fail in doing all the good we wish, we will do, at least, all we can. This is the law of duty in every society of free agents, where every one has equal right to judge for himself. God bless you, and give to the means of benefiting mankind which you will bring home with you, all the success your high qualifications ought to insure.

TH. JEFFERSON.

FROM MR. JEFFERSON.

MONTICELLO, October 25, 1818.

DEAR SIR: I received, two days ago, your favor of August 10, from Madrid, and sincerely regret that my letter to Cardinal Dugnani did not reach you at Rome.* It would have introduced you to a circle worth studying as a variety in the human character. I am happy, however, to learn that your peregrinations through Europe have been successful as to the object to which they were directed. You will come home fraught with great means of promoting the science, and consequently the happiness of your country; the only obstacle to which will be, that your circumstances will not compel you to sacrifice your own ease to the good of others. Many are the places which would court your choice; and none more fervently than the college I have heretofore mentioned to you, now expected to be adopted by the State and liberally endowed under the name of "the University of Virginia." . . . . I pass over our professorship of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and that of modern languages, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and Anglo-Saxon, which, although the most lucrative, would be the most laborious, and notice that which you would splendidly fill, of Ideology, Ethics, Belles-Lettres, and Fine Arts. I have some belief, too, that our genial climate would be more friendly to your constitution than the rigors of that of Massachusetts; but all this may possibly yield to the *hoc cœlum, sub quo natus educatusque essem.* I have indulged in this reverie the more credulously, because you say in your letter that "if there were a department in the central government that was devoted to public instruction, I might have sought a place in it; but there is none, there is none even in my State government." Such an institution of the general government cannot be, until an amendment of the Constitution, and for that, and the necessary laws and measures of execution, long years must pass away. In the mean while we consider the institution of our University as supplying its place, and perhaps superseding its necessity.

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* The letter to Cardinal Dugnani had a curious history. It must have reached Mr. Elisha Ticknor, for the letter to him which contained it was found among his papers. The enclosed letter, however, never left this continent, but was found many years afterwards "in the garret of an old house in Plymouth, Massachusetts, among a mass of ship-papers, log-books, etc., etc. The owner of the house formerly owned sailing vessels, and two of his brothers were sea-captains, one of whom sailed to the Mediterranean." In 1864 Mr. Ticknor received a letter from Troy, New York, addressed to him by a lady born in Plymouth, who offered to send him Mr. Jefferson's letter to the Cardinal, which she had found among some autographs in her possession, and of which she had traced the history as above. She thought he ought to have the letter, because it concluded with a very high compliment to him. Mr. Ticknor was much pleased by this little incident, accepted the letter, and sent the lady a copy of the handsome quarto edition of his Life of Prescott, then just published. The fate of the letter was never further explained. Mr. Elisha Ticknor had obviously sent it on its way, but it did not go far on its journey.

With stronger wishes than expectations, therefore, I will wait to hear from you, as our buildings will not be ready under a year from this time; and to the affectionate recollections of our family, add assurances of my constant and sincere attachment.

TH. JEFFERSON.

FROM THE DUKE DE LAVAL.

MADRID, 18 Novembre, 1818.

[*] Je réponds à votre très aimable lettre, de la fin d'Octobre de Lisbonne; et, suivant vos instructions, mon cher Ticknor, je vais envoyer ce paquet à votre ministre, qui renfermera mes petites lettres de recommendation. Nous nous sommes fort divertis ici, aux dé-

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[*] *Translation:* I answer your very kind letter of the last of October from Lisbon; and obeying your instructions, my dear Ticknor, I send this parcel to your minister, who will enclose my little letters of introduction. We were very

pens de la police du Royaume, de votre expédient, en vous plaçant sous la protection des contrebandiers, pour arriver sain et sauf à Lisbonne. Vos amis regrettent, et moi, plus que tous les autres, que ces brigandages des grands chemins, vous aient fait prendre la sage résolution de vous embarquer. C'était un projet bien amical, de venir me donner à la Calle de la Reyna, un dernier *shake-hand,* avant votre grand départ, *pro aris et focis.* Il m'est agréable de penser, je vous assure, que j'ai en vous un jeune ami, dont le souvenir ne me manquera jamais, dans les deux hémisphères.

Je vous assure aussi, que, si jamais j'ai besoin d'un *change d'asyle,* j'irai le chercher à Boston, et non dans la province et les déserts de *Texas.* J'ai la conviction, que j'y trouverais des hôtes *con corazon limpio y blando.*

Quand vous verrez, à Paris, mes parents et amis, vous leur parlerez de moi, et de notre exaltation commune, pour la poésie dramatique Espagnole. Mathieu,* la Duchesse de Duras, Mad. Récamier, vous

much amused, here, over the police of the kingdom, and your expedient of placing yourself under the protection of the contrabandists, in order to reach Lisbon in safety. Your friends regret, and I most of all, that this brigandage on the highways has induced you to come to the prudent decision to take to the sea. It was a friendly plan, that of coming to give me a last shake-hand in the Calle de la Reyna, before your final departure *pro aris et focis.* I assure you it is pleasant to me to think that I have in you a young friend, whose remembrance will never fail me, in both hemispheres.

I assure you, also, that if ever I am forced to a *change of abode* I will go to seek it in Boston, and not in the province and the deserts of *Texas.* I have a conviction that I should find a welcome there from hosts with hearts transparent and kind.

When you see my relatives and friends in Paris, you will speak of me to them, and of our common enthusiasm for Spanish dramatic poetry. Mathieu, the Duchesse de Duras, Mad. Récamier, will understand you very well. Show the first, those little pages which we wrote on that subject, at parting.

You arrive at the most critical moment in our parliamentary discussions; being outside of the circle of these interests, you will judge soundly, with a mind unprejudiced by party influences. Send me your conclusions, your anticipations, your associations in society.

Adieu, my young friend; I send you all the sentiments and the benedictions of friendship.

M. L.

My cousin will take care to introduce you to M. de Châteaubriand, to whom you will convey my remembrance. He and Benjamin Constant, placed at the two extremities of the line, fight with equal zeal, and with great talents.

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* Mathieu de Montmorency, a member of the intimate circle of Mad. de Staël and Mad. Récamier, a cousin and friend of the Duke de Laval, mentioned again in the postscript to the above letter.

entendront fort bien. Montrez au premier, ces petites pages que nous avons écrites sur ce sujet, en nous séparant.*

Vous arrivez à l'époque la plus critique de nos discussions parlementaires : en dehors du cercle de ces intérêts, vous jugerez sainement, avec un esprit dégagé de l'influence des partis. Mandez moi vos jugements, vos présages, et vos relations de société.

Adieu, mon jeune ami. Je vous envoie tous les sentiments, et les bénédictions de l'amitié.

M. L.

Mon cousin se chargera de vous introduire près de M. de Châteaubriand, à qui vous offrirez tous mes souvenirs. Lui et Benjamin Constant, placés aux deux extrémités de la ligne, combattent avec une égale ardeur, et de grands talents.

FROM THE DUKE DE LAVAL.

MADRID, 18 Janvier, 1819.

† Vous ne doutez pas plus, de l'intérêt que m'a inspiré votre lettre, du 18 Décembre, de Paris, que de la constance de mon amitié, mon cher Ticknor. J'ai été charmé d'apprendre la rapidité de votre voyage, et tout le succès de votre expédition.

Comme vous êtes encore dans le cas qu'on vous applique cette hemistiche à Enée : *Vastum maris æquor arandum*, votre dernière navigation, vous donnera courage pour retourner *home.*

Tout ce que vous m'avez mandé, de vos premiers aperçus à Paris, sont déjà de vieilles réflexions pour l'histoire ; et le théâtre est déjà bien changé ; c'est un autre problème sous vos yeux. Shakespeare dit, que l'on joue toujours la même pièce ; et qu'il n'y a que les acteurs qui varient. Vous, qui n'êtes pas dans le cercle de ces intérêts,

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* These were manuscript notes, written by each and exchanged, of which the Duke de Laval's part was preserved among Mr. Ticknor's papers.

† *Translation :* You no more doubt the interest your letter of the 18th December from Paris excited in me, than the constancy of my friendship, my dear Ticknor. I was delighted to hear of the rapidity of your journey, and the entire success of your expedition. As you are still in a position to have applied to you this stanza applied to Æneas, *Vastum maris æquor arandum*, your late voyage will give you courage for returning home.

All that you have given me of your first views of Paris are already antiquated reflections fit for history, and the theatre is already changed ; another problem is before your eyes. Shakespeare says it is always the same piece played, only the actors change. You who do not belong in the circle of these interests can contemplate all these things as a philosopher, and regard them as tragedy or as

vous pouvez contempler toutes ces choses en Philosophe, et les traiter de tragédie, ou de *Saynete* à votre fantaisie, suivant le prisme où vous les considérez. Votre amitié, qui a, sans doute, aussi bonne mémoire que votre esprit, me donnera de nouveaux jugements. On ne juge jamais mieux, que quand on peut se placer sur la hauteur de l'impartialité. Vous voyez, vous fréquentez, des personnages très influents au centre, et dans les deux extrémités.

Ici, toutes nos habitudes de gaîté, nos distractions, sont converties dans la plus morne tristesse. Nous sommes couverts de crêpes noires ; et nous n'avons plus pour nous distraire, qu'un tour de galop, habituellement dans la jolie prairie sur les bords du Mançanères, avec Lady Georgina,* qui est parfaitement aimable. C'est là, où nous avons chevauché si souvent ensemble, *estando in diversos praticos*, où vous avez toujours révelé votre excellent naturel, avec votre vaste érudition.

Il semble que notre César † a renoncé à cet exercice. Depuis qu'il est *encargado de negócios*, il est devenu trop grave pour nous. Je sympathisais davantage avec la douceur de votre caractère, et de votre singulière modestie.

MM. de l'ambassade, vous offrent milles compliments, et moi, je vous prie d'offrir un ancien hommage héréditaire, à la jolie Duchesse

farce according to your fancy, according to the prism through which you look on them. Your friendship, which has, no doubt, as good a memory as your mind, will send me new conclusions. We never judge better than when we can place ourselves on the height of impartiality. You meet, you associate with very influential personages of the centre, and of both extremes.

Here all our habits of gayety, our amusements, are transformed into gloomy sadness. We are wrapped in black crêpe, and nothing is left to cheer us but a gallop, usually in the pretty meadow on the banks of the Mançanères, with Lady Georgina, who is quite charming. It was there that we often rode together, busy with many matters ; there, that you always exhibited your excellent nature and your vast erudition.

Our Cæsar seems to have abandoned this exercise. Since he has become *chargé d'affaires* he has grown too grave for us. I had more sympathy with the gentleness of your character, and your singular modesty.

The gentlemen of the Embassy send you many compliments, and I beg you to offer an ancient hereditary homage to the pretty Duchesse de Broglie, who now, I think, disdains my remembrance.

Preserve for me the fidelity of your friendship, and of your device, *Cœlum non animum*, and accept the assurance of my tender sentiments.

M. L.

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* Lady Georgina Wellesley, wife of Sir Henry, and daughter of the Marquess of Salisbury.

† Cesare Balbo.

de Broglie, que je crois aujourd'hui bien dédaignante pour mon souvenir.

Conservez moi la fidélité de votre amitié, et de votre devise, *Cœlum non animum,* et agréez l'assurance, de mes tendres sentiments.

M. L.*

Count Cesare Balbo, the writer of the following letters, whose character and talents had attached and interested Mr. Ticknor,† had been already, in early youth, during Napoleon's government of Italy, put forward in public affairs, and had shown great precocity and ability. He afterwards passed through severe trials, both public and private, suffering much from the weakness and injustice of the princes of his native country. Nevertheless, when in 1847 the goal of his desires for the independence and unity of Italy seemed for a moment almost within reach, he threw himself into the forefront of the conflict, served Charles Albert faithfully as his Prime Minister, sent five sons to the army, — where one of them was killed in battle, — and proved, by his whole course of action, the sincerity and disinterestedness of the political views he had always urged upon his countrymen.

During a period of forced inaction, in middle life, he devoted himself to literature, and is widely known by his "Vita di Dante," as well as by his "Speranze d'Italia," and other political writings. He was born in 1789 and died in 1853, leaving a name honored throughout Italy, and distinguished in the cultivated circles of all Europe. Though his correspondence with Mr. Ticknor ceased before very long, yet their affection for each other did not diminish, and in 1836 they met like brothers, and were much together in Turin, and in Paris two years later.

From Count Cesare Balbo.

Madrid, 12 October, 1818.

‡ To-day, before the time, on Monday morning, I receive your

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* The Duke de Laval died at the age of seventy, three months before Mr. Ticknor reached Paris in 1837, so that they never met again.

† See *ante*, pp. 210, 212, 213.

‡ Translated from the Italian.

letter from Gibraltar, and I thank Heaven, this time, that I am not capable of controlling my occupations and my hours as you do, otherwise I should be forced to wait seven days for a pleasure which I do not wish to defer a moment, — that of answering you. I never made fine phrases to you, of friendship and eternal devotion ; indeed, it pleased me that you made none to me ; it pleased me that you were in haste to go from here, to return to your country, and to your true and early friends. Nevertheless, the inhuman pride which you attribute to me does not prevent me from saying, first, — or even I alone, — that excepting, on my part also, the friends of early youth with whom I count on passing my latest age, I have never met nor known any one with whom I so desire a reciprocal correspondence of friendship as with you. Poor correspondence it will be, continued hereafter only by letters and by some casual meeting ; but if you continue to write to me often, as you have written, and to remember me on many Sundays in the year, I shall place your friendly remembrance among the best and the rare pleasures of my life. Certain it is, that I have had few like that of receiving this letter, since the day of your departure.

Twenty-four hours after that, precisely, we received the long-expected and desired news of the change of my father's destination. He is recalled, made Minister of State, and *Capo del Magistrato della Riforma*, a title which you will not understand, and which means Chief of the Department of Instruction. It is an honorable, tranquil post, important to the well-being of our country ; my father is much satisfied.

I am left, as I foresaw, until some one can be found who knows so little of this country that he desires to come here ; and it might be long, I think ; but I shall do what I can, assuredly, that this exile may not last much longer. But my father, who was called to come in all haste, has not been able to leave yet ; he will not leave before the last days of this month ; he will not arrive before the last of the next ; he will not speak of me before the beginning of the following ; they will give no thought to my affairs before the end ; and, in short, before the month of February or March I do not hope for that liberty which I would so gladly employ in making the trip to England with you. Judge for yourself, then, of the pleasure I take in the hope you give me of your passing again through Madrid. I no longer hope, I say, that I can accompany you, but I cling to the hope — indeed I feel it more sure than ever — that I may join you in England. Would to God that of these meetings, although short, I might hope for many ;

that such a sea might not divide us, or that you should consent to the wishes of your father; but I must perforce admit that you are right in not desiring this our trade, *more infernal* — whatever you may say — than the five hundred mouths of fire at Gibraltar. You have always seen in me this same love of the diplomacy; but since your departure I have had new reasons for abhorring it. . . . . You may judge, then, if I was pleased by the news you gave me of the arrival of the Countess di Teba. I do not say, have not said, and will not say, that she is *a mere pretty Andalusian woman;* willingly, and exactly as you yourself regarded her, *the most interesting Spanish Lady.* Therefore we shall not be able to dispute this time. . . . .

Addio, caro; I conclude, without beginning to discourse of ambition, and of Machiavelli, because if I should throw myself into that, I should do nothing else all day. Love me as much as is possible far away, writing to me as often as you can, and believe me your friend,

CES. BALBO.

I open this again to quote to you a scrap of the author whom you love above every other, which, having fallen upon it by chance, seems to me capable of serving me, by way of answer, applying it to myself. You see that he begins, "Fling away ambition," and ends with "Serve the King." This is just what you will not understand, and what I believe practicable, and mean to do. The two and a half penultimate lines, chiefly, contain all my ambition, all my morality, all my politics. I did not remember them, but henceforward they will be among the very few I carry in my mind:—

"I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish even hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King."

FROM COUNT CESARE BALBO.

MADRID, 15 April, 1819.

* Yesterday evening I was told, by the Duc de Laval, of your affliction, my friend. For a long time I have wished to write to you,

for a long time I have delayed, for reasons I will tell you later; but there is no reason, and no business, which shall delay me longer, when I know you are unhappy, and that in your grief you doubt those whom you have inspired with a real friendship for you. I know by experience what it is to lose the person most dear to us, and on whom rested our hope of love, of comfort, and companionship for the whole of life; and I know, moreover, that under such misfortunes we easily suspect all our friends of forgetting us. You have, assuredly, at home, many persons who will be comforters to you, and who will prove their friendship for you. But I should like to prove to you that, excepting the friends of your childhood, you have none on whom you ought to count more than on me. I except those, because you, in talking with me, have several times excepted them, and, as it were, placed them out of the range of comparison with any friendship formed by you in Europe; but it seemed to me, even then, that, among *these*, you made some account of mine. I, on my part, can assure you, with sincerity, that not only for many years, but for all the years which I distinctly remember, I have never known any man whom I love so much, or by whom I so much desire to be loved, as by you. Such declarations would be needless, were it not that I know myself to be guilty of a long silence with you; and that I should be truly unhappy if, in your present circumstances, you should interpret this silence as a proof of forgetfulness. Now I will tell you, not as apology, how I have been prevented so long from writing to you. . . . .

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* Translated from the Italian.

And now we are inevitably separated; and perhaps at this moment you are at sea, approaching another continent. And now, my friend, is the time to make firmer and closer the relations between us. And, if you are not unwilling, it seems to me these may be truly called friendship; for even without being able to gather from them the fruit that is commonly gathered, when one lives near the other, it yet appears to me that, whether near or far, if there is true esteem, — conformity, in a great degree, of opinion, — affection, — desire of being useful to one another, and to exchange mutual information of all that happens to each, — there is true friendship. All this exists on my side, and I assure you of it, fully and sincerely. In you I believe it did exist, and I hope that this my silence for some months past has not deprived me of the friendship you had for me, especially now when you know how it has come to pass that I have delayed writing to you as I wished to do, least of all when I add that I have just passed, in point of health, inward tranquillity, and satisfaction with myself, the worst six months which have fallen to my lot for many years. . . . .

I must tell you that, forced by the diplomatic caution, and the vice of unpunctuality of the Duc de Laval, to give up the rides we used to take with him, I still find, in all other things, that it is difficult to meet a better man, in any class, or in any business, least of all in the business which is his, and mine. We have, therefore, remained quite intimate in our relations, in which I find no other defect in him than that of his want of confidence, for I am not so miserly of mine towards him, but give him, without claim of restitution, whatever I can give him.

Addio, dear Ticknor; be assured that the time we have passed together will always dwell in my memory, and that I cannot fail, in consequence, to take a most lively interest in whatever occurs to you after your present affliction. Write to me, I beg, very soon; and if you do not dislike it, let us agree upon a correspondence, not regular but continuous, to take the place between us of that affectionate companionship which I should so much like to have with you. But cannot you, some day, come back to see Europe and Italy once more? Addio.

In a letter from the Duchesse de Broglie, answering one from Mr. Ticknor written when he was in England in February, 1819, she says: —

* Je vous assure que je regrette beaucoup vos petites visites, à cinq heures. Je suis fachée d'avoir conçu tant d'affection pour un sauvage de l'Orinoque, qui ne nous rejoindra peut-être jamais. Qui sait si les révolutions ne nous amèneront pas dans votre tranquille et beau pays. Je ne vous parlerai pas de notre politique, que vous dédaignez, je vous dirai pourtant, que nous avons de la peine à faire avancer la liberté, quoiqu'avec un Ministère à bonnes intentions. Il rencontre des difficultés portant en haut et en bas, et il n'a pas beaucoup de force pour les vaincre. Vous avez tort de mépriser les efforts d'une nation pour être libre. Toutes les créatures de Dieu sont faites pour une noble

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* *Translation:* I assure you that I very much miss your little visits at five o'clock. I am vexed at having formed such an affection for a savage from the Orinoco, who will perhaps never return to us. Who knows whether revolutions may not take us into your peaceful and beautiful country. I will not talk to you of our politics, on which you look down, but I will say that we have much trouble in promoting liberty, even with a well-disposed ministry. It encounters difficulties, above and below, and has not much strength for surmounting them. You are wrong to despise the efforts a nation makes to be free. All God's creatures are formed for a noble destiny, and you have no right

destinée, et vous n'avez pas le droit de nous regarder comme des êtres inférieurs. En voilà assez là-dessus. Vos amis les Ultras sont toujours en colère, et nous détestent beaucoup. Il y a eu quantité de duels. Ce qui est horrible, les querelles politiques deviennent des querelles privées. Cela n'égaye pas Paris. Le reste est toujours de même, les salons comme vous les avez vu, beaucoup de vanité, peu d'affection.

Victor, Auguste, Mlle. Randall,* tout cela pense à vous. Vous nous avez tous gagné le cœur. Je ne sais pas si vous avez assez de vanité pour être content du *succès général* que vous avez eu ici. Au reste, vous avez plus d'orgueil que de vanité, comme nous avons dit.

N'oubliez pas mes livres américains. Parlez moi un peu de l'état religieux de l'Ecosse, et de l'Angleterre. Vous savez que ce sujet m'interesse. Mais, je vous promets de ne pas y mêler du mystère. Dites moi aussi, si l'on vous parle de l'ouvrage de ma mère.

The brother of Madame de Broglie, Auguste de Staël, a young man of distinguished ability, and of a singularly pure and elevated character, was one of those who, like Cesare Balbo, formed a warm and lasting friendship for Mr. Ticknor.. An early death cut short the high career of the Baron de Staël, and caused a loss both to friendship and to letters, which Mr. Ticknor always continued to regret.

In concluding a short note, dated March 17, 1819, M. de Staël says: —

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to regard us as inferior beings. Enough on that subject. Your friends the Ultras are still angry, and detest us greatly. There has been a quantity of duels. The dreadful thing is that political quarrels become private quarrels. It does not make Paris gay. All else continues the same, the salons as you saw them, much vanity, little feeling.

Victor, Auguste, Miss Randall, all of them think of you. You won all our hearts. I do not know whether you have vanity enough to be pleased with the general success that you had here. Indeed, you have more pride than vanity, as we told you.

Do not forget my American books. Tell me something about the religious condition of Scotland, and England. You know that is a subject which interests me, but I promise not to mingle mystery with it. Tell me, too, whether people talk to you of my mother's work.

* The Duke de Broglie, the Baron de Staël, and Miss Randall, who was a faithful friend of Madame de Staël, and her companion during the last years of her life.

Laissez moi espérer, que j'aurai encore quelques lignes de vous, avant de passer l'Atlantique ; et que vous n'oublierez pas des amis, qui vous sont bien tendrement attachés.

In 1825 the following interesting letter came from him, written in English, so nearly perfect that it is given here exactly from the autograph.

COPPET, August 10, 1825.

MY DEAR TICKNOR, — It is an object of most sincere regret to me, that it was not in my power to be of any use to your friends in Paris, and to express to them the gratitude and friendship which I feel for you. Your kind letter reached me here a few days ago, and I had left Paris about the middle of June. Nothing can be more striking than your observations on Lafayette's journey, and your picture of the five living Presidents. I read it with tears in my eyes, for after religion, there is nothing that penetrates so deep into the heart of man as the love of freedom. Yours is, indeed, a noble and blessed country, and the whole of America — when she gets rid of the Brazilian Emperor, which is only an unnecessary piece of ridicule — will present an unexampled scene of grandeur, wealth, and reason. But for God's sake keep your eyes open upon your slave States. I am sadly struck with the madness of the people of Georgia ; and prudence unites with common sense, justice, and religion to recommend that some early steps should be made towards the abolition of slavery. I live in the daily expectation to hear that the fate of St. Domingo has extended to the whole of the West Indies. And what will become of your Southern States, and their slaves, when there is an African empire established in the West, which will be but a just compensation for all the cruelties which the negroes have suffered from the Europeans, for years and ages. Let your statesmen act and speak ; your philosophers advise ; your ministers preach upon this subject. Delenda est Carthago.

What should I tell you of our own politics ? They are so shabby as to make one ashamed to speak of them ; yet disgusting as the conduct of our rulers is, in every respect, I think that the country is advancing, but there is a complete chasm between the government and the people. There are not two ideas or two sentiments in common. On one side bigotry, hypocrisy, and corruption, on the other indifference as to what passes in the Tuileries, but constant activity to improve, not only one's fortune, but one's mind. You may judge of it by the state of our literature. Many valuable books have made their appearance since you left us, chiefly in the historical line, Barante, Thierry, Guizot, Sismondi, etc., and the extensive sale of books shows that we are beginning to emerge from our intellectual stupor.

In my humble sphere, I have just published a volume of Letters on England, which will be sent to you from Paris.* I am told it has brought some practical ideas of liberty in circulation, which will perhaps induce me to write another volume. In the mean time, I am very busy with farming, without the slightest wish, for my friends or myself, to have any share in the management of public affairs. I am here alone this summer. Broglie and my sister are at their place in Normandy, where I shall join them in the autumn, after a little journey to the south of France. Next year, if God permits, we shall all be at Coppet. Pray come and see us. I cannot reconcile myself to the idea that you should not pay us another visit; and my constitution suffers so much from a sea voyage, that I have but little hopes of seeing America, though it be one of my most earnest desires.

Forgive this broken English of mine, and believe me most faithfully yours. Sis felix et memor nostri.

A. Staël.

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* These, and some other of M. de Staël's writings, were collected after his death, forming three volumes, with a biographical notice of him, written by his sister. In this short memoir is a remarkable account given by him, in a letter to his mother, of an interview he had, when he was but seventeen years old, with Napoleon I., whom he sought in Savoy, as he passed through, and pleaded with him for his mother, then exiled from Paris and persecuted by the Emperor.

CHAPTER XVI.

Return to Home Life. — Circle of Friends. — Inauguration as Professor at Harvard College. — Entrance on College Duties. — Literary Life. — Religious Opinions. — Mr. Webster's Oration at Plymouth. — Story of Edhelfertha.

MR. TICKNOR reached home, after his four years' absence, on the 6th of June, 1819. He returned with character matured by unusual experience of men; with rare learning and accomplishments, acquired by diligent and systematic study; and with tastes cultivated and disciplined by acquaintance with the best society of Europe. The object of his residence abroad had been to prepare him for a career of useful activity at home, and he came back full of ardor to use his various gifts and acquisitions for the benefit of the community to which he belonged. There was nothing in him of the trifler or the dilettante.

There would have been small ground for surprise, if, after a period so crowded with interests from sources in which America had no share, Mr. Ticknor had felt something like depression at the prospect of the comparative barrenness of life, as regards æsthetic pursuits, in this Western world. But it was not so. His affectionate and cheerful disposition made his return happy for himself and delightful to his friends. His uncommon social gifts and animated spirits, his ready kindness, and his active energy, united to make him at once an important member of society, both in the circle of the cultivated, and in that of the public-spirited men of business in his native place.

Boston was still a compact town of scarcely more than forty thousand inhabitants, with the best conditions for healthy social intercourse, — leisure combined with considerable commercial activity; equality, inasmuch as there was neither a pauper class nor an accumulation of great wealth in a few hands; general education; and that familiarity of each with all, which becomes impossible in great cities.*

An unusual number of men of character, and distinction in various professions, had gradually gathered here, and with all the most eminent of these Mr. Ticknor was closely associated from this time forward. With Mr. Webster, who had become a resident of Boston during his absence in Europe; with the Rev. Dr. William Ellery Channing; with Dr. Bowditch, the eminent mathematician, who, like Webster, had lately made his home here; with Edward and Alexander Hill Everett; with Washington Allston, the artist; with the Prescotts, father and son; and with many others worthy to be ranked beside them, cultivated women as well as men, Mr. Ticknor found himself at once in congenial, appreciative, and animating society. Of these advantages he was by taste and principle ready to avail himself to the utmost.

There was a remarkable constancy in his friendships; all those which took an important place in his life being terminated only by death.† In his old age he still had friends whom he had counted as such for sixty years, although he had outlived so many. With regard to two of those intimacies which colored and added interest to his life in the period now opening before him, his own record has already been printed.

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* "A more peculiar and unmixed character," wrote Mr. William Tudor in this very year, "arising from its homogeneous population, will be found here than in any other city in the United States. There is none of the show and attractions of ostentatious and expensive luxury, but a great deal of cheerful, frank hospitality, and easy social intercourse. In short, if a man can limit his wishes to living in a beautiful country, among a hospitable people, where he will find only simple, unobtrusive pleasures, with a high degree of moral and intellectual refinement, he may be gratified." — *Letters on the Eastern States*, p. 319.

† On his seventy-sixth birthday Mr. Ticknor made a memorandum which was preserved, and which may appropriately be introduced here. It is headed, "Aug. 1, '67. Persons with whom I have lived in long friendship," and contains the names of sixteen early friends, and the dates of the commencement of each acquaintance. They are these: Curtis, C. P., from 1793; Everett, E., 1806; Everett, A. H., 1806; Prescott, W. H., 1808; Webster, D., 1808, but also slightly 1802, 1805, 1807; Haven, N. A., 1808; Daveis, C. S., 1809; Gardiner, R. H., 1812; Story, J., 1815; Allston, W., 1819. Others who survive, Curtis, T. B., from 1795; Thayer, S., 1805; Bigelow, J., 1808; Savage, J., 1809; Mason, W. P., 1809; Cogswell, J. G., 1810. Five of these gentlemen outlived him.

How he came to know and love the charming, earnest, gifted Prescott, his junior by four years, he has told in the memoir which he survived to write; and how he became a constant visitor, and an affectionate admirer of Prescott's parents, — the wise and noble-minded judge, and his vigorous, benevolent, animated wife.* He also describes his finding young Prescott in Paris in 1817, when he arrived from Germany, and the illness through which he watched with him, adding: "It was in that dark room that I first learned to know him, as I have never known any other person beyond the limits of my immediate family; and it was there that was first formed a mutual regard, over which, to the day of his death, — a period of above forty years, — no cloud ever passed." The first friends to welcome him on his return were the Prescotts, parents and son; and thenceforward he was always treated by them and theirs as if he had been of their kin and blood.

His affectionate and intimate relations with Mr. Webster — whose great and commanding intellect, and generous, genial nature, always inspired in him an undeviating confidence and sympathy — are set forth in the reminiscences he contributed to the memoir of the statesman written by his nephew, George Ticknor Curtis. This intercourse, maintained for fifty years, was most animated and stimulating; different in its nature and manifestations from that with Prescott, but delightful, and tending to develop in Mr. Ticknor the broad and invigorating interest in public affairs which was inherent in his views of manly duty.

Some there were, whose names have been or will be mentioned from time to time in these pages, who are less known, and who did not preserve the letters they received from Mr. Ticknor, so that they appear less prominently; but their influence on his happiness was, nevertheless, great, and his delight in their culture and their characteristic qualities was an important element in his experience. One of these was Joseph Green Cogswell, who, though five years his senior, survived him a few months; of whom he writes in 1820, "He is the same admirable creature, full of zeal for everything good, and everything that will promote the cause of learning, not exactly like other people, and not, perhaps, exactly as other people would like to have him, but always disinterested, always scattering good knowledge about him wherever he goes, and always exciting an enthusiasm for it in those he meets, from the excess of his own." And again in 1842, after speaking of Cogswell's great acquirements, he adds: "I have known him, familiarly, above thirty years, have travelled with him and lived with him, months together, and yet never saw him unreasonably or disagreeably out of temper. . . . . He is always pleasant in personal intercourse, under all circumstances, to a degree which, I think, I have never known in any other man." *

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* His letters from Europe, to his father and mother, frequently contain messages to Mrs. Prescott. On the 5th August, 1816, we find the following: "Remember me very particularly to Mrs. Prescott, whose kindness to you, dearest mother, I can never forget. It is not impossible that I shall meet her son somewhere in Europe, and if I do I shall rejoice in the opportunity of repaying, in a way which I am sure will be most welcome to her, some of the debt she has thus laid upon me."

Another was Francis Calley Gray, whose immense and varied stores of accurate knowledge were scarcely made available to any except those who enjoyed his personal acquaintance; but whose conversation, enriched by them, was invaluable to his friends, among whom none was more faithful, or in more constantly familiar relations, than Mr. Ticknor.†

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* Mr. Cogswell's attachment to Mr. Ticknor, which lasted through their joint lives, was thus expressed in a letter written in 1814: "George's affection has been very dear to me. He has entered into my feelings, he has loved those that I did, he has felt an unfeigned sympathy in my sorrow, he has uniformly sought my happiness and shared my unlimited confidence. Besides, I was proud in being known to be his friend; when I was walking with him I loved to meet those who knew me; as his companion I felt myself welcome wherever I went." Mr. Cogswell, then twenty-eight years old, had already seen the world, and endured severe trials.

† In the Preface to his "History of Spanish Literature," Mr. Ticknor calls Mr. F. C. Gray "a scholar who should permit the world to profit more than it does, by the large resources of his accurate and tasteful learning"; and Mr. Prescott said of him, "I think he was the most remarkable man I ever knew, for variety

Jacob Bigelow, the eminent and acute physician, the shrewd and witty companion, and James Savage,* warm-hearted, loyal, indefatigable, faithful to every obligation of friendship from youth to age; the exact and enthusiastic genealogist; quaint, vehement, and the very soul of integrity, of whom Mr. Webster once wrote, "He is as true a man as I know of; he would appear very awkward if he were to make trial — and try his best — to think wrong or to feel wrong"; — these both were among his earliest friends, and contributed their quota to his resources of enjoyment, as well as of intellectual stimulus.

Established in his father's house, and surrounded by an ample and well-selected library, which he had purchased with labor and care in Europe,† Mr. Ticknor entered with zeal on the discharge of many duties, and the immediate preparations for his professorship in Harvard College. He persevered in his habit of early rising, and devoting his whole morning to study. Domestic and social claims, a wide correspondence, and the multiplied casual interests that demand the attention of a character like his, filled the remaining hours of the day to overflowing.

His formal induction to the Professorships of the French and Spanish Languages, and of the Belles-Lettres, his appointment to which has already been mentioned, took place in the church at Cambridge, on the 10th of August, 1819, scarcely more than two months after his arrival from Europe. Mr. Norton entered on the same day, and with the same ceremony, the Dexter Professorship of Sacred Literature, and each of the new professors delivered an inaugural address before a cultivated and sympathetic

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and fulness of information, and a perfect command of it. He was a walking encyclopædia. I have seen many men who had excellent memories, provided you would let them turn to their libraries to get the information you wanted; but no matter on what subject you talked with him, his knowledge was at his fingers' ends, and entirely at your service." — *Life of Prescott*, Appendix F.

* Mentioned *ante*, p. 2, as a friend of the father, he survived the son, living to the great age of eighty-seven. He was the author of a "Genealogical Dictionary of the First Settlers of New England," in four volumes, a work of the highest value.

† Though the Journal contains no allusion to it and his letters very few, yet it had been one of his constant occupations, in every country he visited, to buy books. He confined himself to collections of literature, for he wanted the books as the instruments of his labor. The Spanish collection was already remarkable.

audience, which filled the old church, and for whom such an opportunity of listening to the utterance of the ripest scholarship America could then boast was an occurrence of no small interest.

Mr. Ticknor's discourse was fresh and appropriate; its style rich, animated, yet simple; and its topics varied and comprehensive enough to embrace the range of the duties assigned to him. An extract from the portion on Spanish literature, associating itself with his later labors, will be sufficient to show its tone: —

> In modern times no poetry has sprung so directly from the popular feelings, or exercised so great an influence on the national character, as that of the Peninsula, beyond the Pyrenees. This rich and admirable country, standing in some measure between Europe and Africa, served, for above seven centuries, as the advanced guard of Christendom against the attacks of the Arabs, who then threatened to overrun Europe, as they had already overrun the half of Asia. In these conflicts — where, during four hundred years, the Spaniards were uniformly beaten, without ever shrinking — a national character was gradually formed, in which chivalry and religion were mingled and confounded by the cause in which they were alike engaged; while, at the same time, the bitterness of an hereditary animosity, that tolerated neither compromise nor hesitation, was admirably softened down into a splendid gallantry and heroic emulation of excellence, by the generous virtues and higher refinement of their Moorish enemies. This spirit, — which the histories of Zaragoza and Girona prove to be still burning in the veins of the lower classes of the people of Spain, as it was in the days of Cordova and Granada, — this spirit has always been apparent in their poetry.
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> From the first outpourings of its rude admiration for heroes whom it has almost made fabulous, down to the death of Cadahalso before Gibraltar, and the self-sacrifice of Jovellanos, it has never had but one tone; and that tone has been purely and exclusively Spanish, nourished by a high moral feeling, and a proud and prevalent sense of honor, loyalty, and religion. It breaks upon us with the dawn of their modern history, in their unrivalled ballads; the earliest breathings at once of poetical and popular feeling among them, whose echoes, like the sweet voice of Ariel amidst the tumults of the tempest, come to us in the pauses of that tremendous warfare which seems, alternately, one merciless and interminable battle

wasting generation after generation, and a single wild adventure running through whole centuries of romance and glory. We trace it, too, hardly less in their drama, which is so truly national that it seems to belong to their character, like a costume, and springs so immediately from their wants and feelings that, as we read, we are persuaded they would have invented it, if antiquity had not given them the example.

And finally we see it in the individual lives of their authors, which have been, to an unparalleled degree, lives of adventure and hazard, — in Garcilaso, whose exquisite pastorals hardly prepare us for the heroic death he died, before the face of his Emperor; in Ercilla, who wrote the best of Spanish epics at the feet of the Andes, amidst the perils of war, and in the wastes of the wilderness; in Lope de Vega on board the Armada, and in Cervantes, wounded at Lepanto, and a slave in Barbary; in Quintana's prison, and Moratin's exile. Indeed, like its own Alhambra, — which was not merely the abode of all that was refined and graceful and gentle in peace and in life, but the fearful fortress of military pride and honor, amidst whose magnificent ruins the heart still treasures up long recollections of gallantry and glory, — the poetry of Spain seems to identify itself with achievements that belong rather to its history; and, as it comes down to us through the lapse of ages, almost realizes to our fancy the gorgeous fables and traditions of the elder times.

On the day preceding his inauguration, Mr. Ticknor wrote a letter to President Kirkland, giving fully his idea of the duties of the two professorships, and of the mode in which they should be fulfilled. We give some portions of it.

BOSTON, August 9, 1819.

DEAR SIR, — You have desired me to give you a *projet* of the instructions it may seem most advisable to give under the Smith Professorship of the French and Spanish Languages and Literatures, and the College Professorship of the Belles-Lettres. Each, as it seems to me, should be considered separately.

The claims of the Smith Professorship, which should be first satisfied, seem to divide themselves into two parts, each requiring a distinct course of lectures, which it will probably be desirable to bring in aid of the instructions of the teacher in the French and Spanish languages, so that the whole of the Smith establishment may tend to one purpose, and operate on the same individuals. I should think, therefore, that a course of lectures on French literary history and criticism, amounting perhaps to about twenty, delivered in the latter part of each year, to those who have made the most progress in the language, would be useful. To increase their utility, perhaps it would be well to take three hours in the week, on days not occupied with instruction in the language, and give two of them to lectures, and the third to an examination of the pupils, both in what they have learnt from the French teacher, and what they have heard of the professor's lectures, which I will make in French to those who are able and disposed to exercise themselves in speaking the language. This course would seem to close up the studies of those who should be about to leave the instruction of the French teacher; and to them I would propose to confine it, as I do not think it would be useful to any others.

The other course, which would be on Spanish literary history and criticism, may be made in the same way, and be delivered as often, accompanied with a similar examination; but, as it would not be quite so long, — if the rule of relative importance is to be observed, and a very few would attend it, — I should like to have it extemporaneous, both because I think more can be taught in this way, where the number of the instructed is small, and because I should like to exercise myself in this form of instruction.

Both courses, it seems to me, should be given merely to *teach*, never attempting to produce a popular effect; and as, in this case, utility would be their only object, I am disposed to think the attendance on them should be only by those persons who have made some progress under the instructions of the French teacher, and that there should be such an understanding and concert between him and the lecturer as to make the Smith establishment *one whole*, through their joint efforts.

Under any arrangement, however, these things seem to be important, — that the attendance should be *purely voluntary*, that the course should not be divided into two parts and delivered in successive years, and that the class should never be large, since my only object here, too, would be to teach, and this can be best done where the number is small.

Turning next to the claims of the second professorship, he says, —

The belles-lettres, in general, — comprehending, of course, all the elegant literatures of Europe, from the earliest times of Greece to our own, — form a subject for instruction much more extensive, and one much more calculated to be generally useful and interesting, than any of those literatures separately.

He then gives a sketch of a course in four divisions, covering ancient and modern literature, poetry, and prose; and in conclusion, he says, —

I have been thus minute in explaining the kind of lectures I have thought of delivering under the second professorship, for three reasons: 1. That the wide extent of the subject being considered, I may be allowed to spread it through more lectures than usually form a course. I should be sorry to be restricted to fewer than sixty. 2. That in consideration of the intimate connection between the different parts of the plan, and the importance of sustaining the attention and interest through the whole, I may be permitted to deliver them all in as short a time as possible. Perhaps four or five in each week during their continuance, and an examination one other day, would not be found oppressive. 3. That, as I have no experience in instruction, my plan may be examined by those who have; since I consider it merely a project, which I shall be more pleased to adapt, in any way, to the practical wants of the University, than to retain it as it is.

I am not aware that any other lectures than such as I have indicated, or some resembling them, would now be useful. At any rate, these are sufficient to occupy me for yet a long time to come; but if, hereafter, others that would naturally fall within my department should seem to be wanted, I shall always hold myself ready to prepare them, as far as my health and talents and knowledge will permit.

Yours very respectfully,

Geo. Ticknor.

The comprehensive plan here sketched for the department of belles-lettres was never carried out. In establishing this professorship, the Corporation had neither specifically defined the duties of the professor, nor known how far those duties were included in other established professorships. When, therefore, Mr. Ticknor thus laid before the President his ideas of what the courses should be, it was found that the Greek classics were assigned to the Greek Professor; and that the Professor of

Rhetoric was required, by statute, to "examine and compare the properties of ancient and modern languages," and "to delineate the characteristic features of the most celebrated Greek, Roman, and English historians, orators, poets, and divines." Here were two very considerable sections, of what most scholars would regard as belonging to the department of belles-lettres, already in the charge of other teachers. Obviously a revision of the different statutes might have been made, and the duties of the separate professors clearly defined, but nothing of the kind was done. In answer to the preceding letter of August 9, the President simply stated these facts to Mr. Ticknor, who writes in reply: "This, of course, very much narrows the ground of the professorship of belles-lettres, though it still leaves it as wide, I suppose, as I could occupy with profit. At any rate, it would be far from unpleasant to me to have it understood, that these branches of the belles-lettres are already occupied, and that it will not be expected of me to give any part of my attention to them."

For some time Mr. Ticknor suffered from delays in establishing rules for his department, from imperfect rules, and from their inefficient enforcement; and he often remonstrated, always evincing a desire to have the means of producing more interest, more ambition of scholarship, and better opportunities of progress for the students, at whatever cost of labor to himself. His whole attitude toward the College was that of one animated by ardent zeal to promote the cause of good learning; and in spite of many discouragements, arising from the condition of the College government, and from the general standard of scholarship in the community, he persevered, with an earnestness and patience which could not fail to have a marked and increasing effect. He entirely succeeded in rousing and holding the attention of his classes; and the love of letters was quickened in them, not only by his words and manner, but by the example they saw in him, of one who had deliberately chosen the pursuit of literature, rather than yield to the allurements of a life of unprofitable leisure, or to those of a more lucrative profession.

His work in preparing lectures on the literatures and the literary histories of France and Spain was thorough and elaborate, the work of an ardent and conscientious scholar, who borrowed no learning at second hand which he could obtain from the primitive sources, and neglected no means for forming independent and correct judgments. His lectures thus became a body of consecutive, historic criticism, in which the intrinsic qualities of the works under discussion were made to illustrate the progressive development in culture of the nations to which their authors belonged.

His manner of thought and expression was simple, direct, and fluent; not distinguished so much by originality of view or brilliancy of phrase, as by excellent sense and judicious and accurate statement. At the same time his voice and style of speaking, his brilliant eye and animated countenance, his whole bearing, as he sought to put himself in close communication with the minds of the young men before him, had much magnetic attraction. He doubtless kept in mind his observations in Germany and France, and Goethe's remark to him, that "eloquence does not teach."

He did not read from a manuscript, after the first term, and thus the magnetism of the eye and the face was not lost.* Lord Brougham said in his inaugural discourse at Glasgow, that, other things being equal, he who has written most will speak best. Mr. Ticknor had written so much, that his spontaneous language took a periodic form, and his discourse, if taken down by a stenographer, might have gone to the press with hardly any correction. He did not make his hearers impatient by embarrassing pauses, nor yet uncomfortable by the over-rapid utterance which implies the want of self-possession and self-control.

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* The students were provided with a printed syllabus of the arrangement of his subject. That of the Spanish lectures was printed in 1823, and the following extract is taken from the preface to it, adopting one or two verbal changes made by Mr. Ticknor in an interleaved copy. "The Lectures on the History and Criticism of Spanish Literature, for which the present syllabus has been prepared, are about thirty-four in number, each an hour in length. In print they would amount to two octavo volumes. They are prepared for private classes, in Harvard College, and delivered, three or more in each week, so long as the course continues. The subject to which they are devoted is, in many respects, new in Europe, and in this country quite untouched. The Spaniards themselves have no work of history or criticism embracing the whole of their literature, or even its best portions; and in England and in Italy nothing has been done to assist them. . . . . Both Bouterwek and Sismondi complain of the want of access to a sufficient collection of Spanish books, and their respective histories have certainly suffered from it. This want I have not felt. Accidental circumstances have placed within my control a collection of works in Spanish literature nearly complete for such purposes. The deficiencies, therefore, which will be found in this course of lectures . . . . are not to be imputed to the want of materials."

Mr. G. T. Curtis says, in a letter of reminiscences of his uncle: —

> He always, in my time, fixed and kept the attention of his class; indeed, there was never any movement or sound in the lecture-room that evinced an absence of attention. . . . He followed the very exact and methodical order of his syllabus, introducing discussions which were always animated and sometimes eloquent. . . .
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> An audience of college students is, to be sure, no very formidable body to a grown man. But you* and I have both heard Mr. Ticknor lecture before large and mixed audiences of ladies and gentlemen, with no other appliances than he used in the College class-room, but with the same fluency and ease, and at the same time in a manner adapted to the assembly before him. On all occasions his diction was both copious and precise. The sum of my testimony is, that his lecturing was as successful *teaching* as I have ever listened to.

No man could be more liberal in the use of his time and his knowledge, for the assistance of individual scholars, or for the promotion of the interests of general education. His library, which was freely open to any one who desired to consult books contained in it, included many works then scarcely to be found in any other American library, public or private. Many were the hard-working students who were able to pursue their investigations by the aid of its treasures, and who received from Mr. Ticknor friendly encouragement and judicious counsel. Mr. Curtis says again: —

> He very early began, and always continued, the habit of lending his books freely, taking no other precaution than to write down the title of the volume, and the name of the borrower, in a note-book. The number of volumes lent was often considerable. He would lend a book to any respectable person, whether personally known to him

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* The letter is addressed by Mr. Curtis to Mr. Hillard.

or not, if he perceived that it was really desired for use. His books have been sent to Maine, New Hampshire, even to Baltimore, and other distant places, for the use of scholars who could get them in no other way.

The strong religious impressions which Mr. Ticknor received in early years deepened, as his character matured, into personal convictions, that confirmed the ruling principles of his life. He had been brought up in the doctrines of Calvinistic Orthodoxy, but later serious reflection led him to reject those doctrines ; and soon after his return from Europe he joined Dr. Channing's church, of which he continued through life a faithful member. He was a sincere Liberal Christian, and his convictions were firm, but they were held without bigotry, and he never allowed them to interfere with kindliness and courtesy.

The Rev. E. S. Gannett, for many years his pastor and friend, wrote a notice of Mr. Ticknor after his death,* in which he called him "a scholar, — we wish to lay emphasis on the fact, — whose faith clung to the gospel of Christ, and who recognized in him, whose name is the burden of the New Testament, a messenger of the Divine will, and a ruler over human souls."

He maintained a cordial interest in the church of which he was a member, and early took a class of boys in its Sunday school, founded in 1822, which he kept for eight years, receiving it, during the last year, in his own library on Sunday mornings. Some of the members of this class who are now living, gentlemen engaged in different professions, retain pleasant recollections of its meetings. Later, in 1839-40, he gave a course of instruction on the history of the contents of the Bible, to a class of young girls, including his eldest daughter, for which he prepared himself carefully, and the notes he made for it were found among his papers.

In December, 1820, Mr. Ticknor joined a party of friends who went to Plymouth to attend the celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, and to hear Mr. Webster's oration on the occasion. His fresh impressions of this memorable discourse, and of the effect it produced, are given in the following letter.*

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* The article is entitled "A Christian Scholar," and appeared in the "Old and New," May, 1871.

PLYMOUTH, Thursday Evening, December 21.

. . . . We set off this morning at half past eight precisely. Our own party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. I. P. Davis, Miss Russell, Frank Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Miss Stockton, Miss Mason, and myself; but in the course of the forenoon we overtook fifty or sixty persons more, most of them of our acquaintance, and at the dining-house found Colonel Perkins, Mrs. S. G. Perkins, and Susan. The dinner was very merry, ... in the afternoon ride Mr. Webster became extremely interested, and I enjoyed myself as much as anybody.

At last we reached the hill that opened the Bay of Plymouth upon us, and it seemed in a moment as if I were at home, so familiar to me were the names and relations of everything I saw. It was like coming upon classic ground, where every object was a recollection and almost a history, — the point of land called the Governor's Farm, because it was owned by the first governor; Clarke's Island, where the Pilgrims landed on Saturday, the 20th December, 1620, and kept their Sabbath with all the severity of their peculiar notions of religion, and refused to come to the main shore until Monday; and finally the very town itself, that now covers and hides the little spot they consecrated by their first footsteps.

The moment I got out of the carriage I set off to see whatever the daylight would still permit me to enjoy, of a spot to which more recollections tend than to any other in America. The first thing was of course the Rock, on which the first boatload that came from the Mayflower landed, on Monday, 22d of December, 1620. It was already surrounded by a crowd of the strangers who have arrived this afternoon, and a cannon was mounted on it to fire a forefathers' salute to-morrow morning.

I have seldom had more lively feelings from the associations of place than I had when I stood on this blessed rock; and I doubt whether there be a place in the world where a New England man should feel more gratitude, pride, and veneration than when he stands where the first man stood who began the population and glory of his country. The Colosseum, the Alps, and Westminster Abbey have nothing more truly classical, to one who feels as he ought to feel, than this rude and bare rock.

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* An account of this discourse, by Mr. Ticknor, appears in another form in the reminiscences he furnished to Mr. Curtis for his "Life of Webster." See that work, Vol. I. p. 192.

From this interesting monument I went up to the southern side of the sunny hill, which in that cold season probably tempted the fathers to establish themselves here, and where they pitched their tents the first night; and from there went to the height where the first victims of their sufferings and privations were secretly buried. No stone marks the spot, and it is only the fidelity of an unquestionable tradition that has preserved its memory. In the course of December, — or in eight days, — out of one hundred and one that landed, four died, and in the course of January and February, forty others; so that in a little more than two months their numbers were diminished almost one half.

But they did not dare to let it be known, lest the Indians should take advantage of their weakness, and cut them off altogether. The dead, therefore, received no visible monument; but the tears and sufferings and terrors of the survivors have been to them more than all records and memorials.

It was now nearly dark, but still I was able to go and see the hill, or rather little mound, where King Massasoit came, in the following spring, and held a conference with the poor reduced settlers, and gave them assurances of good-will which induced them to remain, and found an empire of whose greatness they little dreamt. . . . .

This evening . . . . we have had a good deal of company, both old colonists and strangers. The most curious was Mr. Sam Davis, brother to the Judge; who, if I understand his character rightly, unites in his person all the attributes of a forefather, and all the recollections, traditions, and feelings of one of their descendants, so that I look upon him as a kind of ghost, come down from the seventeenth century to preserve for us what without him would certainly have been forever lost. At any rate, we found him very interesting, very curious, and very amusing. . . . .

The whole town has the air of a fête. The streets are filled with idlers, lounging about to see the curiosities, or people busily running to and fro, to get their quarters and make them comfortable; the houses and chambers are all lighted up, as if there was a party in every room, and a band of military music has been nearly all the time marching up and down the street, followed by the crowd and rabble, who seem to share not a little of the general enthusiasm. Everything, in short, gives token of a goodly day to-morrow. . . . .

Friday Evening. — I have run away from a great levee there is down stairs, thronging in admiration round Mr. Webster, to tell you a little word about his oration. Yet I do not dare to trust myself about it, and I warn you beforehand that I have not the least confidence in my own opinion. His manner carried me away completely; not, I think, that I could have been so carried away if it had been a poor oration, for of that I apprehend there can be no fear. It *must* have been a great, a very great performance, but whether it was so absolutely unrivalled as I imagined when I was under the immediate influence of his presence, of his tones, of his looks, I cannot be sure till I have read it, for it seems to me incredible.

It was on the point of time where we now stand, both in relation to our ancestors and to posterity; and he discussed it, first, as to the Pilgrims who came here, what they suffered at home and on their arrival, and how different were the principles of colonization from those in Greece, Rome, and the East and West Indies; secondly, as to the progress of the country, and its situation an hundred years ago, compared with what it is now, in which he drew a fine character of President Adams; thirdly, as to the principles of our governments, as free governments, — where he had a tremendous passage about slavery, — as governments that encourage education, — where there was a delightful compliment to President Kirkland, — and as governments founded on property; . . . . and finally, in the fourth place, as a great people welcoming its posterity to the enjoyment of blessings which all the rest of the world cannot offer, with which he ended in a magnificent flood of eloquence.

I was never so excited by public speaking before in my life. Three or four times I thought my temples would burst with the gush of blood; for, after all, you must know that I am aware it is no connected and compacted whole, but a collection of wonderful fragments of burning eloquence, to which his manner gave tenfold force. When I came out I was almost afraid to come near to him. It seemed to me as if he was like the mount that might not be touched, and that burned with fire. I was beside myself, and am so still.

We went this morning to the Registry Office, where are records of some sort or other, from as early as 1623, and where we saw the handwriting of the venerable Elder Brewster, and all the documents that give us, as it were, a more distinct ancestry than any other people on the globe. Then we went to the burying-ground, where rest the bones of *one* of the Pilgrims of 1620; the only one who lived so far into settled times that it was safe to bury him with a gravestone. After that to the oration, from which we went with all our recollections, all our burning feelings, to the Rock, and stood there, just two centuries from the moment when the first Pilgrims landed.

Saturday Morn, 23d. — When I had gone thus far, I returned down stairs, to see if I might be excused from going to the ball, and talked quite hoarse, and looked more than usually heavy, to sustain my pretensions. But there seemed to be no means of escape. . . . . So I made a merit of necessity, and went as gayly as if I had gone from choice; at least, I *thought* I did. The room was enormously full, four hundred persons at least, and my spirits soon fell in proportion to the crowd. I walked up and down with Palfrey, and talked about College; and with Eliza Buckminster; . . . . and with Mrs. Webster; . . . . but as for dancing, I could not undertake it. At half past ten I brought home Mrs. Webster and Mrs. Perkins, ... and was very glad to sit down with a delightful circle about the fire. . . . .

Mr. Webster was in admirable spirits. On Thursday evening he was considerably agitated and oppressed, and yesterday morning he had not his natural look at all; but since his entire success, he has been as gay and playful as a kitten. The party came in one after another, the spirits of all were kindled brighter and brighter, and we fairly sat up till after two o'clock. I think, therefore, we may now safely boast the Plymouth Expedition has gone off admirably.

Parts of two letters, written in the following year, contain the particulars of a singular story, of which the mystery has never been explained, but of which this authentic account seems worthy of insertion here.

To S. A. Eliot, London.

Boston, August 7, 1821.

. . . . Great noise and interest has been made here lately about a young man, Edheljertha, a Swede of about thirty, of much learning, who came out here perfectly authenticated to Mr. William Parsons, as a poor young man of respectable connections, and a thorough education, who was entitled to an estate in the West Indies, which was violently withheld from him by a Spaniard. His money failed him here; but he declined receiving any from Mr. Parsons until he should know something more about his claim; and undertook to earn his bread, first by working at the composition of acids, with a man who lives on the Neck, and afterwards, as that affected his health, in the Botanical Garden at Cambridge, where his botanical knowledge was soon found important.

Cogswell took him into the library, to help make catalogue; but about this time he received an anonymous, threatening letter, which very much alarmed him, in his unprotected state as a stranger, for Cogswell was then gone. . . . . Soon afterwards he believed himself poisoned in a very strange way, and had dreadful fits, but in all else preserved the simplicity of his character, and the apparent sanity and consistency of his mind. A few evenings since, however, he set out to walk into Boston, and was found at daybreak on the beach in Marblehead, much bruised, saying he had been forcibly carried there in a boat, from which he escaped, though fired at when he ran and dreadfully ill-treated during the passage. He was, evidently, slightly deranged, but has preserved entire consistency in his story ever since, though he has once had a perfect access of insanity.

Now upon this statement of facts the town is grievously exercised and divided. His testimonials and documents are all so clear and sure, and his life such a perfect confirmation of them, that very few believe him to be an impostor, while, on the other hand, many — among whom are the Parsonses, Mr. and Mrs. Farrar, President Kirkland, Mr. and Mrs. Peck, etc. — believe the whole of his stories, think he really was poisoned and kidnapped, and that his life is constantly in a mysterious danger, which, with his sufferings, has produced transient and slight affections of insanity.

The greater part, however, think, I believe, that in consequence of his situation, the anonymous letter, and his poor health, he has become, *quoad hoc*, deranged, and that, in his derangement, he took the laudanum; . . . . perhaps went on board a boat for Marblehead, and became so outrageous that they tied him; or, perhaps, wandering all night, had fits, in which he was bruised, etc., etc. In short, in our healthy, well-organized community, it is not possible that a man should be persecuted in this way for several weeks, without getting some trace of the invisible agents; and when to this it is added, that his stories are improbable, and almost impossible in themselves, and that he certainly has been seen deranged twice, — once of which was immediately after he thinks he was kidnapped, — I should find it very difficult to think of him either better or worse than of an interesting and unfortunate crazy man. . . . .

September 6. . . . . I wrote you the last time a good deal about Edheljertha, the Swede. That mystification still continues to an extraordinary degree; but as far as I can find out, this is the story *now* believed by those who have been most satisfied, not only of his honesty, — which hardly any doubt, — but of his sanity. He was brought up as the twin son of a deceased clergyman, whose widow died while he was quite young, and who had a brother in business at Vera Cruz. His education was, however, totally different from that of his brother, much higher, more refined, luxurious, and careful, and out of proportion to the family means. When he left the University of Upsala, where he acquired no small amount of learning, he entered the army, rose with unaccountable rapidity, and at last was placed near the person of Prince Oscar.

While there, about twenty-three or twenty-four, he received a letter purporting to be from his uncle at Vera Cruz, saying he was rich, and promising to make him his heir, if he would come out there. On his proposing to go, the Prince endeavored to detain him; but, on the whole, he thought the American prospect of fortune quite as good as the Swedish; and, having some love for adventure besides, he provided himself with all necessary papers, and embarked for Boston. Here he received other letters, saying his uncle was dead, and he must wait. Then came the anonymous threats, as from a person who possessed his uncle's estate, and was determined to keep it; then the alleged poisoning; then the kidnapping to Marblehead, etc., as I told you before.

Since then, he has generally been in a high state of nervous excitement, sometimes extremely ill; . . . . his hearing failed him, his tongue was so swollen he could not speak, and he was constantly agitated, whether awake or asleep, by slight convulsions.

. . . . In this state, Mr. Fröden, the Swedish Consul, being about to return home, arrangements were made to have him put on board the same vessel, so privately that any persons here employed to annoy or poison him should know nothing of it; and a fortnight ago he sailed, leaving all still in doubt and mystery.

Those most familiar with the circumstances of the case believe him to be the son of some considerable personage, who being about to acknowledge him, those who had an opposite interest, under pretence of this South American estate, ... had spirited him away; while the rest of us, who are told we know nothing about the secret history of the matter, believe it to be a singular case of insanity. All agree that his sufferings have been dreadful, and his character and conduct, while here, singularly simple and interesting. The rest, time must show.

Time has not, however, brought any satisfactory solution of this mystery, which remains, like the fate of Caspar Hauser, unexplained.

CHAPTER XVII.

Death of his Father. — Marriage. — Domestic Life. — Visits. — Chancellor Kent. — General Lafayette. — Winter in Washington and Virginia.

THE two years succeeding Mr. Ticknor's return from Europe thus sped quietly and happily by; but in June, 1821, a great sorrow came close on a great joy, his father's unexpected death taking place between his own engagement and marriage. Something of what he then underwent is described in the following passage from a letter to Mr. Charles Daveis, written August 4, 1821:—

You know our journey taken on Mr. Norton's marriage.* There was never anything more delightful. We went first to New York, ... then up the North River, and to the beautiful Lake George, and Lake Champlain. .... But the whole party was disposed, from the first, to give me the pleasure of seeing my father at Hanover, where he went early in May, some weeks before we left Boston; and we therefore crossed the Green Mountains, and came down by the exquisite banks of the White River, to its confluence with the Connecticut. The two last days of this ride were, certainly, the most gay and delightful of the gayest and most delightful journey I ever took in my life.

On the afternoon of Saturday, the 16th of June, I rode on in the chaise with Anna, leaving the coach behind, and arrived at Hanover quite early, to see my father the sooner. The first news I heard, in reply to the first question I asked at the inn, was, that he had had an access of paralysis the afternoon previous. I hastened to him instantly, and did not leave him, except a moment at a time, until his death the following Friday morning. It was, as you may well imagine, a stunning blow to fall on me at such a moment. . . . . I am not superstitious, but I shall never believe there was nothing providential in the arrangement, which, contrary to our purposes, brought us to Hanover just at the moment I was wanted, — if we had been permitted to fulfil our purposes, we should have passed Hanover, and yet not have arrived at home, so that there would have been no hope of getting me there even for the closing scene,* — and gave me there the support of so many dear friends, and especially the dearest, which I could otherwise not have asked. Then, too, my father's faculties were all preserved clear to him, ... and what was more than all, and above all, he was ready to go, and those who were with him saw proofs not to be mistaken, that when he came to his death-bed, he found he had placed his hopes safely, and that he had nothing to do but to die. . . . . His death was to him like any important occurrence of his life, only much more solemn; and he spoke of it, and marked its approach — until within a few hours of his last moment — with a tranquillity whose foundation could never have been laid in this world. . . . .

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* Prof. Andrews Norton (mentioned *ante*, p. 319) had recently married Miss Catherine Eliot, sister of Miss Anna Eliot, to whom Mr. Ticknor was engaged.

On the 18th of September Mr. Ticknor was married to Miss Anna Eliot, youngest daughter of Mr. Samuel Eliot, a successful merchant, and a man of strong character and cultivated mind, who will be remembered as the founder of the Professorship of Greek Literature at Harvard College.† This marriage brought with it new and happy influences, but it made no marked change in the habits of his life as a scholar and teacher. His disposition and tastes found their full exercise and expression in his home, and that home was thenceforth, for many years, a brilliant and genial centre of the most cultivated society of Boston. The fortune he inherited from his father — together with that of his wife — enabled him to live at ease, with unpretending elegance. In nothing was he extravagant or luxurious, while his personal habits were marked by great moderation and simplicity. His means were ample, not only for the maintenance of a liberal and tasteful establishment, but for the increase of his library, and for the multiplied demands of private charity, and of benevolent institutions, to which he gave both money and much personal service.

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* Some delays had occurred in the early part of the journey, and he here means that, but for these, their visit in Hanover would have occurred some days earlier.

† Mr. Eliot had died the previous year.

As soon as he had a house of his own, he enjoyed the ability it gave him to welcome his friends from distant places, and during the winter of 1821–22, Daveis, Haven, and Cogswell were at different times his guests. These visits did not, however, disturb the steady course of his industrious life, and he writes in February: "I have been very quietly at home all winter; no visiting abroad, much writing of lectures, much studying of Italian between Anna and my nieces, and once a week Artiguenave — who is a first-rate French reader — has read us a French play." In April he says to Mr. Daveis, "My lectures have given me a good deal of occupation, — three delivered, and one written, every week, — and besides all this, as it is found I am willing to work, work enough is put upon my shoulders, so that, after all, I am abroad much more than I like to be, though almost never for my amusement."

One of the matters to which he thus referred is the subject of the following paragraph, from another letter to Mr. Daveis: —

> I want to say a word or two to you and Mr. Nichols, about the interests of a society which I have considerably on my heart and conscience. It is the one called the "Publishing Fund," whose object is to furnish wholesome religious, moral, and improving reading of all kinds to the poor, cheaper than they now get fanatical or depraving reading. For this purpose a fund has been raised, ... on which we mean regularly to trade at a *very* small profit, getting our printing done as cheaply as possible, and making everybody else work almost for charity's sake. . . . . Think of this good work, then, and come over into Macedonia and help us.

Upon his father's death he was chosen to succeed him in the Primary School Board, and continued a member of it for three years, giving much time and thought to its duties, moved as well by his own strong interest in the subject of education, as by respect to his father's memory.

From this animated, but regular and quiet winter life, Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor turned, as the summer came, to the pleasant variety of visits to their friends. They passed some weeks at the delightful summer home of Judge Prescott at Pepperell, which has now become a point of interest in the literary history of the country, from its association with the studies of his distinguished son. They were the guests of Mr. Haven at Portsmouth, and of Mr. Daveis at Portland, both of whom, surrounded by young families, were diligently engaged in the practice of the law; but both retained that love of literature which had been so strong a bond of sympathy between the friends in their early days. From Portland they went farther east to the country-place of Mr. Robert H. Gardiner, on the Kennebec, long the seat of an extended and elegant hospitality, like that which forms so graceful a feature in the country life of England. It is thus described by Mr. Ticknor, in a letter to Mrs. Eliot:—

We finished our delightful visit on the Kennebec, dear mother, last Wednesday morning, and came away with great regret. Mr. Gardiner's house is certainly the pleasantest country establishment in New England. The local situation is so beautiful; the grounds are so happily diversified, and cultivated with such taste; the house is of such fine architecture without, and so convenient within; and the family is so well ordered, the tone of its intercourse so gentle, simple, and refined, that, besides being happy in the enjoyment everything about him affords, a visitor can hardly help being made better. . . . . Everybody, from a sort of unseen genius of place, feels at once all wants anticipated, and yet a perfect freedom. . . . .

After their return he writes thus to Mr. Daveis:—

Boston, September 4, 1822.

My dear Charles,—We made a very pleasant journey homeward, not, indeed, without some feelings of regret that we were obliged to make it so soon, and arrived here just at the time we proposed. The next afternoon my faithful agent from New Hampshire made his punctual appearance, and I had two days of good work to go through.* . . . .

We had a very pleasant visit indeed with you in Portland, and in truth the whole of our Eastern excursion will be long remembered among the bright spots in our recollections. For, after all, it is not to be denied that — even *in partibus* — a certain sort of happiness is pretty equally distributed, and that, in the wide extent of your wildernesses, wild-flowers may be found — after long and uncertain intervals — of no common beauty and fragrance. . . . . We were, nonsense apart, very much struck with your happiness in each other, and the many pleasures you have in common; because you are so few, that your intimacy is perfect; and it is a pleasure we shall not easily forget, that we were permitted to mingle in it, as if we had been one of you, and share a sort of domestic life which can exist neither in a large city nor in the country; and which is, perhaps, on many of the best accounts, better than either. . . . .

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* This agent was an old Quaker, called Friend Williams.

The following extract shows his immediate appreciation of one of the early products of American literature: —

To N. A. Haven, Portsmouth.

February, 1823.

. . . . I hope you will have seen Tudor's book* before you get this. Certainly you will like it when you do see it, for it really gives the best representation possible, and, indeed, what may be called a kind of dramatic exhibition, of the state of feeling in New England out of which the Revolution was produced. There is nothing like it in print, — that I have ever seen, — among our materials for future history, nor could such a book be made twenty years hence, for then all the traditions will have perished with the old men from whose graves he has just rescued them. It takes prodigiously here, and will, I think, do much good by promoting an inquiry into the most interesting and important part of our history.

In the autumn of 1823 Chancellor Kent — who had been compelled, by an unwise provision in the Constitution of the State of New York, to leave the bench, though still in all the fulness of his great judicial powers — paid a visit to Boston, and was received, alike by lawyers and laymen, with a warmth of welcome due to his talents, learning, and worth. Mr. Ticknor saw him often, and thus writes of him to his friend Mr. Daveis, and to his brother-in-law Mr. Eliot: —

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* The "Life of James Otis," by William Tudor. Boston, 1823.

To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

Boston, September 19, 1823.

My dear Charles, — . . . . Your very gay and happy letter of the 23d of August came in one morning just as the Chancellor was with me, and we were setting off for Nahant. I had the pleasure, too, that day of taking him to Salem, to Judge Story, and making them acquainted; after which we all came to the new hotel,* and with Mr. Otis† had a very merry time indeed.

He is, in his conversation, extremely active, simple, entertaining, and I know not when we have had among us a man so much to my mind in all things. I dined with him five or six times, and he dined with us the last day, and a rare display of fine talk we had at table, between him, Mr. Prescott, Mr. Lowell, and Mr. Webster. . . . . Everybody was delighted with him. His whole visit among us was an unbroken triumph, which he enjoyed with the greatest openness. . . . .

I carried him to Quincy to see President Adams and Mr. J. Q. Adams, ... and we met them afterwards at table at Mr. Quincy's. Mr. J. Q. Adams made a most extraordinary attack on the character of Chancellor Bacon, saying that his Essays give proof of a greater corruption of heart, of a more total wickedness, than any book he ever saw. Our New York Chancellor expressed the most simple and natural astonishment at this, and we got over the matter the next day, at dinner, by drinking to "the Memory of Chancellor Bacon, *with all his faults*," a toast which Mr. Prescott evidently gave with the greatest satisfaction. Mr. Quincy gave a beautiful toast at his own table, which I suspect was not the least pleasant to the Chancellor, among all the delicate and indirect compliments that were offered to him among us, and which was very appropriate at a table where were Mr. J. Q. Adams, Mr. Prescott, etc. It was, "Nature, who repeals all political Constitutions by the great Constitution of mind." And Webster, on the same occasion, made a pleasant repartee in compliment to Mr. Quincy. Mr. Adams, being called on for a toast, said to Mr. Quincy, "I will give you, Sir, the good City of Boston." "That," said Mr. Webster, "we gave Mr. Quincy long ago, ourselves, with the greatest pleasure."‡

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* At Nahant.

† Hon. Harrison Gray Otis.

‡ Hon. Josiah Quincy being at this time mayor of the newly made city of Boston.

Indeed, the Chancellor seemed to give an uncommon stir and brightness to men's faculties, while he was with us, ... there seemed to be a happy and healthy excitement of the intellectual powers and social feelings of all with whom he came in contact, that was the evident result of his rich talents and transparent simplicity of character, and which I have never known to be produced among us in the same degree by any other individual.

To S. A. Eliot, London.

Boston, September 13, 1823.

. . . . Among the strangers who have been here this season, by far the most considerable is Chancellor Kent, now superannuated by the Constitution of the State of New York, because he is above sixty years old, and yet, *de facto*, in the very flush and vigor of his extraordinary faculties. He was received with a more cordial and flattering attention than I ever knew a stranger to be in Boston, and had not a moment of his time left unoccupied. He enjoyed it all extremely, and is of such transparent simplicity of character that he did not at all conceal the pleasure he received from the respect paid him during the ten days he was with us. What pleased him most, I suspect, was the Phi Beta* dinner. All the old members attended it on his account, so that nearly a hundred sat down to table, among whom were Chief Justice Parker, Judge Davis, Judge Story, Mr. Prescott, Sen., Mr. Webster, etc. The whole was carried through, with extemporaneous spirit, in the finest style, and nothing faltered, up to the last moment.

The best toasts we ever had in this part of the country were given, on requisition from the chair, at an instant's warning, and the succession was uninterrupted. Judge Parker gave, "The happy climate of New York, where the moral sensibilities and intellectual energies are preserved long after constitutional decay has taken place"; and Judge Story gave, "The State of New York, where the law of the land has been so ably administered that it has become the land of the law"; to which the Chancellor instantly replied, "The State of Massachusetts, the land of Story as well as of Song"; and so it was kept up for three or four hours, not a soul leaving the table. At last the Chancellor rose, and the whole company rose with him, and clapped him as far as he could hear it, and then all quietly separated. It was the finest literary festival I ever witnessed, and I never saw anybody who I thought would enjoy it more than the Chancellor did.

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* Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College.

I was with him a great deal while he was in Boston; he dined with us the day before he left; and I really think he is not only one of the most powerful, but one of the most interesting men I ever saw.

Mr. William H. Prescott, who was at this time interested in the study of Italian literature, addressed to Mr. Ticknor, on a stormy day in December, a letter, inspired by his reading of Petrarch, in which, among other things, he earnestly maintained the real existence of Laura. Mr. Ticknor, kept at home, like his friend, by the weather, replied at once with equal interest in the subject, but in a more sceptical tone, both as to Laura's existence and as to the relations between her and the poet who has immortalized her name.

Mr. Prescott's letter is given in the Life of him by his friend, as well as the answer he made to the following: —

To Wm. H. Prescott, Boston.

17 December, 1823. Wednesday Afternoon.

Your three close-written pages about Petrarch, my dear William, have stirred me about him more than I have been before these six years. And having nothing to do, I passed the whole morning in the way you had set me out. I began with whatever I had marked in his Rime, and then having some mind to a greater acquaintance with himself, I read the greater part of his Treatises *De Remediis utriusque Fortunæ*, and *De Vitâ Solitariâ;* and ended with as many of his Letters as brought me to dinner-time. The whole affair has given me great pleasure. It has, I think, once more put me in possession of the character and feelings of Petrarch, in the only way in which it is possible to understand them; and, for aught I know, I have brought myself back — thanks to your very pleasant discussion — much to the same state in which I was when, on a beautiful spring day in Provence, I read the "chiare, dolci e fresche acque" for the last time — till this morning — by the Fountain of Vaucluse.

The first question in my thoughts there, and the only one I thought of as I stood the next day in the garden of the Sœurs de la Charité, at Avignon, is precisely the one you have moved in your letter. Was Laura a real existence, or, rather, was she really a person with whom

Petrarch was so long and so sincerely in love as his works would imply, and who filled as large a space in his heart as she does in his Sonnets.

There is very little, I believe, said on this point, in early times, any more than on the Fiammetta of Boccaccio, and the Beatrice of Dante. I found, however, this morning, a reference in Tiraboschi to one of Petrarch's own letters to a member of the Colonna family; and, looking it up, was surprised to see that this intimate friend of Petrarch treated Laura entirely as an imaginary existence, and that the poet rather evaded the question than contradicted what his friend had said. "Believe me," says he, "no one can dissemble long, but with great effort. But to labor gratuitously, in order to seem mad, were the height of insanity." This almost admits what Colonna had said, that his Laura was *Lauream poeticam* merely; or, at any rate, it is a mere evasion. With this interpretation, however, the world was satisfied until the sixteenth century, that is, for two hundred years, when Vellutello — one of Petrarch's commentators — went to Avignon on purpose to discover something about a substantial Laura, and of course succeeded, built up a romantic system to suit the poet's circumstances, on a single baptismal entry, and again satisfied the world for another century.

At last the Abbé de Sade came, and published three enormous folios about his own city, his own church, and his own family, proving very satisfactorily that a certain Laura de Sade was living between 1308 and 1348, and that he was descended from one of her eleven children, inferring, very ingeniously, that she was the Laura of the Sonnets. But in 1812 a little book was published in Edinburgh, showing that all this superstructure of well-compacted inferences lacked a sufficient foundation, because the initials found in the tomb at Avignon, on which it was all built, referred to somebody else. There, if I understand the matter, the discussion still rests, so far as the external evidence is concerned.

As to the internal evidence, there is necessarily much more room for a free use of weapons, and, of course, the contest has ranged much more widely. A thousand passages have been cited, full of the sincerest and most natural passion, to prove that nothing but a genuine attachment could have given birth to the whole series of poems; and these have been answered by a thousand others, composed of mere puns and conceits, which are as remote from nature as possible. The one you cite, of his strong impression that Laura will retain in heaven the features he loved on earth, and that he shall see and love them again, is no doubt eminently natural; but it is applied, in Southey's "Curse of Kehama," by one imaginary being to another, and therefore might have been well applied by a real poet to a fancied mistress. I remember, too, to have seen, somewhere, great trust put upon the exquisite phrase, "lasciando tenebroso, onde si move," as too fresh from the heart of a lover to be considered mere poetry; and yet Milton has made Adam say of Eve, "She disappeared, and left me dark," and Spenser, reversing the medal, says, yet more beautifully, of Una, that

> "her angel's face
> Could make a sunshine in the shady place."

In short, this argument of internal evidence seems to me to be very little applicable to poetry like that in question; because, in truth, as the Clown says in "As You Like It," "what is most feigning is most poetical," and because the Platonizing period, in which Petrarch lived, filled the world with imaginations not less extravagant than Laura; and many of them of the same kind, which have hardly yet ceased to be worshipped as realities.

I am not, however, willing to say that Petrarch found nothing in nature to give him the intimation of the being he has idealized and called Laura; nor am I willing to abandon those dates which he has given with so much exactness in his Sonnets, and which I remember, also, to have seen in his own exquisite Gothic hand, in his copy of Virgil, recording the time when he first saw her, and the time of her death. It seems to me it cannot *all* have been a mere fiction; and yet I think that the fat, happy, patriotic citizen and poet, who travelled all over Europe, and who studied more books than any man of his time, and who lived so much in the houses and confidence of Princes and Cardinals, is little likely to have been the pining, suffering lover he so exquisitely represents. That he was in love, I do not doubt. That he chose a lady of his heart, that he saw her first at church, in April, 1327, and that she died in 1348, — as he has so exactly marked it in his Sonnets, — seems all very reasonable. But it remains to be proved from his works, or in any other way, that he was among her acquaintance or friends, or that he ever spoke to her. Not one line intimates that she ever vouchsafed him a word of kindness or favor. He was satisfied, I apprehend, to consider her a bright and beautiful vision; "to behold though but her utmost skirts of glory, and far off her steps adore."

He formed a circle of dreams and wishes for his heart, and she was the centre of them, but that was all. She, perhaps, knew nothing of his passion, and, at any rate, lived on in undisturbed happiness with her husband, and became the mother of eleven children. In her death — if Laura de Sade were indeed the object of his poetry — he lost nothing. The thought of her in another and better world rather gave his fancy a new means and freer excitement; and as he had already, during twenty years, employed his imagination in decorating her with unearthly charms, so now he continued yet ten years longer, with rather increased enthusiasm, until the flame, which had been nourished almost entirely by his fancy, was at last extinguished of itself.

In August, 1824, General Lafayette returned, after an interval of thirty-eight years, to revisit the United States, upon the invitation of the President, and was received everywhere, as the "Guest of the Nation," with such hearty demonstrations of gratitude and reverence as proved the depth of the feeling from which they sprung, and which still remains without a parallel. In the forty-sixth number of the "North American Review," published in 1824, there appeared from Mr. Ticknor's pen a sketch of the life and character of this illustrious man, which, with a few alterations and additions, was subsequently published in pamphlet form. Timely in its appearance, and presenting, in appropriate and feeling language, the course of a life of heroic fidelity to duty, it was received with great favor, widely circulated, and afterwards translated into French.*

It was a great enjoyment to Mr. Ticknor to renew in Boston his personal intercourse with the distinguished man whom he had learned to love and venerate in his home at La Grange. He had the pleasure of receiving General Lafayette, more than once, as his guest, and after one of these occasions he writes thus to his friend Daveis: —

To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

Boston, September 28, 1824.

I wish with all my heart, my dear Charles, that you had come up to see us when the old General was here; and if I had at all anticipated what kind and degree of excitement his visit would produce, we should have sent some special summons to fetch you. But the whole affair was unexpected. I mean the popular enthusiasm, which made everything go so warmly and heartily, and gave the whole tour for ten days the appearance of one continued and beautiful festival, which every heart shared and increased.

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* In a letter to Mr. Ticknor dated Paris, March, 1826, General Lafayette says: "A publication that has a claim to my deep and affectionate gratitude has been well translated in French, and three editions carried away in a few months. They are preparing, I am told, a fourth edition."

I saw him constantly, because, on the score of mere acquaintance, nobody among us knew half so much of him as I did, having passed some time at La Grange; and it was delightful in all cases — as of course it was peculiarly gratifying in my own — to observe that he uniformly stopped, in the midst of all the show and bustle that constantly pressed him, to recognize those who had none but the common claims of private regard on his notice.

On Sunday evening he supped with us, by his own suggestion and invitation. As it was Sunday, we did not wish or choose to invite company. We had, therefore, only Mr. and Mrs. Quincy, Mr. and Mrs. Prescott, and Mr. and Mrs. Webster. It was then I wanted you, for it was the only occasion in New England on which he has had a quiet opportunity to converse; and he talked most interestingly for two hours on the French Revolution, Bonaparte, and the Hundred Days, of all which — or, at any rate, of the first and last — nobody alive knows as much as he does.

His whole visit here was very fortunate. Everything went on without effort, because the universal enthusiasm gave the irresistible impulse that carried everything forward; while on his part he showed great skill and tact, always saying the right thing at the right time, and in the right place. I did not think, before he was tried, that he could have done so much and so well.

We have passed the summer . . . . almost entirely in Boston. About the first of August we went to Round Hill and Hanover, but that is all. What the winter will bring forth, we cannot yet begin to foresee. I shall lecture till late in the autumn. Then, if I can persuade A., we shall go South, as far as Charleston. . . . . But she gives me little encouragement that she will do it, and yet seems willing to go to Washington, Richmond, and Monticello, where Mr. Jefferson has again and again written to invite us to make a visit. You may therefore hear of us from the midst of the University of Virginia, or from the bustle of the Presidential election, or we may keep our own fireside in quiet and peace. . . . .

Alexander Everett and his wife are here, and we see them quite often, and find them very pleasant. They supped here two evenings ago, with Gener, who was President of the Cortes when the King was deposed, and tells many curious stories of those troubled times.

Our friend Wallenstein left us last week, after a visit of above two months. He is a very uncommon man, of remarkable acquirements. . . . . I believe he carried off the respect and personal regard of every distinguished man in this quarter of the country.* . . . .

In November, 1824, Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor went to Washington, and afterwards, accompanied by Mr. Webster, visited Mr. Madison at Montpellier, and Mr. Jefferson at Monticello. Upon their return they passed some weeks in Washington, mingling in its general society, and seeing, in an easy and familiar way, many of the distinguished men assembled there. In two letters to Mr. Prescott, Mr. Ticknor describes some of the scenes and incidents of this journey.†

To Wm. H. Prescott.

MONTICELLO, December 16, 1824.

Your letter, my dear William, followed us from Washington, and was waiting here day before yesterday, when we arrived. We thank you for it very much, and for all the agreeable intelligence and pleasant talk it contained. . . . . We have had an extremely pleasant visit in Virginia thus far, and have been much less annoyed by bad roads and bad inns than we supposed we should be, though both are certainly vile enough. We left Washington just a week ago, and came seventy miles in a steamboat, to Potomac Creek, and afterwards nine miles by land, to Fredericksburg. . . . .

On Saturday morning we reached Mr. Madison's, at Montpellier, on the west side of what is called the Southwest Mountain ; a very fine, commanding situation, with the magnificent range of the Blue Ridge stretching along the whole horizon in front, at the distance of from twenty to thirty miles. . . . .

We were received with a good deal of dignity and much cordiality, by Mr. and Mrs. Madison, in the portico, and immediately placed at ease; for they were apprised of our coming an hour or two before we arrived, and were therefore all in order, to show a little of that ceremony in which Mrs. Madison still delights.

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* In a letter of June 11, 1824, Mr. Ticknor speaks of "the Baron de Wallenstein, now belonging to the Russian Legation at Washington, a young German of great knowledge." The acquaintance had begun in Madrid.

† An account of this visit to Mr. Jefferson is already well known to those who are familiar with Mr. Webster's Life by Curtis, and his papers published by his son. Some details and repetitions are therefore omitted here.

Mr. Madison is a younger-looking man — he is now seventy-four — than he was when I saw him ten years ago, with an unsuccessful war grinding him to the earth; and he is one of the most pleasant men I have met, both from the variety and vivacity of his conversation. He lives, apparently, with great regularity. We breakfasted at nine, dined about four, drank tea at seven, and went to bed at ten; that is, we went to our rooms, where we were furnished with everything we wanted, and where Mrs. Madison sent us a nice supper every night and a nice luncheon every forenoon. From ten o'clock in the morning till three we rode, walked, or remained in our rooms, Mr. and Mrs. Madison being then occupied. The table is very ample and elegant, and somewhat luxurious; it is evidently a serious item in the account of Mr. M.'s happiness, and it seems to be his habit to pass about an hour, after the cloth is removed, with a variety of wines of no mean quality.

On politics he is a little reserved, as he seems determined not to be again involved in them; but about everything else he talked with great freedom, and told an interminable series of capital stories, most of which have some historical value. His language, though not very rich or picturesque, was chosen with much skill, and combined into very elegant and finished sentences; and both Mr. Webster and myself were struck with a degree of good-sense in his conversation which we had not anticipated from his school of politics and course of life. We passed our time, therefore, very pleasantly, and feel indebted to him for a hospitality which becomes one who has been at the head of the nation.

On Sunday forenoon we took a ride of a dozen miles across different plantations, to see the country and the people. Mr. Madison's farm — as he calls it — consists of about three thousand acres, with an hundred and eighty slaves, and is among the best managed in Virginia. We saw also one or two others that looked very well, but in general things had a very squalid appearance. We stopped at the house of Mr. Philip Barbour, one of the most active lawyers in the Commonwealth, lately Speaker of the House of Representatives, and still one of its prominent members. The house is of brick, and new, large enough, and not inconvenient. Probably he lives with a sort of luxury which is chiefly the result of abundance, and is not very refined; but certainly there is little comfort in his establishment, and a good, honest New-Englander, with a thousand dollars a year, would have more enjoyment of life than Mr. Barbour has with six or seven. . . . .

Early on Tuesday we arrived at Monticello. Everything here is on a larger scale than at Montpellier; the house, the grounds, and the arrangements. There is, too, nothing that marks the residence of an Ex-King. The family consists of Mr. Jefferson; Mrs. Randolph, his daughter, about fifty-two years old; Mr. Trist, a young Louisianian, who has married her fourth daughter; Miss Ellen; two other daughters, of eighteen and twenty; Mrs. Trist; four sons under sixteen; Mr. Harrison, a young lawyer of Harrisburg, who lately studied at Cambridge; Mr. Long,* just from Cambridge, England, apparently an excellent scholar, and now a professor in the University at Charlottesville; Mr. Webster; and ourselves. . . . .

Yesterday we formed a party, and, with Mr. Jefferson at our head, went to the University.† It is a very fine establishment, consisting of ten houses for professors, four eating-houses, a rotunda on the model of the Parthenon, with a magnificent room for a library, and four fine lecture-rooms, with one hundred and eight apartments for students; the whole situated in the midst of two hundred and fifty acres of land, high, healthy, and with noble prospects all around it. It has cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the thorough finish of every part of it, and the beautiful architecture of the whole, show, I think, that it has not cost too much. Each professor receives his house, which in Charlottesville — the neighboring village — would rent for $600, a salary of $1,500, and a fee of $20 from every student who attends his instructions, which are to be lectures, three times a week. Of the details of the system I shall discourse much when I see you. It is more practical than I feared, but not so practical that I feel satisfied of its success. It is, however, an experiment worth trying, to which I earnestly desire the happiest results; and they have, to begin it, a mass of buildings more beautiful than anything architectural in New England, and more appropriate to an university than can be found, perhaps, in the world.

Mr. Jefferson is entirely absorbed in it, and its success would make a *beau finale* indeed to his life. He is now eighty-two years old, very little altered from what he was ten years ago, very active, lively, and happy, riding from ten to fifteen miles every day, and talking without the least restraint, very pleasantly, upon all subjects. In politics, his interest seems nearly gone. He takes no newspaper but the Richmond Enquirer, and reads that reluctantly; but on all matters of literature, philosophy, and general interest, he is prompt and even eager. He reads much Greek and Saxon. I saw his Greek Lexicon, printed in 1817; it was much worn with use, and contained many curious notes. . . . .

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* Mr. George Long, since well known by his various contributions to classical scholarship.

† See *ante*, p. 303.

Mr. Jefferson seems to enjoy life highly, and very rationally; but he said well of himself the other evening, "When I can neither read nor ride, I shall desire very much to make my bow." I think he bids fair to enjoy both, yet nine or ten years. . . . . Write to us, my dear William, as soon as you can, and very often, and we will do all we can to send you speedy and pleasant answers.

Yours always,

GEO. TICKNOR.

TO WM. H. PRESCOTT.

BALTIMORE, January 16, 1825.

We received your long and very entertaining letter, my dear William, above a week ago, at Washington. . . . . I should have answered it at once, but we were then too busy to do what we would, and I was obliged to postpone writing. We arrived here last night.

The first time we were in Washington we passed a little less than a fortnight; the last time, between three and four weeks. It is altogether a very curious residence; very different from anything I have seen in any part of the world. The regular inhabitants of the city, from the President downwards, lead a hard and troublesome life. It is their business to entertain strangers, and they do it, each one according to his means, but all in a very laborious way. . . . .

The President gives a dinner, once a week, to thirty or forty people — no ladies present — in a vast, cold hall. He invited me to one, but I did not go. I was, however, at a very pleasant dinner of only a dozen, that he gave to Lafayette, when the old gentleman made himself very agreeable; but this was quite out of the common course. . . . . Mr. Adams* gives a great dinner once a week, and Mrs. Adams a great ball once a fortnight; it keeps her ill half the time, but she is a woman of great spirit, and carries it through with a high hand. . . . . Calhoun's, however, was the pleasantest of the ministerial dinners, because he invited ladies, and is the most agreeable person in conversation at Washington, — I mean of the Cabinet, — and Mrs.

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* Then Secretary of State.

Calhoun is a very good little woman, who sometimes gives a pleasant ball. . . . . The Russian Minister is a strange, retired fanatic, in feeble health, who gives splendid dinners once a week. Addington, the British Chargé, is a very acute, pleasant, well-informed man of letters, who gives very agreeable little dinners *en garçon*, twice a week, The Baron de Mareuil* is a truly elegant gentleman, in the largest sense of the term, and his wife is a very sweet and beautiful woman, with winning manners. They are now in severe mourning for the king, and see no company ; but we went there sometimes, and dined with them once *en famille*, most pleasantly. These are the chief of the permanent resources of Washington, for society and agreeable intercourse. . . . .

The truth is, that at Washington society is the business of life. . . . . People have nothing but one another to amuse themselves with ; and as it is thus obviously for every man's interest to be agreeable, you may be sure very few fail. For myself, I can truly say I have seldom been more amused, interested, and excited during my life, than in the last three or four weeks. I found out how things were going, the first time we were there, and I was determined to make my arrangements so as to enjoy them myself, and especially to give A. a chance to see the great men of the time, and enjoy their conversation. Every morning we went to return visits ; . . . . then to the House or Senate, if there were any debate. At four o'clock, Mr. Webster and Wallenstein came to dinner, — if we dined at home, — so that we were sure of delightful society. To these, I often added one or two others, and thus had at different times, entirely without ceremony, Mr. Poinsett,† Mr. Clay, Mr. Tazewell,‡ Mr. Cheves,§ Mr. King, General Bernard, the Edward Livingstons, General Lafayette, etc. These dinners were as pleasant as anything of the sort could well be, for Mr. Webster was generally very animated, and there was no want of excitement among the rest of them.

We often went to a party in the evening, which was almost uniformly a dance, and after that was over came home to a little supper, or went to one elsewhere, so that, from twelve at noon till midnight, we were constantly in society as agreeable and exciting as any in the country. Our next neighbors were the Edward Livingstons, between whose parlor and ours we soon removed all obstructions; and under the same roof, Colonel Hayne * and his wife, Mr. Cheves, Mr. Archer, Colonel Hamilton, General Mercer, Mr. King, † and so on. Two or three times a week, therefore, we could make an agreeable supper-party without going out of the house. . . . . The only objection to society at Washington is, that there is too much of it.

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* French Minister.

† Joel R. Poinsett of South Carolina, our Minister to Mexico in 1825, and Secretary of War under President Van Buren.

‡ Littleton Waller Tazewell, a distinguished lawyer of Virginia, and member of the United States Senate.

§ Langdon Cheves of South Carolina had been Speaker of the House of Representatives in 1815.

Here, however, things are entirely different. It is, at this moment, a city of mourning. . . . . The first moment after our arrival we heard of General Harper's death, and the tokens of it have been before our eyes ever since. I saw him several times last November, and spent an evening at his house. He was then in remarkable health, not full and plethoric, as he used to be ten years ago, but with a very decided appearance of clear and settled health. His conversation was uncommonly rich and powerful; not very animated, but very frank, and occasionally with great choice and happiness of expression and illustration. The disease of which he died, an ossification of the great vessels of the heart, is one of those deep and obscure complaints for which the art of man has found no remedy. . . . . On Thursday he argued a very important cause, which has been in the courts these seventeen years, and Mr. Wirt says it was one of the ablest arguments he ever heard. . . . .

This morning he was buried, as Major-General of the Maryland militia. . . . . I have seen a marshal of France, and a prince of the Roman Empire, buried with less dignity and grandeur, and with a much less moving and solemn effect. . . . .

When we shall be at home, I do not pretend very distinctly to foresee, but before long. . . . . Addio, caro.

Geo. Ticknor.

In the course of this visit in Washington, Mr. Ticknor was asked by General Lafayette to interest himself in discovering and assisting two German refugees, scholarly men, who had fled, for political reasons, first to Switzerland, and thence to the United States, and who had written to him asking aid in finding employment. Their names were Beck and Follen, and it

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* Robert Y. Hayne of South Carolina, born 1791; best known for his debate with Mr. Webster in the United States Senate, in 1830.

† Rufus King, our Minister to Great Britain in 1796; died in 1827 at the age of seventy-two.

was supposed they might be found or heard of in Philadelphia. On his way home, therefore, Mr. Ticknor took great pains to gain some knowledge of them in Philadelphia, but failed up to the last day of his stay there. On that day, Mr. John Vaughan* dined with him at the hotel, and, being interested in the search, suggested, as a last resource, that a Swiss shopkeeper in the neighborhood might possibly furnish some information. This chance was tried successfully. Two modest young men were found, just preparing, in despair of better things, to go as tillers of the soil into the interior of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Ticknor said to them, "You must furnish me with a written statement of your history and acquirements." This they were quite willing to do, but confessed their inability to write either in English or in French with sufficient ease and accuracy. A proposal that they should use Latin made their faces brighten, and the next day the two documents were brought to Mr. Ticknor, written in correct and fluent Latin. Dr. Beck was soon — through Mr. Ticknor's means — established at Mr. Cogswell's school in Northampton, and afterwards became Professor of Latin at Harvard College, where he passed the rest of his life.

Dr. Follen was made teacher of German in Mr. Ticknor's department, at the same College, in 1825, and in 1830 was made Professor of German Language and Literature, which he held for five years. In 1826 Mr. Ticknor writes to Mr. Daveis, "Our German teacher, Dr. Follen, was formerly Professor of Civil Law at Basel, a young man who left his country from political troubles. He is a fine fellow, an excellent scholar, and teaches German admirably. He will lecture on the Civil Law, in Boston, in a few weeks. . . . . He is a modest, thorough, faithful German scholar, who will do good among us, and be worth your knowing." The career of these two men was such as to make Mr. Ticknor look back with pleasure to the efforts he made in their behalf.

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* Brother of Mr. Benjamin and Mr. William Vaughan; see *ante*, p. 55.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Efforts for Reform in Harvard College.

THE spirit with which Mr. Ticknor entered on his professorship at Harvard College, and the scheme of duties he formed, to the fulfilment of which he gave himself with characteristic energy, hopefulness, and ardor, have been noticed in preceding pages. He had not been long engaged in his work before he found himself hampered by the general conditions of instruction at Cambridge, and his success in his own department materially checked by the deficiencies of the system then in force.

Alike in respect to discipline and to learning, the College was not in a satisfactory state. Many of the officers of the government and of instruction were aware of existing defects, and anxious to find a remedy for them; while the friends of the College, in the community at large, felt the necessity of vigorous measures of change and improvement. Mr. Ticknor's quick intelligence soon detected the sources of the evils by which the usefulness of the College was diminished, and his generous zeal for the best culture urged him to exert his full powers for their removal. He took up the question of reform without hesitation, and for several years he was one of the chief leaders in the endeavor to secure the changes required, to make the College an institution for the highest education attainable with such means and resources as it had at command. The attempt was only in part successful. The community was not prepared for some of the strong changes which were proposed; but the impulse was given, which, in the fifty years that have followed, has been efficient in raising the College to its present position as a University, fully equipped and admirably served, and no one did more to create it than Mr. Ticknor.

His interest in the improvement of education at Cambridge was so great, and he took so large a part in the attempt to render the College effective for the promotion of the highest culture, that any account of his life from 1819 to 1830 must include a narrative of his exertions for that end.

In a letter to Mr. Haven, written in 1825, he gives a sketch of the condition of the College, and of the efforts to improve it, beginning in 1821.*

To N. A. Haven.

October 26, 1825.

I take my earliest leisure to give you the account you desire to have, of the origin and management of the measures for change at Cambridge. . . . .

When I came home from Europe [1819], not having been educated at Cambridge, and having always looked upon it with great veneration, I had no misgivings about the wisdom of the organization and management of the College there. I went about my work, therefore, with great alacrity and confidence ; not, indeed, according to a plan I proposed in writing, ... but according to the established order of things, which I was urged to adopt as my own, and which I did adopt very cheerfully. In about a year and a half, I began to find out that there was much idleness and dissipation in College, of which the resident teachers were ignorant, and I began to feel that $2,000 per annum were spent nominally to teach the French and Spanish languages and literatures, when in fact no such thing was done.

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* Mr. Haven's forebodings about the College were often expressed to Mr. Ticknor. On the 15th of September, 1821, he wrote : "I have frequently had occasion to express an opinion, which I have formed after some inquiry, — and, I need not add, with great reluctance, — that habits of expense and of dissipated pleasures prevail amongst the young men at Cambridge, in a greater degree than at any former period within my knowledge. . . . . The opinion was formed and communicated to a friend more than three years ago. I made inquiries of young men who were then or who had recently been connected with the College, and my opinion was formed upon facts which they communicated. I may add, that the friend with whom I conversed did not at that time agree with me in opinion ; that I had no further conversation with him upon the subject until last week, when he informed me that his own inquiries and observation had convinced him that the College could be saved from utter ruin only by the introduction of a severe discipline. . . . . No one who knows me will suspect me of any feelings unfriendly to the College. On the contrary, I cannot well describe how strongly all my feelings and hopes and recollections are connected with it. It is precisely because they are so connected with it, that I desire a reformation to be effected. I might almost say that all our hopes of sound learning and of uncorrupted Christianity depend upon the prosperity of that institution. . . . . But the College has watchful enemies, and nothing can save her from their grasp but a spotless reputation."

I went to the President, therefore, as the head of the College, and explained my difficulties to him, in the spring of 1821. In June of that year I had several formal conversations with him. They ended in nothing. I talked, also, with Mr. Norton, Mr. Frisbie, and Dr. Ware,* all of whom thought great changes necessary, and the two first thought the Corporation should be applied to, while the latter, Dr. Ware, thought public opinion should be brought to act on the immediate government, and compel them to a more efficient administration of the College.

I then went to Mr. Prescott.† He was so far moved with the statements I made to him — in July, 1821 — that he desired me to reduce them to writing. I wrote him a letter of nearly twenty pages, much of which is in my printed "Remarks." It is dated July 31, 1821, and at his request I made copies of it, and gave one to the President, one to Mr. Lowell, and one to Judge Davis, etc. I showed it, also, to Mr. Norton, Mr. Frisbie, and Dr. Ware, who expressed themselves strongly satisfied; the first, Mr. Norton, in a long letter, and the two last verbally. Mr. Farrar thought changes unnecessary.

The Corporation, in consequence of this letter, issued a circular to all the teachers, dated September 12, 1821, containing seven pages of all possible questions, to which was afterwards added a request to each teacher to suggest anything he might desire to have done, or changed at College, even if not suggested by the questions themselves. Most of the teachers answered in the course of the autumn. My answers are dated October 23, and fill thirty pages. Mr. Frisbie's were nearly as long, and are the only memorial he ever sent to the Corporation. Mr. Norton's and Mr. Farrar's were longer, and so on.

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* All of them professors in the College.

† Hon. William Prescott, then a member of the Corporation. The management of Harvard College was then, as now, in the hands of three separate bodies, the *first* of these being the Faculty, or immediate government, having the entire discipline of the students in its hands; the *second* being the Corporation, having the management of the funds and revenues of the College, and the appointment of instructors, with other duties exercised under the supervision of the *third* body, the Overseers, representing the interests of the graduates and of the public at large.

The committee to consider these answers — amounting to nearly three hundred pages — was composed of Dr. Porter, Mr. Prescott, and Mr. Lowell, all working men. And they did work faithfully. Mr. Prescott, in particular, made an abstract of the opinions of each respondent, arranged under the appropriate heads of the changes proposed, and found a large majority against any change of importance. The Corporation were unwilling to proceed, in this state of things, to make changes. Mr. Norton then proposed to me to print my answers, his, and Mr. Frisbie's, and send a copy to each of the Overseers, and try to stir them up to action; but I was not willing to proceed to such extremities, and declined doing it. Matters therefore rested quietly till May, 1823, that is, a year and a half more, when there was a rebellion, and forty students were sent off together.

Mr. Norton and Dr. Ware then brought up the whole subject of the College, for discussion in a club for religious purposes to which we belonged. . . . . I was sorry for it, and so expressed myself. But it was discussed three evenings, and a good deal of excitement produced by it. On the fourth evening there was a very thin meeting at Dr. Ware's, owing to a rain. . . . . Some one proposed to remove the discussion to another body of persons, who should be selected for the purpose, and I agreed to it, both because it had been discussed enough where it then was, and because some of the members of the club were not, in my estimation, the right persons to discuss it at all. It was agreed the meeting should be small, and Mr. R. Sullivan and myself were desired to call it. . . . . Nine of us therefore assembled at my house July 23, 1823.*

For the consideration of these gentlemen Mr. Ticknor had drawn up a paper, the general object and character of which are shown in the following extracts: —

It is, I think, an unfortunate circumstance, that all our colleges have been so long considered merely places for obtaining a degree of Bachelor of Arts, to serve as a means and certificate whereon to build the future plans and purposes of life. Such a state of things was, indeed, unavoidable at the earlier period of our College, when there was only a President, who sometimes lived permanently in Boston, and a few tutors, who kept a school in Newton; for the number of scholars was so small that it was possible to teach only by classes, and each student, the number being also small, could pass through the hands of every one of them, and receive from every one all the instruction he could give. But now the state of the case is reversed. There are twenty or more teachers, and three hundred students, and yet the division into classes remains exactly the same, and every student is obliged to pass through the hands of nearly or quite every instructor. Of course, the recitations become mere examinations, and it cannot be attempted to give more than the most superficial view of very important subjects, even to those who would gladly investigate them thoroughly, because they must keep with the class to which they are bound, and hurry on from a teacher and a subject to which they have, perhaps, important reasons for being attached, to another teacher and another subject, wherein their present dispositions and final pursuits in life make it impossible for them to feel any interest. But at the same time that we at once perceive this system . . . . has been carried too far, ... we must still feel that it has in some respects its peculiar advantages. The majority of the young men who come to Cambridge should not be left entirely to themselves to choose what they will study, because they are not competent to judge what will be most important for them; and yet no parent would wish to have his child pursue branches of knowledge which he is sure can never be of use to him in future life.

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* Rev. Charles Lowell, Judge Story, and Messrs. R. Sullivan and John Pickering, Overseers; Dr. James Jackson and Mr. Ticknor, present officers; Messrs. G. B. Emerson and J. G. Palfrey, former officers; and Mr. W. Sullivan, former Overseer. Mr. Prescott and Mr. Otis were kept away by having to attend a meeting of the Corporation on the same day.

A beneficial compromise can, however, as it seems to me, be effected between the old system still in operation and the most liberal concessions that would be demanded by one of the merely free and philosophical universities of Europe.

Mr. Ticknor went on to describe in explicit terms the actual condition of the College in all matters of discipline, morals, and instruction, and closes this part of the subject with saying, —

Now if this be the condition of the College, which I do not doubt, or if anything like it exist there, which nobody will deny, it is perfectly apparent that a great and thorough change must take place in its discipline and instruction; not to bring it up to the increasing demands of the community, but to make it fulfil the purposes of a *respectable high school*, to which young men may be safely sent to be prepared for the study of a profession.

His plan of reform includes a revision of the laws; their administration by a tribunal of three, with full powers of dismission, etc.; stricter examination, both annual and for admission; annual increase of studies during the College course; a change in the character of the recitations, and restriction of personal expenses of the students.

Whenever the tribunal of three are satisfied that a young man does not fulfil the purposes for which he came to College, they should be required instantly to dismiss him, for his own sake, for the sake of his friends, and for the sake of the College, since from that moment he becomes a nuisance; for, if it be mere dulness, he is out of his place and lowers the standard of merit, and if it be idleness, folly, or vice, he is continually spreading mischief around him. . . . . The longest vacation should happen in the hot season, when insubordination and misconduct are now most frequent, partly from the indolence produced by the season. There is a reason against this, I know, — the poverty of many students, who keep school for a part of their subsistence. . . . .

On this point he gives facts and statistics to prove this concession and arrangement to be unnecessary, and continues: —

And it would be difficult to prove that it is always even poverty that is encouraged, for of sixteen beneficiaries in the Senior Class, only nine were last winter so poor as to be compelled to resort to school-keeping; so that, on all accounts, I think it is apparent the College can fulfil all its duties to the poorer portion of the community, without resorting to the winter vacation. . . . .

For myself, I will gladly perform all the duties that fall to my office as Smith Professor, and give besides a full twelfth of all the additional common instruction at College, for the three next years, provided this reform may take place, and such branches be assigned to me as I can teach with profit to the school. I am persuaded every other teacher would be equally willing to pledge himself to extra labors in such a cause. . . . .

But one thing is certain. *A change must take place.* The discipline of College must be made more exact, and the instruction more thorough. All now is too much in the nature of a show, and abounds too much in false pretences. . . . . It is seen that we are neither an University — which we call ourselves — nor a respectable high school, — which we ought to be, — and that with "Christo et Ecclesiæ" for our motto, the morals of great numbers of the young men who come to us are corrupted. We must therefore change, or public confidence, which is already hesitating, will entirely desert us. If we can ever have an university at Cambridge which shall lead the intellectual character of the country, it can be, I apprehend, only when the present College shall have been settled into a thorough and well-disciplined high school, where the young men of the country shall be carefully prepared to begin their professional studies, and where in Medicine, Law, and Theology, sufficient inducements shall have been collected around and within the College . . . . to keep graduates there two years longer, at least, and probably three. . . . .

We have now learnt that as many years are passed in our schools, and colleges, and professional preparation, as are passed in the same way, and for the same purpose, in the best schools in Europe, while it is perfectly apparent that nothing like the same results are obtained; so that we have only to choose whether the reproach shall rest on the talents of our young men, or on the instruction and discipline of our institutions for teaching them. Now, as there can be no doubt which of the two is in fault, our colleges, constituting as they do the most important portion of our means of teaching, must come in for their full share of the blame. There may be defects, and there are defects, I know, in the previous preparation of the young men, but the defects at college are greater and graver.

Such were the condition and the needs of the College, in the view of Mr. Ticknor. His opinions had weight, and were carefully considered by the gentlemen before whom he laid them. He continues his narrative to Mr. Haven as follows: —

A list of above twenty questions was prepared by the contributions of all present, each one proposing any point he wished to have examined. The discussions began at 9 A. M. and were continued till 6 P. M., through dinner and all, without intermission. About a dozen points were examined, and on all it was *unanimously* agreed, something ought to be done. We determined, therefore, to have a committee of the Overseers appointed, — if we could compass it, — with full powers to examine into the whole condition of the College. This we knew would be agreeable to Mr. Prescott and Mr. Otis, who thought the work could not be carried on without the intervention of a larger body than the Corporation, and a stronger action of public opinion than such a body could produce. It was, also, what was foreseen as probable at the meeting at Dr. Ware's, and what Mr. Norton had long thought desirable. The committee, therefore, was appointed at the regular meeting of the Overseers, held the next day, July 24, 1823. . . . . A committee of the Corporation, consisting of the President, Mr. Prescott, and Mr. Otis, was appointed, July 25, to confer with this committee of the Overseers, as had been requested by the vote of the Overseers. . . . . They had many meetings, some which lasted a whole day. If ever a subject was thoroughly discussed, they discussed this one thoroughly. When Judge Story had drawn up his report, he sent it to the President, with whom it remained above two months, and who returned it without desiring any alteration, or suggesting any from any other person.

This report was discussed June 1, 1824, and another committee appointed (J. Lowell, Chairman) to inquire, and report further details, as the Overseers were evidently not sufficiently informed about the state of the College. . . . . The result of the whole was, that the resident teachers *again* declared themselves against all but very trifling changes. The Overseers, however, after a very long discussion, passed the greater changes unanimously, and these greater changes, having been digested into the shape of laws by the Corporation, are now the basis on which the College rests, and which I undertook to explain and defend in my review, or pamphlet.* . . . That the opinion of a majority of the resident teachers has not been followed, is true; that they have not been kindly and respectfully consulted at every step, in making up the final result, is obviously a mistake; but that any one, except the teachers, or rather a part of the teachers, at Cambridge, thinks this result wrong or unwise, I have not yet heard. The general opinion, indeed, has seldom been so unanimous on any important point, that had been so much discussed, and, taking the whole body of instructors, — resident and non-resident, — there is a majority strongly the same way.

Mr. Ticknor, and those who acted with him, had thus far addressed themselves only to the responsible official bodies having charge of the interests of the College; but when, in June, 1825, the changes they desired received the sanction of both the superior boards, it was thought proper that they should be explained and vindicated to the public. Mr. Ticknor, accordingly, at the request of Judge Story, Mr. Webster, and Mr. Prescott, wrote an article on the subject for the "North American Review." It was already in type, when the editor of that journal — although he had invited and accepted the article — informed Mr. Ticknor that, by the advice of friends, he had decided that it would be inexpedient for him to publish it. The gentlemen who had originally counselled its preparation, and had themselves revised it in manuscript, then recommended its publication as a separate pamphlet. This was done in September, 1825, and before the close of the year a second edition was called for and exhausted.

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* "Remarks on Changes lately proposed or adopted in Harvard University." By George Ticknor, Smith Professor, etc. Boston, 1825. 8vo. pp. 48.

This pamphlet, referred to in the preceding letter, was designed to explain and defend the changes which it was supposed were to be carried out at Harvard; changes which in no other way affected Mr. Ticknor's relations to the College than as they increased his labors. After describing the state of the institution, and the grounds of the existing dissatisfaction with it, he entered upon the discussion of a question relating to the alleged legal right of resident teachers to become members of the Corporation; a claim which, in the manner it had been urged, resulted in a demand that the members of the Corporation should be appointed exclusively from among such resident professors and tutors. This was an old controversy, recently revived. Mr. Ticknor availed himself of the ample notes from which Judge Story had made an argument on this subject before the Overseers, together with suggestions from Mr. Webster and Mr. Prescott, in order to put on record, in a permanent form, the grounds on which this question, as a matter of law, had been set at rest.* He then considered and answered the same claim, as a matter of expediency.

An historical statement follows, of the steps taken to bring about important changes in the College, beginning with what was attempted in 1821, and coming down to the new code of laws just sanctioned by the Corporation and Overseers in June, 1825, which he explained and vindicated. The whole movement was an effort to carry the institution through a state of transition, gradually moulding it into a broader and freer form. The immediate abolition of the system of classes, of a *curriculum* and a degree, could not be undertaken, nor could the teaching of many of the professors be emancipated from the special spheres imposed by the donors of their foundations. But the cardinal features of the new plan were these: the division of the whole institution into *departments*, with the right of a limited choice of studies; the separation of the members of a class for their exercises, according to their proficiency, so that each division might be carried forward as rapidly as was consistent with thoroughness, every man having a right to make progress according to his industry and capacity; and the opening of the College to those who wished to pursue special studies, without taking a degree. Mr. Ticknor made it apparent that these changes could be made consistent with the retention of classes, and with the conferring of degrees on those who might desire them. He made it equally plain that the existing pecuniary means of the College were sufficient — if rightly used — to put these innovations to a fair and proper test.

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* He makes acknowledgment of the sources from which he drew the legal argument, in a manuscript note on the margin of a copy of the pamphlet, now remaining in his library.

Having discussed all these topics with great fulness, he closed with a vigorous passage on the absolute necessity of introducing greater thoroughness into the processes of teaching: —

There is one point that I believe must be made a sort of cynosure, when beneficial changes are undertaken, both at Harvard and at our other colleges; and that is, the principle of thorough *teaching*. On this point, it is desirable to be perfectly plain, and to be very plainly understood. It is a small matter to diminish the unreasonable amount of holidays, or to give the students more and longer lessons, under a division according to proficiency, or to do almost anything else, if the principle of *teaching* is still to be overlooked. For the most that an instructor now undertakes in our colleges is to ascertain, from day to day, whether the young men who are assembled in his presence have probably studied the lesson prescribed to them. There his duty stops. If the lesson have been learnt, it is well ; if it have not, nothing remains but punishment, after a sufficient number of such offences shall have been accumulated to demand it ; and then it comes, halting after the delinquent, he hardly knows why. The idea of a thorough commentary on the lesson ; the idea of making the explanations and illustrations of the teacher of as much consequence as the recitation of the book, or even more, is substantially unknown in this country, except at a few preparatory schools.

The consequence is, that, though many of our colleges may have a valuable apparatus for instruction, though they may be very good, quiet, and secluded places for study, and though many of the young men who resort thither may really learn not a little of what is exacted or expected from them, yet, after all, not one of our colleges is a place for thorough *teaching;* and not one of the better class of them does half of what it might do, by bringing the minds of its instructors to act directly and vigorously on the minds of its pupils, and thus to encourage, enable, and compel them to learn what they ought to learn, and what they easily might learn.

Consider, only, that as many years are given to the great work of education here as are given in Europe, and that it costs more money with us to be very imperfectly educated than it does to enjoy the great advantages of some of the best institutions and universities on the Continent. And yet, who in this country, by means here offered him, has been enabled to make himself a good Greek scholar? Who has been taught thoroughly to read, write, and speak Latin? Nay, who has been taught anything, at our colleges, with the thoroughness that will enable him to go safely and directly onward to distinction in the department he has thus entered, without returning to lay anew the foundations for his success? It is a shame to be obliged to ask such questions ; and yet there is but one answer to them, and those who have visited and examined the great schools of Europe have bitterly felt, there, what this answer is, and why it must be given.

In some of our colleges there may be a reason for this state of things. Their means are small, their apparatus incomplete, their instructors few. They do what they can ; but they cannot do much more than spread before their students a small part of the means for acquiring knowledge, examine them sufficiently to ascertain their general diligence, and encourage them to exertion by such rewards and punishments as they can command. And in doing this they may do the community great service, and honorably fulfil their own duties.

But at Cambridge, and at our larger colleges, much more than this can be done, and ought to be done. The young men may be *taught*, as well as examined. The large apparatus of libraries, instruments, and collections, and the greater number of professors and tutors, may be turned to much better account, and made to produce much wider and more valuable results. The increasing demands of the community may be here met, and our high places for education may easily accommodate themselves more wisely to the spirit and wants of the times in which we live. And this, if done at all, must be done speedily; for new institutions are springing up, which, in the flexibility of their youth, will easily take the forms that are required of them, while the older establishments, if they suffer themselves to grow harder and harder in their ancient habits and systems, will find, when the period for more important alterations is come, and free universities are demanded and called forth, that, instead of being able to place themselves at the head of the coming changes and directing their course, they will only be the first victims of the spirit of improvement.*

The changes introduced into the arrangements of the College, which had been supported and defended by Mr. Ticknor, were so broad that it is not matter of surprise to find them met by opposition, and that the experiment, being made by teachers unaccustomed to the system, and who had repeatedly expressed their opinion that changes were unnecessary, should prove unsuccessful. None of the professors, except Mr. Ticknor and Mr. Everett, had enjoyed the opportunities of a thorough training in a European university. Had they shared Mr. Ticknor's advantages, or partaken of his spirit, the result of the attempt at reform would unquestionably have been more satisfactory than it

* This pamphlet received strong encomiums from the newspaper press in different parts of the country; but especially emphatic among these were the expressions that came from the organs of the great religious denominations whose sympathies had long been averted from Harvard College, and whose opinions Mr. Ticknor did not share. In the interests of good learning, sectarian feeling gave way, and not only the "Boston Recorder and Telegraph," but the "Journal of Letters, Christianity, and Civil Affairs," published at Princeton under the auspices of the College there, — in an article written by the Rev. Mr. Bruen, — warmly commended Mr. Ticknor's views, and his courage and ability in presenting them.

proved. The experiment was made unwillingly, and was soon given up.

In the autumn of 1826, when a committee of the Overseers made the annual visitation of the College, the new arrangements were not found working successfully in any department but that of the modern languages. In carrying out the regulation by which the students were divided into sections, according to their capacity and proficiency, it was attended with great and seemingly insurmountable difficulties, and the Overseers recommended to the Corporation some modification of the rule. The Corporation accordingly relaxed its binding force, and early in 1827 the Faculty resolved that it was expedient that this law "should *not* be applied to the departments, or by individual instructors, without the assent of the Faculty," but "that if the Department of Modern Languages choose to apply the law to the classes instructed by that department, the Faculty assent."

Although this vote was virtually the abandonment, so far as the College was concerned, of the improvement which Mr. Ticknor had desired to accomplish, it left him free to regulate his own department as he chose, and gave him the opportunity, which he did not fail to use, to exhibit in its operation the advantages of the system he had so vigorously urged. The following account of the mode in which he governed his department, and of the success which attended his course, is taken from a letter* addressed by him in April, 1827, to the President and Fellows — the Corporation — of the College: —

> I receive detailed reports from each of its three instructors at the end of every term, teach in their classes myself frequently, introduce changes in their modes of instruction, and, in general, look upon myself as responsible for the good management of the students under their care. . . . . The object of the law was in part, if I rightly understand it, to lead to instruction by *subjects* rather than by *books*, so that, for instance, a student should not merely read Livy and Horace, but learn Latin. This has been attempted in the modern languages,

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* The original of this letter has not been found; but the existence of a careful copy, preserved by Mr. Ticknor to the end of his life, shows that he placed a value on it, as a true record of his views and of his work.

and I believe the effect has been valuable, though undoubtedly less so than if the same system had been pursued and an attempt made to execute the law in other studies.

In regard to the elective system, as it is now called, he says:—

In the modern languages, especially, the operation of the principle of choice was decisive. The right to choose was presented, it appears, in two hundred and forty instances, and was accepted in two hundred and twenty-seven. That it has been beneficial in this branch I have had full proof, in the alacrity and earnestness with which a very large proportion of those who have been permitted to choose have pursued the studies they have chosen.

As to the application of Law 61, for "divisions with reference to proficiency," which was made for only one year and to one class, and during that time very imperfectly administered, he says:—

The remaining branch to which this law was applicable was French; and to this branch its application began three months later than to the other branches, because the Freshmen do not begin French till they have been three months in College, pursuing other studies. Fifty-five Freshmen entered for French, in January, 1826. Seven of them, who knew more or less of the language, were put at once into an advanced division. The remaining forty-eight, who were wholly ignorant of it, were broken into five alphabetical divisions, which after March, when their powers became known, were arranged into five divisions according to proficiency. At the end of the first term there was already a wide difference between them. At the end of the second there were about two hundred and fifty pages between them. And at the end of the third term, when the year was completed, there were more than five hundred pages between them, besides a great difference in grammatical progress. The first of these divisions had, in fact, overtaken the division that began in advance from previous knowledge, and had for three months been studying with them, and, in individual cases, leading them with a decided superiority.

The justice and benefit of such an administration of the law was plainly felt by all the fifty-five, nor has there been a murmur or complaint against it, from the first moment of its application in French to the present time. On the contrary, it has been felt and used as an advantage by all of them; for while the upper divisions have been constantly and successfully pressing forward, the lower ones have asked it, as a favor, to be permitted to go back and pass a second time carefully over the elements. All, therefore, have been satisfied, — I believe I may add, better satisfied than in any other study, — and all of them — except about five, who, for idleness, negligence, and other misconduct, might have been dismissed from College long ago — have been advanced according to their respective talents; so that two divisions, having made themselves sufficiently familiar with French to read it anywhere, to write it decently, and to speak it a little, have lately been dismissed from its study, while two other divisions are still going on with it, earnestly and successfully, according to their respective powers.

I know it has been said that the application of this law, for progress according to capacity and proficiency, was less unwelcome to the students in French, because they entered with unequal qualifications. But there is no foundation for this suggestion, for there were but seven out of fifty-five who knew anything of the language, and the remaining forty-eight entered with an equality of pretensions with which forty-eight never entered in anything else since the College was founded, for they entered in entire ignorance. Moreover, of the seven who entered more or less advanced, two fell long since to the bottom of the class, or near it; and all the other five have been compelled to see themselves successively passed by those who entered without knowing a word of French; while, at the same time, the relative position of the whole fifty-five has been freely and frequently changed, according to the development of their talents and industry, and every one has kept his place, if he has kept it, only by his exertions. The difference, therefore, in the effect produced by the application of the law in French and in the other studies was not owing to any such circumstance as has been suggested. If the difference in original qualifications had been all, the law, as it was applied, would have been more odious in French than in anything else. But the real difference was, that in French the law was administered, according to its spirit and intent, by officers who approved it, and that it was, from this administration of it, felt by the students to be useful, just, and beneficial.

These extracts show not only Mr. Ticknor's opinions on this subject, but the labor he was willing to incur, not merely to carry out his system, but to do the work of instruction as he felt it ought to be done, and in a manner approaching that in which he had seen it done in Europe. After this period he was allowed to administer his own department in his own way,* and when, after Dr. Kirkland's resignation and Mr. Quincy's advent as his successor in the Presidency, a new spirit and vigor were infused into the affairs of the College, Mr. Ticknor had no longer the same difficulties to contend with as in earlier years. He continued to labor zealously, so that, looking back afterwards, he said that he did, during those years, three quarters more work than was required of him by the statutes. He felt that the system on which he worked was successful, and often dwelt with satisfaction on the fact that, in the fifteen years during which he was professor, he was never obliged to apply to the College Faculty on account of any misdemeanor in the recitation-rooms under his charge, or in his lecture-room; nor did he ever send up the name of any young man for reproof. The instructors under him were foreigners, — for he held strongly the opinion that a foreign language should be taught only by one to whom it is native, — yet he never found trouble arising between these teachers and the young men.†

Mr. Ticknor's purposes, throughout, should be judged by the ultimate results which he expected to follow a fair trial of the new system. The division of the classes by proficiency he regarded as indispensable, so long as the strictly academic character of the College was to continue; but he supposed that it would fall away naturally when the other important changes had taken effect, and an unlimited choice of studies, as in any university, had been introduced. His pamphlet was written wholly with this ulterior view and hope.‡

What he contemplated, and for four or five years labored to bring about, was to make such modifications in the working of the academic system, and to introduce such collateral aids, as would give the College ultimately an actual as well as nominal right to call itself a university. Whether the lapse of fifty years has justified his efforts and has shown that he was a wise reformer in advance of his time, the progress that Harvard has made, and is making, towards the object at which he aimed, will attest.

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* In the "Tabular View" issued at the beginning of each term, the Department of Modern Languages was thenceforward, while Mr. Ticknor remained at its head, entered in a separate and peculiar manner, leaving all details to the discretion of the professor.

† M. Sales taught French during all the years that Mr. Ticknor held the professorship; and, having passed some years in Spain, he also taught Spanish so far as it was needed. Dr. Follen was, after 1825, the German instructor; Signor Bachi, the Italian; and they all worked in the same spirit with the professor who appointed and directed them.

‡ These are nearly his own words, written on the margin of the pamphlet.

CHAPTER XIX.

Letter to Mr. Webster. — Libraries in Boston. — Letters from West Point. — Colonel Thayer. — Annual Examination of the Military Academy. — Death of N. A. Haven. — Webster's Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson. — Memoir of Mr. Haven. — Visit to Washington.

IN 1823 Mr. Ticknor was chosen a Trustee of the Boston Athenæum, and at one time was its Vice-President, and he became greatly interested in enlarging the scope and extending the usefulness of this excellent institution. An effort was made in 1826 to increase its funds, which was successful, chiefly through the liberality of Colonel Thomas H. Perkins, and of his brother, Mr. James Perkins. With this was combined a project to unite the various subscription and society libraries of the city in one organization with the Athenæum; and of this plan Mr. Ticknor, with his liberal views of the needs of public culture, was one of the most earnest promoters. Unfortunately the difficulties in carrying out the entire scheme proved insurmountable.

During the winter of 1826 Mr. Ticknor, in addition to his other occupations and pursuits, was much engaged in these efforts, in personally seeking subscriptions, and in preparing lists of books to be added to the library. The following letter to Mr. Webster contains some account of the plan: —

To Mr. Webster.

Boston, February 2, 1826.

My dear Sir, — We are much indebted to you for your agreeable letter, and I should have answered it sooner, but really, when every morning's breakfast-table was covered with the debates on the Judiciary Bill, I could not find it in my conscience. However, you have now got that burden off your shoulders. . . . . Your friends here feel very happy at the result, and at the manner in which it was obtained. You seem now to be resting yourself, while the rest of the house are trying their skill on the subject of fortifications and money bills. But I hope you will be on the floor again pretty soon, for we feel, when we take up the "Intelligencer" and find you are not in the bill of fare, very much as the boys of Paris did in the Revolution, on those days when nobody's head was to be cut off, and they went home crying out, "*Point de fête aujourd'hui.*"

I wish I could tell you something from here that would interest you. But my shop is a small one, and no great assortment in it. The College is going on very well, as far as changes are concerned. Frank Gray is elected into the Corporation, and will no doubt be approved by the Overseers next Thursday. This is a good change. . . . . Further we will tell you when you attend the meeting of the Overseers next June, and ask what has been done. For you promised last winter to ask the question, and I hope you will not cease to ask it until all has been done that ought to be. . . . .

We are making quite a movement about libraries, lecture-rooms, Athenæum, etc. I have a project, which may or may not succeed; but I hope it will. The project is, to unite into one establishment, viz. the Athenæum, all the public libraries in town; such as the Arch Library, the Medical Library, the new Scientific Library, and so on, and then let the whole circulate, Athenæum and all. In this way, there will be an end of buying duplicates, paying double rents, double librarians, etc.; the whole money raised will go to books, and all the books will be made useful. To this great establishment I would attach all the lectures wanted, whether fashionable, popular, scientific, — for the mechanics, or their employers; and have the whole made a Capitol of the knowledge of the town, with its uses, which I would open to the public, according to the admirable direction in the Charter of the University of Göttingen, *Quam commodissimè, quamque latissimè.* Mr. Prescott, Judge Jackson, Dr. Bowditch, and a few young men are much in earnest about it. . . . .

We went the other night to a great ball at Colonel Thorndike's, a part of which extended into your house,* which it was not altogether agreeable to enter without finding its owners there to welcome us. A few nights afterwards we had the whole town turned in upon ourselves, for the first time in our lives. . . . . I am very glad you like

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* The two houses were connected by doors, which could be opened on such occasions.

Mr. Vaughan.* He is, I think, one of the most respectable gentlemen I have ever known. Do persuade him to come to the North next summer. Finally, write to us when you can, come home as soon as you can, and believe in us as truly as you can.

Yours always,
GEO. TICKNOR.

Among the friends most valued by Mr. Ticknor was his college classmate, Sylvanus Thayer, who, having entered the army of the United States, and served with distinction, was appointed Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point in 1817, and held that position for sixteen years. By force and dignity of character, energy, good judgment, and professional knowledge and ability, he gave new life to the school under his charge, and raised it to that high position, as an establishment for military education, which it has since maintained.

Colonel Thayer had repeatedly urged Mr. Ticknor to serve as a member of the Board of Visitors, at one of the annual examinations of the Academy. In the spring of 1826, Mr. Ticknor having expressed his readiness to attend the examination of that year, he was appointed among the other Visitors, and went to West Point on the 1st of June.

The following extracts from his letters, written from there, give an excellent picture of the condition of the school, and of the character and habits of its distinguished Superintendent.

TO MRS. TICKNOR.

WEST POINT, June 5, 1826.

This morning the Board met; nine on the ground. General Houston was chosen President, and, as usual, the honor of doing the work fell to me, as Secretary. We have been nine hours at the examination to-day. This evening Governor Morrow, of Ohio, President Bligh, formerly of Transylvania University, and Mr. Van Buren have arrived; a salute has been fired, and all is in motion.

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* British Minister at Washington, formerly Secretary of Legation at Madrid. See *ante*, p. 209.

When I arrived last evening, I walked up to our old friend Cozzens's; meantime Thayer had gone to the boat to meet me, and we missed one another. In a few moments, however, he came in, and ordered my luggage to his house, where I am established in great comfort and quiet. . . . . The examination is a very laborious business, and will prove, no doubt, tedious to most of those concerned in it. To me, who must keep the records and write the reports, it will give too much occupation to permit me to be very dull. What we have done to-day has been rather interesting.

Precisely at nine o'clock the whole Staff of the Academy assembled at Thayer's house, in full uniform. I was presented to them, and when this little ceremony was over we all went to Cozzens's, where all were presented to the rest of the Board of Examiners. The Board then went to a room by itself, and was called to order by Commodore Bainbridge, and General Houston, being the chief military personage on the ground, was chosen President; though for the rest, he is a pretty coarse Tennessean, who tries to be kind, good-natured, and even elegant. . . . . The other members are pleasant enough, particularly the three commodores, Bainbridge, Chauncey, and Jones, who are very agreeable indeed, and Colonel White of Florida, who proves an amiable, gentlemanlike man.

We went forthwith to the examination, which was extremely thorough. Thirteen young men were under the screw four hours, on a single branch, and never less than four on the floor, either drawing on the blackboard or answering questions every moment, so that each one had above an hour's work to go through; and, as I said, in a single branch. It was the lowest section of the upper class, but no mistake was made, except by one Cadet. Of course it was as nearly perfect as anything of the kind ever was. The manner, too, was quite remarkable. The young men do not rise when they answer; they are all addressed as Mr. So-and-so; and when the drum beat outside for one o'clock, Colonel Thayer adjourned the examination while a Cadet was speaking, so exactly is everything done here. We dined at Cozzens's, and the examination was continued in the afternoon till seven o'clock.

My residence at Thayer's is extremely agreeable; that is, the little time I pass there. He seems to feel towards me just as he did nineteen years ago, just as if we had never been separated. The house is perfectly quiet, and there is a good deal of dignity in the sort of solitude in which he lives, and without any female attendant, yet with the most perfect neatness, order, and comfort, in all his arrangements.

There is nothing at all either repulsive or stiff in his manner to the officers and teachers under him, or to the Cadets. All the members of the Board seem to have the most thorough admiration of him. . . . .

June 10.

I delight exceedingly in the exactness with which everything is done here. The morning gun is fired exactly at sunrise, though I am free to say I sleep well enough to hear it rarely, and as there never seems to be the least noise in Thayer's house, the first thing I hear is the full band, when, precisely at six, the manœuvring being over, the corps of Cadets begins its marching. I get up immediately, and when Thayer comes home, at half past six, from parade, he brings me your letter. You will hardly believe how welcome his step is to me, and how perfectly I have learnt to distinguish it from that of his Adjutant, his Orderly, or his servant, none of whom ever gives me my letters. I sometimes think he takes a pleasure in doing it himself, — at any rate, he always calls me by my Christian name when he brings them. Breakfast precisely at seven; then we have all the newspapers, and, a little before eight o'clock, Thayer puts on his full-dress coat and sword, and when the bugle sounds we are always at Mr. Cozzens's, where Thayer takes off his hat and inquires if the President of the Board is ready to attend at the examination-room; if he is, the Commandant conducts him to it with great ceremony, followed by the Board. If he is not ready, Thayer goes without him; he waits for no man.

In the examination-room Thayer presides at one table, surrounded by the Academic Staff; General Houston at the other, surrounded by the Visitors. In front of the last table two enormous blackboards, eight feet by five, are placed on easels; and at each of these boards stand two Cadets, one answering questions or demonstrating, and the other three preparing the problems that are given to them. In this way, if an examination of sixteen young men lasts four hours on one subject, each of them will have had one hour's public examination on it; and the fact is, that each of the forty Cadets in the upper class will to-night have had about five hours' personal examination. While the examination goes on, one person sits between the tables and asks questions, but other members of the Staff and of the Board join in the examination frequently, as their interest moves them. The young men have that composure which comes from thoroughness, and unite, to a remarkable degree, ease with respectful manners towards their teachers. . . . .

June 12, 1826.

Yesterday (Sunday) afternoon I stayed at home, and had a solid talk of three hours with Thayer, concerning his whole management of this institution from the time he took it in hand. It was very interesting, and satisfied me, more and more, of the value and efficiency of his system. One proof of it, which I have just learned, is very striking. Before Thayer came here it was not generally easy to find young men enough to take Cadet's warrants to keep the Academy full. But for the last two or three years there have been, annually, more than a thousand applications for warrants, and there is at this moment not a small number of the sons of both the richest and the most considerable men of the country at the Academy, to the great gratification of their families. I think this state of things gratifies Thayer very much, and consoles him for the considerable privations, and the great and increasing labor he is obliged to undergo. . . . .

17*th.* — Thayer is a wonderful man. In the course of the fortnight I have been here, he has every morning been in his office doing business from six to seven o'clock ; from seven to eight he breakfasts, generally with company ; then goes to the examination-room, and for five complete hours never so much as rises from his chair. From one to three he has his dinner-party ; from three to seven again unmoved in his chair, though he is neither stiff nor pretending about it. At seven he goes on parade ; from half past seven to eight does business with the Cadets, and from eight to nine, or even till eleven, he is liable to have meetings with the Academic Staff. Yet with all this labor, and the whole responsibility of the institution, the examination, and the accommodation of the Visitors, on his hands, he is always fresh, prompt, ready, and pleasant ; never fails to receive me under all circumstances with the same unencumbered and affectionate manner, and seems, in short, as if he were more of a spectator than I am. I do not believe there are three persons in the country who could fill his place ; and Totten said very well the other day, when somebody told him, — what is no doubt true, — that if Thayer were to resign, he would be the only man who could take his place, — "No : no man would be indiscreet enough to take the place after Thayer ; it would be as bad as being President of the Royal Society, after Newton." . . . .

The examination, the exhibition of the institution, has gratified me beyond my expectations, and this feeling I believe I share with the rest of the Visitors. There is a thoroughness, promptness, and efficiency in the knowledge of the Cadets which I have never seen before, and which I did not expect to find here. . . . .

June 24, 1826.

My dearest Wife, — It is all over, all well over, and I am very much contented and light-hearted. Yesterday, however, was a real flurry, as I thought it would be. I began the general report day before yesterday, in the afternoon. It was plainly to be about thirty pages long; the two other committees who were to furnish materials for a large part of it had behaved very shabbily, neglected their duty, and done nothing but collect documents, which they had neither examined nor digested. In short, the whole work came upon me. At the same time the French examination was going on, which it was my particular duty, from the first, to superintend and share. Everything, therefore, came at once. That afternoon and night I wrote about ten pages, and examined two sections in French. Yesterday I examined two other sections, dined abroad, examined the Hospital, and wrote twenty pages. This morning before breakfast I finished it [the report]. At eleven o'clock the examination was finished, and the report read, and signed by all the Board. At twelve we had a little address to the Cadets by Kane, which was very neat and appropriate. I declined delivering it, having enough else to do; and I am glad I did, for it was done remarkably well by Kane, whom, by the by, I am very glad I have learnt to know.

Very soon after his arrival at West Point, Mr. Ticknor received the sad news of the illness and death of his friend, Mr. N. A. Haven, of Portsmouth. A close sympathy in tastes, and an accordance of judgment in respect to the motives of action, the objects of life, and the foundation of character, had given to their friendship unusual closeness and intimacy.

Mr. Haven died on the 3d of June, and on the 9th Mr. Ticknor wrote: —

Here, surrounded by those who take no interest in my feelings, I cannot help expressing to you my deep sorrow at the loss of Haven. It pursues me wherever I go. I did not think it would have fallen so heavily on my heart; or, rather, I thought I had more prepared myself for it. But there is no preparation for such things; we may feel composed, as we see one who is dear to us gradually sinking away from our cares and affections; but the last step, the change from life to death, is so sudden, so great, that there is no proper preparation for it. I felt as if it were unexpected, when I read your letter this morning. The blood rushed to my head as if I had then received the first intimation of his danger. God's will be done. I shall have few losses to bear, that will reach so far in their consequences.*

The relatives and friends of Mr. Haven, by whose early death — at the age of thirty-six — many hearts were saddened, and many hopes disappointed, were desirous to have some memorial of one so loved and valued. There was a general wish among them that this should be prepared by Mr. Ticknor, and a volume was accordingly arranged by him, and printed for private circulation, consisting of Mr. Haven's writings, — including two occasional discourses, — with a brief memoir, which is a graceful sketch of a life admirable for moral beauty, and for calm, intellectual strength.

The 4th of July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of the Independence of the United States, was made memorable by the deaths of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, the two Presidents who succeeded Washington. The coincidence of their deaths on this anniversary was one to touch the imagination and the feelings of the whole nation, and the sentiment thus roused found its best expression in the Eulogy on the two Ex-Presidents, delivered by Mr. Webster, on the 2d of August following, in Faneuil Hall, Boston, in presence of the City Government and the assembled citizens.†

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* Mr. Haven's attachment to Mr. Ticknor is expressed in a letter to Miss Eliza Buckminster, written at Amsterdam, July 24, 1815, when Mr. Haven was twenty-five and Mr. Ticknor twenty-four years old. He says: "Ticknor is happier than I thought he ever could be when absent from home; but his feelings are so entirely under the control of his reason, his mind is so perfectly regulated and balanced, that he will always be happy when discharging what he believes to be his duty. An intimate acquaintance of six years, in which I have treated him with the confidence of a brother, and have received from him favors which years of gratitude can hardly repay, has given me a full knowledge of his character and feelings. I should do injustice to him, and to myself, if I ever spoke of him with moderate praise. There has never been an action of his life, since I have known him, which I have ultimately discovered to be wrong, nor a single moment, even in our wildest hours, in which he has either vexed or irritated me. But you know him, and I need not praise him."

† A full account of the Eulogy, and of the scene of its delivery, written by Mr. Ticknor, is given in Mr. Curtis's "Life of Webster," Vol. I. p. 274.

Mr. Ticknor describes it in the following letter: —

TO C. S. DAVEIS, PORTLAND.

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, August 17, 1826.

Your letter of Sunday evening, my dear Charles, arrived at Boston on Wednesday morning, just as we were bustling away to hear the great oration. Would it had been yourself instead of your sign-manual; for it would have given you a higher and sublimer notion of oratory than you ever had before, if you had beheld and felt Mr. Webster's presence and power, as he stood there transfigured by the genius of eloquence, and fulfilling, in his own person, all he so marvellously described as peculiar to John Adams. It was altogether a different affair from that at Bunker Hill, much more solemn, imposing, and sublime. The hall was better arranged than I ever saw anything among us, being almost entirely and very gracefully covered with black; above four thousand people were quietly seated and perfectly silent; the light was very dim, partly from the mourning drapery, and partly from the obstruction of the windows with the bodies of the audience who thronged inside and outside; and Mr. Webster stood forward on an open stage, alone in the midst of the subdued multitude, and spoke without hesitation and with unmitigated power for an hour and fifty minutes, hardly once recurring to his notes, which lay on a table partly behind him, and then rather to make a pause than to refresh his recollections. Every word he spoke was distinctly heard in every part of that vast throng, so awe-struck were they beneath his power.

The tone of the great body of the discourse was solemn and elevated, and though at intervals a murmur of applause and excitement ran through the crowd, it was immediately hushed by the very occasion itself, and by the grave expression of the speaker's countenance and manner, and all became as silent as death. But at the conclusion he forsook this tone, and addressed the people on the responsibility that rests with the present generation, as heirs to those who achieved our independence for us, and on the hopes and encouragements we have to perform boldly and faithfully the duties that have fallen upon us; so that when he ended, the minds of men were wrought up to an uncontrollable excitement, and there followed three tremendous cheers, inappropriate indeed to the occasion, but as inevitable as any other great movement of nature. . . .

He was at our house the evening before, entirely disencumbered and careless; and dined with us unceremoniously after it was over, as playful as a kitten.* This is what I think may be called a great man.

A few months later he writes thus of his various occupations, and especially of his sketch of his friend Haven: —

To C. S. DAVEIS, PORTLAND.

BOSTON, February 24, 1827.

Sickness, much labor, and many cares, my dear Charles, have prevented me from writing to you or to anybody else, for a long time, except on business that could not be postponed. But I begin to feel a little relieved. . . . .

The Athenæum, the College, the Hospital, Mr. Bowditch's office,† and many other things have made such constant demands on my time, that I have been more teased than I ever was in my life, and have hardly known a quiet hour, except in A.'s room, since last November.

Among other things which have much occupied and a good deal troubled me, has been my Memoir of Haven. . . . . I have written a plain and simple memoir of his life and character, in which my main object has been to show how he made himself so important to the best interests of his friends and society. Whether I have succeeded or not, I wish you were here to tell me. . . . . There are not many persons who feel about the memory of our friend as you and I do, and therefore it was necessary for me to avoid all exaggeration, while, on the other hand, his character was a truly valuable and instructive one, whose influence should not be lost from a fear of being accused of partiality. If I have hit the medium, and not only so represented him that it will be felt what he was, but what, if God had spared his life, he would have been, I shall be satisfied. . . . .

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* It may be noticed that Mr. Ticknor had already (p. 331) applied to Mr. Webster this simile, which will seem to many persons amusingly inappropriate; but Mr. Ticknor was greatly in the habit of applying it thus to his grave and imposing friend, who in his hours of easy gayety justified its use in a surprising way.

† He so calls the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, which is substantially a trust company, a part of whose profits go to the uses of the Massachusetts General Hospital. Mr. Ticknor was a Director from 1827 to 1835, Vice-President from 1841 to 1862, and wrote an important Annual Report in 1857. He was a Trustee of the Massachusetts General Hospital — no sinecure — from 1826 to 1830. His connection with the Athenæum and the Primary School Board have been mentioned. In 1821 he became a member of the corporation of the Boston Provident Institution for Savings, — the first savings-bank in New England, in founding which his father was much concerned, — and was a Trustee from 1838 to 1850. In 1831 he became a member of the Massachusetts Congregational Charitable Society, whose funds go to support widows and children of deceased clergymen, of various sects, mostly, of course, Orthodox or Evangelical. In this he labored actively, was Treasurer from 1831 to 1835, and in 1841-42; Vice-President, 1861-64; Chairman of Committee on Appropriations for several years, and placed on almost all committees charged with important duties. He resigned from it entirely in 1864. He was Treasurer, for two or three years, of the Farm School for Boys, which his father had wished to see founded.

Now and then I get a new book from England or from the Continent; but the embarrassments of the world and the troubles about money — which Lafontaine thought was *chose peu necessaire* — have been felt even in the marts of literature. There were never so few books printed in one season, within the memory of man, as the last, both at London and Paris. "The Subaltern," written by Rev. Mr. Gleig, is a curious book, worth your reading; so is John Bell's fragment about Italy; but Head's "Rough Sketches"* is really one of the most spirited affairs I have looked into for a great while. . . . .

Mr. Livingston sent me the two folios of his Code, and Chancellor Kent sent me his Commentaries, or I suppose I should not have ventured into them; but being obliged to do enough to make appropriate acknowledgments, I read the whole, and was much interested and edified.

I received, the other day, a package of books and manuscripts from Everett, in Spain.† Among the rest, the work about Columbus, which is very curious, and ought to be translated bodily, as well as melted down, by Irving, into an interesting and elegant piece of biography. . . . .

In April, 1828, Mr. Ticknor went with his friend Prescott to Washington, being absent from home about three weeks, during which he very much enjoyed the society of his companion, and that of Mr. Webster, with whom they spent nearly all their time in Washington. He also saw many other friends and interesting persons, who are mentioned in his letters to Mrs. Ticknor. For instance: —

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* "Rough Notes made during Journeys across the Pampas," etc., by Captain [afterwards Sir] Francis B. Head.

† Alexander H. Everett, United States Minister to Spain.

Last evening we went to Mr. Clay's. He looks miserably, and almost, I might say, miserable; care-worn, wrinkled, haggard, and wearing out. He was very pleasant, and asked much after you; talked about general matters as much as he could, but still constantly came back to politics.

From Mr. Clay's we went to Mr. Vaughan's, who showed more pleasure at seeing me than I thought he would. . . . . Mr. Webster and he seemed quite familiar, and we all dine with him to-day at five o'clock, without ceremony or company; and on Wednesday, which is the fête of St. George, the titular saint of the King of England, we dine there again in great ceremony, with all the heads of Departments, the foreign ministers, their attachés, etc.

April 22. — First this morning I took Sally S. in a coach and went to Georgetown, to the convent, where I. W. lives, to give her a parcel from her father. She is a nice round lively little girl; and the whole air of the convent, and seeing I. through the grating, interested and amused S. so much that I was very glad I took her.

On our return I went to the House and Senate, where we passed the forenoon in hearing debates, and witnessing the passage of the tariff, which went by a majority of eleven in the House, and was followed by a short abusive speech from John Randolph.

I dined at a mess, called "Fort Jackson," with Tazewell, Governor Dickerson, Woodbury, Verplanck, Calhoun, Polk, etc. . . . . I was quite happy and gay an hour or two with Mr. Webster, Mr. Gorham, etc., after dinner [at Mr. Sullivan's lodgings], and I was somewhat excited by John Randolph in the House; but in the main I was rather dreary and homesick.

April 25. — Yesterday we had quite a pleasant time at Menou's.* He has bought a small cottage, and after nearly rebuilding it and fitting it altogether in French style, he has made it a pretty little snug place for a bachelor. Mr. Webster dined there, General Van Rensselaer, M. de St. André, Prince Lieven, my old classmate Hunt,† Judge Johnstone, and General Stewart of Baltimore. We had a nice little dinner in the library, and a nice little time altogether. Afterwards William and I spent an hour with General Van Rensselaer, at the Livingstons,‡ very gayly.

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* French Minister.

† See *ante*, p. 7.

‡ Mr. Edward Livingston and his family. See *ante*, pp. 350, 351.

All Washington looks rather *triste* to me. The divisions of party have infected social intercourse. . . . . The whole thing is much less gay and amusing than it was when we were here together. I have been very happy in my visit to Mr. Webster, who has been very kind and confidential with me. I am glad to have seen Mr. Vaughan, and to have found him so pleasant. I am glad to have seen Count Menou, the Livingstons, and so on ; but I am glad it is over, and that we are going to set our faces towards you and dear Nanny.

Sunday Morning. — A little homesick again, when I think of you going to church, and Nanny standing at the window to see the crowds pass, my little class of boys, and Mr. Channing's sermon.

CHAPTER XX.

Habits. — House in Park Street. — Hospitality. — Review of Webster's Works. — Lecture on Teaching the Living Languages. — Studies of Milton, Dante, and Shakespeare. — Public Lectures on Shakespeare. — Death of an infant Daughter and of an only Son. — Resignation of Professorship. — Departure for Europe.

THE next years formed a very happy period in Mr. Ticknor's happy life; for, though checkered like all human lives with some sorrows, even with some acute and lasting griefs, his was, in the main, a remarkably happy life. Many elements of character and fortune combined to give a serene, well-balanced tone of animated contentment to his whole existence from youth to age. He had a resolute nature and an efficient intellect; he had, also, a deep-seated principle of industry, with a sense of the worth of occupation as a source of pleasure.

In relation to his fixed habit of industry he used often to quote with delight what was once said to him by Judge Prescott, his friend, and the father of his friend. Soon after his return from Europe, in 1819, he was talking one evening with Judge Prescott, and said of his own prospects, that he had enough work mapped out to fill at least ten years. "Take care always to be able to say the same thing; always have ten years' work laid out before you, if you wish to be happy," was the wise reply; and in repeating it Mr. Ticknor used to add, that he believed he had never failed in fulfilling the injunction.

Of his health, which was, inevitably, an important element in the estimate of his opportunities and enjoyments, it need only be said, that his life in Europe seemed to have entirely changed him from a delicate youth to a strong and uniformly healthy man. From that time until his death — in spite of his usually sedentary occupations — he was habitually well; and his eye-sight, a matter of vast consequence to one of his tastes, was marvellously strong to the last. The one severe illness of his manhood was the result of an over-exertion, in the winter of 1828–29. He describes this, himself, as "an illness which, though no great things in itself, was a serious matter to me, because it was the first time I was ever seriously unwell. I was confined strictly to my bed for a week, and to the house something less than a month." Making light, also, of the cause of it, he says, "My complaint was in my side: a swelling that came suddenly, in consequence of exposure at the Hospital, when it was on fire. The scene was very distressing, the sick people fearing they should be burned alive; and, as one of the Trustees, I went round among them, reassuring them as much as I could, and so got wet and caught a cold." * He actually did more than this, for he helped in moving the patients, and undoubtedly strained himself. One thing, however, always amused him in connection with this illness. The nature of it was peculiar enough, and obscure enough, to cause an account of it to be printed — without names — in a medical journal. Mr. Ticknor showed this one day to a distinguished medical man from another city, and when he had read it, asked him what he thought ailed the patient in that case. The answer was, "I don't know, and I don't believe the attending physicians knew either."

From the time when he formed a home of his own, Mr. Ticknor studied to make it a centre of comfort and improvement to all its members; and the warm and faithful feelings which his friendships proved were shown in their greatest strength in his own family. During several years when his wife was in a sensitive and prostrated state of health, and during her severe illnesses, his devotion to her comfort, his ingenuity and patience in ministering to the needs of mind and body, showed that his tact and tenderness were not quenched by study; while his watchful and close personal attention to the education of his eldest daughter proved his ability to keep every added duty in its true proportion.

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* The floor of the ward where he worked was covered by several inches of water.

Some idea has already been given of the variety of his occupations; his College duties, his zealous participation in the charitable and intellectual movements of a very active city, his social interests, making a numerous amount of recognized claims. To these must be added, to complete the picture of the next coming years, the remembrance of hours spent in reading aloud, by his wife's sofa, such selections of English literature as might enliven her and instruct the child; and of other hours given to direct instruction and to vigilant supervision of all the daughter's studies. Without eminently methodical and punctual habits, such multiplied objects could not have been pursued with success, nor even without confusion and weariness.*

In summer he always sought a change of scene and habits. He maintained that one permanent establishment was enough, and that for a part of every year it was best to be free to seek new regions, another climate and another mode of life; he therefore never owned a country-house. Before 1840 it was much less the habit of the wealthy citizens of Boston to leave home in the summer, than it has since become; indeed, it was common enough to stay the whole year in town. Mr. Ticknor, however, always made excursions and journeys with his family, or took lodgings for a few weeks in some pretty spot in the neighborhood of Boston, — in Watertown, Brookline, or Nahant. Often they went to Portland and Gardiner; to Pepperell, the rural home of the Prescotts; to Round Hill, near Northampton, where Mr. Cogswell and Mr. Bancroft had opened a school; or to Hanover, where for some years there were still accounts to settle about the family property, with the old Quaker agent, Friend Williams.†

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* Among his methodical habits was that of keeping copies, or rough drafts, of his business letters, and even of some of the more important ones on other subjects. In consequence of this practice, some interesting letters which had not been preserved, or had not been obtained from his correspondents, have been available for these volumes. His punctuality was, so to speak, invariable; and he was fond of repeating an axiom on the subject: "Punctuality is the only virtue for which its possessor is uniformly punished."

† One of the farms which he inherited in New Hampshire was sold in 1825, and the rest of the property at Hanover was finally disposed of in 1830.

In the summer of 1827 a journey to Niagara ended by visits on the Hudson, and is thus sketched in a letter to Mr. Daveis:—

Of these journeyings you are already partly misinformed, and, as Nic Bottom would say, I will finish that matter myself. We have — as you heard — been to the Westward, but eschewed the Springs,* not desiring fashion, but health. We had several bright spots in our journey: first, West Point, where my old friend Thayer's gallantry gave the ladies a beautiful entertainment; then Trenton Falls, more beautiful than those of Tivoli and Terni; then Mr. Wadsworth's magnificent establishment, where we passed two days; then Niagara itself, where we spent four days in constantly increasing delight and astonishment; then, on our return, Kaatskill, where, as Natty Bumpo says, "you see all creation"; then Governor Lewis's, on the North River, where we spent four days with the Livingston family, and one with Mrs. Montgomery, the widow of him who fell before Quebec; and finally Northampton. This is the general plan of our journey, which occupied six full weeks very pleasantly, ... and, all things considered, I hardly know when I have passed the same length of time more to my mind.

In the following summer, that of 1828, Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor made a trip to Quebec. This was succeeded by an excursion to Sandwich, on Cape Cod, with Mr. Webster, who found much comfort in their society at this time, saddened as he was by the recent death of his wife, to whom Mrs. Ticknor had been much attached; while Mr. Ticknor's friendship for him was full of sympathy. During this visit the following hasty letter went to Mr. Prescott: —

My dear William, — Mr. Webster has been out shooting all day, and brought home a fine quantity of beetle-heads, curlews, and other things whose names I do not remember, but which I doubt not are very savory. He has placed a part of them at my disposal, and, as I do not know anybody to whose recollection I wish to be agreeably recalled more than to that of your household, I have made up a little box for you. It will come just in season for your Saturday's dinner, and I wish I were with you, though it is cool, quiet, and comfortable here. . . . .

A. Thorndike and his household came to-day. He brings two dogs, and an apparatus for shooting, ample enough to lay waste the Cape from here to Race Point, let alone a quantity of rods, water-proof breeches, and trout-destroying hooks. I have been out myself several times, with that notorious personage John Trout,* and, though I cannot make up my mind to wade the brooks and the marshes as deeply as he does, I have had some luck.†

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* Saratoga.

But Mr. Webster is a true sportsman. He was out thirteen hours to-day, without any regular meal, and is now as busy as a locksmith, with his guns. He seems to feel as if it were the one thing needful to kill birds, and neither to tire nor grow hungry while one can be seen. It has already made him look bright and strong again, for he came from Nantucket in but a poor condition.

But my note is called for, to be packed with the birds. Good night. We shall come home with the first cool weather. Love to Susan.

Yours always, G. T.

From his marriage until this time Mr. Ticknor had dwelt in hired houses. Now, however, in 1829, he found what he had so long been waiting to find, a house which he was satisfied to buy, and there he made his home for the remaining forty-one and a half years of his life. The situation, the proportions and taste, and the ample size of this residence, sufficed for all the needs of domestic and social hours; and here, in joy and in sorrow, from far-off lands and from the inner recesses of heart and mind, was gathered "treasure of things new and old."

The homes of almost all his friends, and his own dwelling-places, — since his return from Europe, — looked on the little park of forty-five acres, which, in spite of the seeming modesty of its traditional name, the Common, has always been the pride and joy of the Boston heart. His new house stood at the most attractive point of the margin of the Common, at the top of the slope looking down the avenue of elms of the finest of its malls, and facing to the southwest, so as to catch the prevailing summer wind, and rejoice in the glory of the winter sunsets. The central point of the house, henceforward, was the large, sunny room, with three long balconied windows, where, at once, and without hesitation, his valuable and increasing collection of books was established.

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* "That well-known angler, John Denison, usually called John Trout." — *Curtis's Life of Webster*, Vol. I. p. 251.

† Mr. Ticknor often expressed some regret that he had never found pleasure in fishing or shooting, nor in billiards, for he considered the variety of exercise thus gained to be very desirable for a student. He never liked riding, after his training for health at the riding-school in Göttingen — which, however, made him a good rider — and his long journeys in Spain.

Trusting to simple lines, just proportions, and harmony of subdued colors in furnishing this library, Mr. Ticknor succeeded in producing the effect he sought, of a dignified, cheerful home for himself and his books. When his friend Allston, the artist, — a man of fastidious taste and an acute sense of harmony of color, — first entered the room, he expressed the most unlimited approval.

Ten years later, on receiving a description of this room, — for which she had asked, — Miss Edgeworth wrote in her animated and sympathetic manner: —

Who talks of Boston in a voice so sweet? Who wishes to see me there? to show me their home, their family, their country? I have been there, ... have sate in the library too, and *thought*, and thought it all charming! Looking into the country, as you know the windows all do, I saw down through the vista of trees to the quiet bay, and the beautiful hills beyond, and I watched the glories of the setting sun, lighting up country and town. . . . .

I met Sir Walter Scott in Mr. Ticknor's library, with all his benign, calm expression of countenance, his eye of genius, and his mouth of humor, such as he was before the life of life was gone, such as genius loved to see him, such as American genius has given him to American friendship, immortalized in person, as in mind. His very self I see, feeling, thinking, and about to speak, and to a friend to whom he loved to speak; and well placed, and to his liking, he seems in this congenial library, presiding and sympathizing.

But, my dear madam, ten thousand books, about ten thousand books, do you say this library contains? My dear Mrs. Ticknor! Then I am afraid you must have double rows, and that is a plague. . . . . Your library is thirty-four by twenty-two, you say. But, to be sure, you have not given me the height, and that height may make out room enough. Pray have it measured for me, that I may drive this odious notion of *double rows* out of my head.

The portrait of Sir Walter Scott, to which Miss Edgeworth

refers, — the only painting in the room, — is an original, by Leslie, hanging over the fireplace. Mr. Ticknor wrote to Sir Walter in 1824, asking him to sit for his likeness, but leaving the choice of the artist to him. In reply to this request, Sir Walter, with a tact and amiability very characteristic of him, selected the young American painter, then making himself known in England, and invited him to Abbotsford. Mr. Leslie has recorded the experiences of his delightful visit to the Wizard of the North, in his "Autobiographical Recollections." * He says, "In the autumn of 1824 I visited Scotland for the purpose of painting a portrait of Sir Walter Scott, for Mr. Ticknor of Boston"; and, — quoting one of his own letters written at the time, — "Imagine how delightful these sittings are to me." Again, "There was more benevolence expressed in Scott's face than is given in any portrait of him; and I am sure there was much in his heart." This benevolence Leslie has made very obvious in his painting, while the intellect and the humor belonging there are not lost from sight. Sir Walter wished him to introduce one of his dogs into the picture, but after one or two experiments Leslie wisely decided against it.†

Before leaving the subject of Mr. Ticknor's home we will give one more short description, — from the pen of Hawthorne, — which includes a sketch of Mr. Ticknor himself, as he appeared, at a later period, it is true, but before any marked change had come over his looks or bearing.‡

> Mr. Folsom accompanied me to call upon Mr. Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature. He has a fine house at the corner of Park and Beacon Streets, perhaps the very best position in Boston. A marble hall, a wide and easy staircase, a respectable old man-servant, evidently long at home in the mansion, to admit us. § We

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* "Autobiographical Recollections of C. R. Leslie." Edited by Tom Taylor, 1860.

† This portrait is mentioned by Lockhart; and Mrs. Lockhart's opinion of it — given to Mr. Ticknor in 1835 — will be found in its place.

‡ "American Note-Books."

§ John Lynch, having been honored by this notice, deserves a few more words. He had, indeed, been long in Mr. Ticknor's service before this visit in entered the library, Mr. Folsom considerably in advance, as being familiar with the house; and I heard Mr. Ticknor greet him in friendly tones, their scholarlike and bibliographical pursuits, I suppose, bringing them into frequent conjunction. Then I was introduced, and received with great distinction, but yet without any ostentatious flourish of courtesy. Mr. Ticknor has a great head, and his hair is gray or grayish. You recognize in him, at once, the man who knows the world, the scholar, too, which probably is his more distinctive character, though a little more under the surface. . . . . His library is a stately and beautiful room, for a private dwelling, and itself looks large and rich. . . . . Mr. Ticknor was most kind in his alacrity to solve the point on which Mr. Folsom, in my behalf, had consulted him, — as to whether there had been any English translation of the Tales of Cervantes, — and most liberal in his offers of books from his library. Certainly he is a fine example of a generous principled scholar, anxious to assist the human intellect in its efforts and researches. . . . . He is, I apprehend, a man of great cultivation and refinement, and with quite substance enough to be polished and refined without being worn too thin in the process, a man of society.

Mr. Ticknor's hospitable tastes and social habits made his house the constant scene of a friendly and intellectual life. At this time — 1826 – 35 — a supper at nine o'clock in the evening naturally followed the early three-o'clock dinner then customary, and such suppers, served in his house with much simplicity, attracted the gentlemen of his intimate circle, who dropped in uninvited, especially on Sunday evenings; and conversation full of vivacity and variety drew out the best powers of each on these occasions.

1850. In June, 1829, Mr. Daveis's kind offices are asked for "my good servant, John Lynch," who was sent to Portland for a few days, for his health. His periods of actual service in Mr. Ticknor's family amounted to twenty years. While they were in Europe — 1835 – 38 — John fell into intemperate habits, and on their return could not, at first, be taken back; but one day he was summoned and asked by Mr. Ticknor if he would take the place again under the condition of a promise never to touch a drop of intoxicating liquor again. Though not quite sober at the moment, he assented; but the next words, "Then come this very day," sobered him instantly, and made him turn ashy pale with agitation. He kept his word faithfully, soon received the key of the wine-cellar, and never abused his trust. He continued in the family till his strength failed, and was taken care of till he died.

Mr. George T. Curtis says * of the persons who gathered at these suppers: —

> I recall the two Messrs. Prescott, father and son; Mr. Webster; the Rev. Dr. Channing; Dr. Bowditch, the eminent mathematician and translator of La Place; Dr. Walter Channing, a kind and genial family physician; Mr. John Pickering, a Greek scholar and a learned lawyer; his brother, Octavius Pickering, the Reporter of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; Mr. Willard Phillips; and Mr. James Savage. There were also many younger men, *habitués* of the house, whom I cannot recall. The Rev. Dr. Channing came seldom, but it was there I first saw him, and there, also, I first saw Mr. Webster in private. Prescott, the historian, not yet an author, was at that time in the full flush of his early manhood, running over with animal spirits, which his studies and self-discipline could not quench; talking with a joyous *abandon*, laughing at his own inconsequences, recovering himself gayly, and going on again in a graver strain, which soon gave way to some new joke or brilliant sally. Wherever *he* came there was always a "fillip" to the discourse, be it of books, or society, or reminiscences of foreign travel, or the news of the day. . . . . The talk flowed freely, and as it naturally would among cultivated persons who led busy lives. . . . .

Dinner-parties were given by Mr. Ticknor, for a period of about fifty years, very frequently, and oftener, perhaps, than by most gentlemen of his standing in Boston. As a host he was singularly graceful, and did the honors in a manner that showed what an accomplished man he was. Good entertaining, and good hosts and hostesses can be found in many houses, but there was an atmosphere about Mr. Ticknor that was peculiar. It was not merely that his house was a house of books and learning. The knowledge that abounded there connected itself by many threads, not only with the past but with the present. Whatever was happening at home or abroad, the information that is kept alive and kept full by a wide correspondence, the stores of anecdote that come from a varied intercourse with distinguished contemporaries, the experiences of travel, the interest that attaches to the welfare of kindred and friends and neighborhood and country, all these things were reflected in Mr. Ticknor's conversation quite as much as mere topics of literature. No stranger who could command an introduction to Mr. Ticknor's house visited Boston during half a century, who did not gladly avail himself of its hospitalities; and no intelligent traveller could have seen what was most attractive and interesting in the society of the New England metropolis, who failed to enjoy Mr. Ticknor's conversation in his own library and at his own table.

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* In his letter of reminiscences, addressed to Mr. Hillard, already quoted.

While Mr. Ticknor's conversational powers were extraordinary, he conversed, and did not discourse. He made conversation a fair exchange, and if his guest had anything to say, he was sure to have an opportunity.

Miss Edgeworth wrote, in 1835,* to a friend of Mr. Ticknor, thus:—

> I have been acquainted, and I may say intimately, with some of the most distinguished literary persons in Great Britain, France, and Switzerland, and have seen and heard all those distinguished for conversational talents; Talleyrand, Dumont, Mackintosh, Romilly, Dugald Stewart, Erskine, Sir Walter Scott, Sydney Smith, and Mr. Sharpe, the fashionable dinner-lions of London. I have passed days in the country-houses and in the domestic intimacy of some of them, and after all, I can, with strict truth, assure you, that Mr. Ticknor's conversation appeared to me fully on an equality with the most admired, in happy, apposite readiness of recollection and application of knowledge, in stores of anecdote, and in *ease* in producing them, and in depth of reflection not inferior to those whom we have been accustomed to consider our deepest thinkers. But what interested and attached us, was the character of Mr. Ticknor, the moral worth and truth which we saw in him. We *feel* that we have made a *friend* of him.

In 1831 Mr. Ticknor wrote, for the "American Quarterly Review,"† an article on Mr. Webster's works, of which a volume was then coming from the press; and when first the idea of doing so was proposed to him, he wrote to Judge Story on the subject as follows:—

> On thinking over the matter to-day, some hints and rudiments have occurred to me, as well as some doubts and queries, all of which I wish to lay before you.
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> First, then, taking Mr. Webster from his earliest years, as one who has grown up from the condition in which society is, necessarily, on

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* After a visit made by Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor at Edgeworthtown.

† Published in Philadelphia, and edited by his friend Robert Walsh.

our frontiers, he can be shown as one who, from the whole course of his life, is continually connected with the mass of the people, their character, their condition and hopes, and on whom they may safely rely. He is, in short, among them and of them; his whole life has thriven with their progress and success; his whole fortunes can be advanced only by the essential advancement and progress and reputation of the country.

Second, taking Mr. Webster's public life as a politician and his professional life as a lawyer, it can be shown that he belongs to no party; but that he has uniformly contended for the great and essential principles of our government on all occasions.

I do not propose to lay down these two propositions and prove them, but to keep them constantly in mind, and let them be the inevitable, but not the *formal* result of the article.

In the summer of 1832 he delivered a lecture, before the American Institute, on the best methods of teaching the living languages, in which he advocated, for children and young people, the methods which are now, forty years later, growing more and more into favor. In conclusion, he maintains that the direction to be given to all studies in a living language is towards speaking it, and if one answers, "We only wish to learn to read it, that we may have free access to its written treasures, and especially its classic authors," he argues "that such authors cannot be understood without some knowledge of the popular feeling and colloquial idiom with which their minds have been nourished, and of which their works are full"; adding illustrations, and concluding, "We *know* that we can none of us read the great masters in any foreign literature, or enjoy them like natives, because we cannot speak their language like natives; for the characteristic peculiarities and essential beauty and power of their gifted minds are concealed in those idiomatic phrases, those unobtrusive particles, those racy combinations, which, as they were first produced by the prompt eloquence and passions of immediate intercourse, can be comprehended and felt only by those who seek them in the sources from which they flow: so that, other things being equal, *he* will always be found best able to read and enjoy the great writers in a foreign language, who, in studying it, — whether his progress have been little or much, — has never ceased to remember that it is a living and a spoken tongue." *

He mentions to Mr. Daveis some other occupations of his summer's holidays, writing September 19, 1833 :—

> Among other things I have made a thorough study of the works of Milton and Shakespeare, as nearly three hundred pages of notes and memoranda will testify. It was delicious. Last summer I did the same for Dante, working on each, often twelve and fourteen hours a day, with uninterrupted and equable pleasure. If I am not a better man for it, — and a happier one too, — why, I shall have misused my opportunities scandalously, as many better men have done before me.

He had already been in the habit of expounding Dante to special classes at Cambridge, and mentions doing so, for a section of the Junior class, three times a week during the autumn of 1831. The studies of Shakespeare had one result, in a course of public lectures given in Boston in the winter of 1833 – 34.

As he never kept a diary of any kind when at home, it is necessary to gather from his letters such extracts as may indicate the variety and nature of his interests; but, at this time, even these are not very ample for the purpose.

To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

August 3, 1831.

I do not know how it may be with you *in partibus*, but politics here are truly amusing. When I am King, I am afraid it will be impossible, even with you for my Primarius, to keep up half so much merriment as the present incumbent, his followers, and his opponents now produce, before the astonished eyes of their countrymen. However, I promise not to give you so much trouble as the High Contracting Party now in power gives his official keepers. . . . . I am sorry, too, that the secretaries thought it necessary to muzzle him, when he wanted so to roar about Berrien's manifesto; for I think it would have been great sport, through all Athens, to have seen him out in a regular enactment of the lion, and I have no doubt he would have been magnificently encored, and that they would all have shouted, "Let him roar again! Let him roar again!"

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* This lecture was published in Boston in 1833.

To Mrs. R. H. Gardiner, Gardiner, Maine.

Boston, April 13, 1832.

I am sure, my dear Mrs. Gardiner, the kindly influences of this beautiful spring day must reach to the Kennebec. At any rate, it reminds us of your beautiful domains, at the same time it inspires that vernal delight which Milton seems to have placed above every other, when he says it is "able to drive all sadness but despair." . . . .

We have just been taking a two-hours' drive over the hills of Brookline and Dorchester, with the chaise-top down, and we have certainly felt nothing like it since the last autumn. . . . .

Your remarks upon the little manuscript somewhat surprised me. It was prepared sixteen or seventeen years ago at Göttingen, and was, of course, then somewhat less of a fragment than it is now, though even then, I think, it did not come within nearly twenty years of the "Spirit of the Times." However, like many other sketches, it tended to prepare me for understanding the world and the age in which I live; and having fulfilled this purpose, I have thought no more about it.* . . . .

Since I wrote the first part of this letter the Masons † are come, and are established in their own house in Tremont Street. . . . . The whole establishment is such an one as suits Mr. Mason's age and consideration, and I think the prospect of a quiet and dignified and happy old age is much greater for him here than it would be at Portsmouth. It is another proof out of many that have preceded it, how completely Boston is the capital of a great part of New England; how much more, I mean, than New York is the capital even of its own State, or Philadelphia of Pennsylvania. This comes, no doubt, in part from the homogeneousness of our character; but more, perhaps, from the great similarity of our institutions, which again arise from it and make us more strictly one people, with one common centre and capital, than any other equal amount of the population of the United States. I always look on this circumstance with great satisfaction, because I think the connection is for the benefit of both parties, and the improvement of the whole. To be sure, we take a great deal when we attract such men as Mr. Cabot, Judge Parsons, Mr. Webster, and Mr. Mason; but we are constantly sending out influences greater and more beneficial, I believe, than any other capital in the country; and influences, too, which we could never put forth, if we could not concentrate and combine such powers in the midst of us, and render them much more active and efficient than they could be scattered through the land in their native homes.

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* One of the many volumes of notes containing the results of his studies at Göttingen (see p. 86). This one consists of over one hundred pages of remarks on the condition of Christendom after the French Revolution, and the causes of the restlessness and desire for change which characterize the period.

† The family of Mr. Jeremiah Mason, the eminent lawyer of Portsmouth. See *ante*, p. 123.

We are all well, though little Nannie shows some feebleness at the approach of spring, which I impute, in part, to the severe illness of the last summer. The little boy is excellently thriving. . . . .

To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

Boston, January 26, 1834.

Mrs. T. has not been so well or so strong for six or eight years, perhaps never before; and, except colds, the children have been well; in consequence of which I suppose we have had, thus far, the merriest winter we have had since we were married. I have just finished a course of twelve lectures on Shakespeare, which have gone off well enough. Mrs. T. has set up an opposition line of soirées every Thursday, which quite distances my humble Sunday Evening concerns, without, however, putting them down; and next Thursday she has invited a moderate fraction of her dear five hundred friends to come and dance it out with her. This, I think, would seem enough to any reasonable person; but on the intervening evenings we have generally been to some sort of a party, from a seven-o'clock sociable to a ball which does not begin till ten; and the daytimes are spent in listening to Miss Walsh,* who keeps us in an atmosphere of melody during most of the hours we are awake. The long and the short of the matter is, that if you were here you would not know us for the humdrum people that have heretofore lived in Park Street and Tremont Street, except that you would find us just as glad to see you as ever.

In the summer of 1825 a sorrow had come to him, of a kind he had not felt before, through the death of his second little daughter, only a few weeks old. He refers to it thus in a letter to his friend Daveis: —

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* Miss Anna Walsh, second daughter of Mr. Robert Walsh, a charming singer, who passed the winter with Mrs. Ticknor.

July 19, 1825.

Sorrow has come close upon gladness with us. God has taken away from our hopes the little daughter he had just given us. . . . . It is a great disappointment ; much greater than I had thought it could be. I did not think so many hopes could so soon have gathered and rested on one so young and frail. But the imagination is as busy as the memory ; and though there may be fewer recollections treasured up for future regrets, there is enough of defeated hope to make much present sorrow. But God's will be done. . . . .

Time softened this disappointment, and in 1829 his cup of joy seemed filled, by the birth of a son ; while the arrival, four years later, of another daughter, made his home the scene of many deep and simple delights. Sickness came to one and another from time to time, there were periods of anxiety, but the seasons of content, thus far, outnumbered them.

The gay picture sketched in the letter to Mr. Daveis in the beginning of 1834 was, however, soon clouded and shut from sight by the shadow of a great calamity. In the following summer a fatal illness seized his little boy, his only son, then five years old, who had filled his home with such life and gladness, and was the bright centre of so many hopes.

The illness of the child lasted five weeks, and in the course of it we have the following note from Mr. Ticknor to his eldest daughter, then eleven years old, who had been left in the country, which contains a simple expression of his anxiety and trouble : —

My very dear Daughter, — Geordie is a good deal more unwell, and so I shall not see you to-night. Perhaps, too, if he should not grow better, I may not go out to-morrow. But you must be a good girl, and keep yourself occupied about something pleasant and useful, until you have somebody to help you in your regular occupations.

Your mother is well, and sends you a great deal of her love ; but she is somewhat worn by her want of rest, and will not, I fear, be able much longer to do as much as she has lately. Geordie is very good and gentle, but he suffers a great deal of pain, and is obliged to take many grievous remedies. He is a sweet little fellow, and I pray God to permit him to continue with us ; but this morning I was very much afraid, and I am not now without anxiety. In a few years you will be able to help us in such sicknesses, and that will be a great comfort to you.

Give my love to Anna Dwight, and tell her all at her home are well; kiss the baby for me, and write me a note by the morning stage, telling me all about yourself, and how the baby does.

Yr. affectionate father,
1 o'clock, Friday. GEO. TICKNOR.

The little boy died on the 4th of August. The blow fell heavily, crushing for a time the hearts of both parents. A few weeks after this bereavement Mr. Ticknor wrote to Mr. Daveis thus: —

TO C. S. DAVEIS, PORTLAND.

CAMBRIDGE,* August 20, 1834.

MY DEAR CHARLES, — Your two letters, breathing the very spirit of affection and sympathy, have been welcome indeed to us. Such kindness is the earthly consolation appointed for sorrow; and I need not tell you, who have suffered, how much we prize and cherish it. I am, however, somewhat surprised at the feelings that fill my thoughts, they are so different from what I anticipated. While my little boy lived, I looked only to the future, and considered him only as a bright hope, that was growing brighter every day. But now that he is gone I look at the past and the present, and, yielding all the future, in a spirit of resignation, to God, I feel the immediate *loss*, the pressing *want* of something that was so dear to me, and that was associated, without my knowing it, to everything around and within me.

Thus I am sad, very sad; not because I am disappointed, not because I can no longer look to my child as the support and comfort of my declining years, but because I can no longer see his bright smile or hear his glad voice; because I turn my head suddenly, at some familiar sound, and he is not there; because I listen, and it is not his light step. Why it should be so I cannot tell. Perhaps this sense of present loss, overwhelming the feeling of hopes destroyed, is to continue only for a time; perhaps it is the first step towards that entire resignation and acquiescence which I strive to obtain, and which I know I am required to offer.

I forget what I wrote you in the letter immediately after my little boy's death, but I cannot have told you one thing which has consoled us very much. It is, that his disease, though a very obscure one, was at no time mistaken.*. . . . His faculties and characteristic qualities remained perfectly clear and distinct, to the last moment, and his mother was able, with entire composure and a judgment undisturbed, to take the whole care of him, and to be with him almost constantly from the beginning to the end, five full weeks.

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* Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor were on a visit to Mrs. Norton.

To C. S. Daveis, Portland.

Boston, October 25, 1834.

Sorrow still dwells among us, and must for a season. The melancholy which is impressed on the heart by severe suffering, as you well know from experience, seems to come up afresh long afterwards, from depths you knew not of at the time, just as the passing bell continues to give up its deep and heavy tones long after it has ceased to be struck. But this, too, will pass away, under the healing influence of time and those higher principles of our nature which, with the help of religion, are able to control all the rest.

In the weary months that followed, the struggle to put aside the heavy weight of grief, to return to the duties of the hour, proved too much for the physical endurance of the boy's mother. Both parents were resigned, they felt the Father's hand in their bereavement, they looked forward to a blessed meeting with their child hereafter; but the human frame cannot always be braced to bear what the will demands of it. Mr. Ticknor saw here a new duty; and while his thoughts were constantly at the other brink of that recent grave, — he said a few years afterwards to a friend, that the other world seemed to him separated from this by only a very thin veil, — yet he did not waver from the performance of his present work. He saw that change of scene might become necessary, and, probably in preparation for this, he brought to accomplishment that which had been already for some time among his purposes.

Boston, January 5, 1835.

My dear Charles, — Besides wishing you a happy New Year, I have a word to say about myself. I have substantially resigned my place at Cambridge, and Longfellow is substantially appointed to fill it. I say *substantially*, because he is to pass a year or more in Germany and the North of Europe, and I am to continue in the place till he returns, which will be in a year from next Commencement or thereabouts. This is an arrangement I have had at heart a good while, but could not well accomplish earlier, partly because my department, being a new one, was not brought, until lately, into a good condition to leave, and partly because I was unwilling to seem to give up the College during the troubles of the late rebellion.

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* Pericarditis.

. . . . I have been an active professor these fifteen years, and for thirteen years of the time I have been contending, against a constant opposition, to procure certain changes which should make the large means of the College more effectual for the education of the community. In my own department I have succeeded entirely, but I can get these changes carried no further. As long as I hoped to advance them, I continued attached to the College; when I gave up all hope, I determined to resign. . . . .

The fact that I am to be free in a year makes me so already in spirit; and I look back upon my past course at the College almost entirely as matter of history. There is a good deal in it that gratifies me. During the fifteen years of my connection with it as a teacher, more than half the instruction I have given has been voluntary, neither required nor contemplated by my statutes. When the finances of the College became embarrassed, seven years ago, I volunteered the resignation of $400 out of the stipulated salary of $1000, and have never received but $600 since. During the nine years a department of the modern languages has existed,* with four foreigners for teachers, who are generally more likely to have difficulties with the students than natives, no case whatsoever has been carried before the Faculty, and during the whole fifteen years I have never myself been absent from an exercise, or tardy at one. Moreover, within the limits of the department I have entirely broken up the division of classes, established fully the principle and practice of progress according to proficiency, and introduced a system of voluntary study, which for several years has embraced from one hundred and forty to one hundred and sixty students; so that we have relied hardly at all on College discipline, as it is called, but almost entirely on the good dispositions of the young men, and their desire to learn. If, therefore, the department of the modern languages is right, the rest of the College is wrong; and if the rest of the College is right, we ought to adopt its system, which I believe no person whatsoever has thought desirable, for the last three or four years. . . . .

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* The creation of departments had been one of the points of reform urged in 1825, but carried into effect only for the modern languages.

In my whole connection with it, I feel as if I had been as much actuated by a sense of duty to improve the institution, and serve the community, as men in public places commonly are. So, I doubt not, are those who have the management of the College, and pursue the opposite course. I do not know that it could be in the hands of abler men, or men more disinterested; certainly not of men for whom I have a greater regard or respect. We differ, however, very largely, both as to what the College can be, and what it ought to be. We therefore separate, as men who go different roads, though proposing the same end, each persuaded the one he prefers is the best, the pleasantest, and the shortest.

Ten weeks later he writes again to Mr. Daveis: —

BOSTON, March 19, 1835.

MY DEAR CHARLES, — I write in haste, to give you notice of a plan which has been settled a couple of days, and by which I embark with all my household gods for Europe, early in June, to be absent three years, or perhaps four. The immediate cause is Anna's health. We had been talking for many months of the possibility of going two or three years hence; but, as Anna said yesterday, it always seemed so remote and uncertain, that she had never for a moment regarded it as a reality. But all winter she has failed. . . . . We were, therefore, arranging everything to go to the South, and the West, and anywhere for four or five months. . . . .

There was nothing against it [the European tour] but one or two unfulfilled plans of my own, and the wish to have the children a little older, that they might more profit by it. Such things yielded at once to the state of Anna's health, especially as it has failed considerably during the last three weeks. We go to live in different places in Europe, in the quietest and most domestic way, ... but to go through as vigorous a course of improvement as we can, by an industrious use of the advantages we may be able to enjoy.

CHAPTER XXI.

Summer in England, Wales, and Ireland. — Three Weeks in London. — Two Weeks of Travel. — Meeting of the British Association in Dublin.

WHEN Mr. Ticknor entered on his second period of European life, he resumed his former habit of keeping a journal, persevered in it with untiring fidelity, and filled its pages with accounts of all that was likely to be of continued interest to himself and his friends. In selecting passages from this journal and from his letters of the same period, the difficulty has been to refrain from making too copious extracts. He always, to the end of his life, regarded the years he passed in Europe as being in some degree sacrificed; and though the sacrifice was made each time for a worthy purpose and met a rich reward, yet the reward never fully outweighed to him the warm satisfaction of life in his native country, in the home that was the centre of his wishes and affections. The proportionate value which he thus gave, in his own mind, to the different points of his experience, should not be wholly disregarded here; but the temptation is irresistible to fill many pages with the European journal, though only a very small part of the whole will appear.*

A prosperous voyage of twenty-five days from New York to Liverpool — not a long passage for those days of sailing-vessels — had an exciting conclusion, which Mr. Ticknor thus describes: —

At the moment when, with a gentle breeze, we felt as if we should reach our port in a few hours, when, in fact, I was sitting quietly in the cabin, writing a letter to announce our arrival, the wind came out suddenly ahead, and almost at once blew a gale. It was not without much difficulty and tacking all day, that we got round Holyhead and the Skerries, and lay to. But the wind in the night became more violent, we drifted a good deal, and at last were obliged, about four o'clock in the morning, to get under way again. Still the pilot did not venture to approach the mouth of the river, but stood off and on, until he finally thought the danger of going in less than that of attempting to keep off, as the ship could not be expected to bear the canvas necessary to enable her to run to the northward. With a long tack, therefore, that made a fair wind of it, we drove for the port. But it was an appalling sight to see her cross the bar and rush up the river. It seemed now and then as if all its waters were swept together into mountainous heaps by the violence of the gale, so that we saw the bottom and its yellow sands; for while the wind carried us [under bare poles] twelve knots an hour, the tide carried us six more.

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* This journal includes 1,700 quarto pages. The journal of his first visit to Europe contains about the same number of smaller pages, more closely written.

The appearance of the river was very extraordinary indeed. Its waters are always yellow, and were now rendered doubly so by the turbidness which the violent wind gave to them; and as this wind, together with the tide, was driving so furiously up the stream, the river itself looked as if it were composed of moving heaps of sand, the very foundations of which we could see. The waves *seemed* higher than they do in a gale on the ocean, because they could be measured by objects on the shores; but they were not really so. The housetops on the river-bank were many of them studded with people, watching our fearful course up the river, and expecting to see us go ashore somewhere before their eyes. The weather was sometimes, for a moment, quite thick; if it had continued so for a quarter of an hour, the pilot could not have seen his landmarks, and we should have been sent instantly on some of the many shoals around us, where, as we were told afterwards, the fury of the tempest would have made a total wreck of us in a very few moments. It was, therefore, a glad, *very* glad moment, when, after twenty-six hours' buffeting with the spirit of this storm, we placed our feet once more on the firm-set earth, just at twelve o'clock, midday, of Thursday the 25th of June.* But for several days afterwards we continued to receive melancholy accounts of the disasters of others. Four fine vessels were lost, besides small craft; and among them a brig which we saw repeatedly during the day, and a very large ship, larger than our own, — which took the gale a good deal further to windward than we did, so that she had much the advantage of us, — with which we consorted and tacked all day, and which got round the Skerries immediately after us, but was a total wreck, with the loss of all on board. She was a fine British merchantman from the Baltic. Our ship, indeed, behaved nobly, and carried us through our danger as if she were conscious and proud of her success. It was a pleasure to see and to feel her power. The scene, too, was very grand and solemn, especially at midnight, when there was still a little twilight; and at two and three o'clock in the morning, when the sea was running very high, either quite black or entirely white. But, notwithstanding this, and all Milton's poetry about "Mona's wizard height" and the channel here, I think I shall not care to see it again, in fair weather or foul.

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* Note by Mr. Ticknor: "Even at the last moment, when all other danger was over, we were within two minutes of being entirely wrecked, from the circumstance that both the anchors got foul; but if the worst had happened here, no lives would have been lost."

Once safely landed on English soil, the fresh and vivid interest of travel began, which Mr. Ticknor could now enjoy, with less regretful longings for absent friends than in his youthful journeys, since he had his wife and his two little girls with him. In describing the departure from New York, whither relatives had accompanied them, and where friends gathered round them, he says, "It was not like the parting, when I left Boston, twenty years before, for England. I went at that time with friends, indeed, but with none of my family. Now, I carry all with me, ... and as I travel surrounded by my home, it seems not unreasonable to hope for a sort of enjoyment of which I then had no knowledge; and to feel sure that I shall escape that sensation of solitude and weariness which made my absence at that time all but intolerable to me." The welcome he everywhere received was very gratifying, and he entered at once on a delightful series of social excitements and pleasures.

JOURNAL.

Oxford, *July* 2, 1835. — The approach to Oxford is fine, its turrets and towers showing so magnificently from all sides; and the drive up High Street, with palaces on either hand, is one of the grandest in Europe. As soon as dinner was over I went to see Dr. Buckland, the famous geologist, Professor in the University, and Canon of Christ Church, where he has spacious and comfortable apartments for his family, including a pleasant garden. He received me with the kindness which is characteristic of his countrymen, and immediately took me a long and beautiful walk, to show me the grounds and meadows attached to his magnificent College. On our return he proposed to me to pass the evening with a party, at the other corner of his quadrangle, collected to meet Dr. Chalmers, who is just now the great lion at Oxford, having come here to be created D. D. . . . .

I went with Dr. Buckland, about half past nine o'clock, to Dr. Burton's, the Professor of Divinity, who lives in quite a magnificent style, his rooms hung with velvet. There I found Dr. Chalmers, a very plain, earnest, simple man, of nearly seventy; Davies Gilbert, the late President of the Royal Society, fully seventy years old, but extremely pleasant and animated; and a large number of the canons of Christ Church, besides our host and his handsome, agreeable wife, Dr. and Mrs. Buckland, the younger Copleston, etc., etc. It was an extremely agreeable *conversazione.* Tea was over when we entered, and no refreshment was offered afterwards, but the talk was excellent, and spirited.

Dr. Chalmers was curious and acute about our poor-laws, and knew a good deal about the United States; praised Dr. Channing for his intellectual power and eloquence, and considered his mind of the first order; thought Stuart the ablest man in America on the other side of the theological discussions going on there; and placed a great value on Abbott's "Young Christian," and his other practical works. He is, I think, much gratified with the attentions shown him at Oxford, which seem to have been abundant for a week, and which might indeed flatter any man; but he also seems plain, straightforward, and sincere, speaking his broad Scotch as honestly as possible, and expressing his own opinions faithfully, but entirely considerate of the opinions and feelings of others.

Mr. Gilbert's enthusiasm is more prompt and obvious than that of Dr. Chalmers, and it gratified me a good deal to hear him say, in the midst of the savants of Oxford, that Dr. Bowditch's "La Place" is the first work extant on Astronomy. But I think Dr. Buckland was accounted the pleasant talker of the party. . . . . We separated a little before eleven, having made an arrangement to breakfast with Dr. Buckland, who asked a small party to meet us.

July 3. — We went to Dr. Buckland's at nine, and found there Dr. Chalmers, his wife and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Burton, Mr. Lloyd, Professor of Political Economy, Dr. Barnes, Vice Dean of Christ Church, and one or two others.

We breakfasted in Dr. Buckland's study, surrounded with the manuscripts of his "Bridgewater Treatise," now in the press, organic remains of all sorts, and the books and paraphernalia of a hard-working, efficient student. It was all very pleasant. The conversation was general, and such as suited a small party in such a place ; but the whole, including a walk in the garden, was not protracted beyond half past ten o'clock.

After the rest of the party were gone, Dr. Buckland carried us through the whole of the magnificence of his magnificent College in detail. . . . . We then took his written directions for a more cursory view of the rest of Oxford.

The travellers reached London on the 4th of July, and the next morning, among other visits, Mr. Ticknor called on Mr. Samuel Rogers, — whom he calls "the *Doyen* of English literature," — and promised to return in the evening and dine with him.

JOURNAL.

July 5. — The dinner at Rogers's was truly agreeable ; nobody present but Mr. Kenney, the author of the farce "Raising the Wind." The house, as everybody knows, opens on the park near the old mall, which was the fashionable walk in Pope's time, and the place from which the beaux were to see the lock of Belinda's hair, when it should be changed into a constellation ; his garden gate opening immediately upon the green grass, and his library and dining-room windows commanding a prospect of the whole of the park, and of all the gay life that is still seen there.

Everything within the house is as beautiful and in as good taste as the prospect abroad. The rooms are fine and appropriate, and the walls covered with beautiful pictures, ... each of the principal masters being well represented. The library is the same, all *recherché*, and yet all in perfectly good taste. . . . . Mr. Rogers's conversation was in keeping with his establishment, full of the past, — anecdotes, facts, recollections in abundance, — and yet quite familiar with all that is now passing and doing in the world. All he says is marked by the good taste he shows in his works, and the perfected good sense which he has been almost a century in acquiring. . . . .

July 10.* — . . . . From two to four or five we were at a very agreeable private concert, given for the benefit of the poor Poles, by Mad. Filipowicz, who played marvellously on the violin herself. Tickets were kindly sent to us by Lady C. D., or we should have known nothing about it, and should have been sorry to have missed it, for a large number of the best singers were there, — Tamburini, Lablache, Rubini, Grisi, Malibran. . . . .

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* The intervening days were busy ones, and included meetings with interesting persons, most of whom are, however, mentioned afterwards.

Returning some visits afterwards we found Mrs. Lockhart at home, and spent some time with her and her children, whom we shall not see again on this visit, as they go to Boulogne for a month to-morrow. She is grown a matronly woman since I saw her, and her boy, Walter, is a fine little fellow, with his grandfather's long upper lip; but in other respects she is little changed. Her Scotch accent is as broad as ever, and she is still entirely simple, frank, and kindly.

I was much gratified to have her tell me that it was the opinion of the family and friends that my picture of her father is the best one extant, and that nothing equals it except Chantrey's bust; so that I am sure of it now, for she volunteered the remark, with all her characteristic simplicity and directness.

The evening we spent very agreeably indeed, in a party collected to meet us at Mrs. Lister's.* Mr. Parker was there, whom I saw in Boston a year ago, and who has lately carried a contested election against Lord John Russell; . . . . Lord and Lady Morley, fine old people of the best school of English character; the beautiful and unpretending Lady James Graham; . . . . Senior, the political economist; Babbage, the inventor of the great calculating machine, etc. . . . . We went at ten and came home at midnight, having enjoyed ourselves a good deal; for they were all, as far as I talked with them, highly cultivated, intellectual people.

July 12.—. . . . From church we went, by his especial invitation, to see Babbage's calculating machine; and I must say, that during an explanation which lasted between two and three hours, given by himself with great spirit, the wonder at its incomprehensible powers grew upon us every moment. The first thing that struck me was its small size, being only about two feet wide, two feet deep, and two and a half high. The second very striking circumstance was the fact that the inventor himself does not profess to know all the powers of the machine; that he has sometimes been quite surprised at some of its capacities; and that without previous calculation he cannot always tell whether it will, or will not work out a given table. The third was, that he can set it to do a certain regular operation, as, for instance, counting 1, 2, 3, 4; and then determine that, at any given number, say the 10,000th, it shall *change* and take a different ratio, like triangular numbers, 1, 3, 6, 9, 12, etc.; and afterwards at any other given point, say 10,550, change again to another ratio. The whole, of course, seems incomprehensible, without the exercise of volition and thought. . . . . But he is a very interesting man, ardent, eager, and of almost indefinite intellectual activity, bold and frank in expressing all his opinions and feelings. . . . .

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* Mrs. Thomas Lister, — afterwards Lady Theresa, — sister to Lord Clarendon. After Mr. Lister's death she became, in 1844, the wife of Sir George Cornewall Lewis; and, beside her novel "Dacre,"— reprinted in America before 1835, — she published, in 1852, the "Lives of Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Chancellor Clarendon." Her beauty was celebrated. Mr. Lister was the author of "Granby," "Herbert Lacy," etc., and of a life of Lord Chancellor Clarendon.

I dined at Lord Holland's, in his venerable and admirable establishment at Holland House. The party was small, but it was select. Lord and Lady Holland, and Mr. Allen; Colonel Fox, and his wife Lady Mary, the daughter of the present king; Earl Grey, who has such preponderating influence now, without being Minister; Lord Melbourne, the Premier himself; Mr. Labouchere,* another of the Ministry, who was in America, and who is now Master of the Mint and Vice-President of the Board of Trade, as well as Member of Parliament; Lord and Lady Cowper, who is sister of Lord Melbourne; and Lord Minto, lately Minister at Berlin.

In the evening my old friend Murray, now Lord Advocate of Scotland, came in, and Lady Minto, with one of the Austrian Legation, and several other persons. The conversation was extremely vivacious and agreeable. Lord Grey is uncommonly well preserved for his age, being now seventy-one years old, and talked well on all subjects that came up, including Horace; Fanny Kemble's book, which he cut to pieces without ceremony; the great question of the ballot and its application to English elections, etc.

Lord Melbourne, now fifty-six years old, was somewhat less dignified than Lord Grey, but seemed to be very heartily liked by everybody. He, too, was full of literary anecdote, and a pleasant, frank, and extremely easy talk, occasionally, however, marked with a quick, penetrating glance, which showed him to be always ready and vigilant.

After dinner, when we were in the long library, he took me away from the rest of the party, and asked me a great many questions about the practical operation of the ballot in the United States, and gave his opinion very freely on the relations of the two countries. He said that as we get along further from the period of our Revolution and the feelings that accompanied it, we get along easier together; that Jefferson and Madison disliked England so much that they took every opportunity to make difficulty; that Monroe was a more quiet sort of person, but that J. Q. Adams "hated England"; and that they much preferred the present administration, which seemed sincerely disposed to have all things easy and right. He asked if Van Buren was likely to be the next President. I told him I thought he would be. He said he was a pleasant and agreeable man, but he did not think him so able as Mr. McLane, who preceded him.* He asked if there was no chance for Webster. I told him I thought there was but little. He said that from what he had read of his speeches, and what he had heard about him, he supposed Webster was a much stronger man than Van Buren, etc., etc. His manner was always frank, and often gay, and during the whole dinner, and till he went away, which was not till about eleven o'clock, I should not — if I had not known him to be Prime Minister — have suspected that any burden of the state rested on his shoulders.

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* Henry Labouchere, afterwards Lord Taunton, travelled in the United States in 1824-25 with Hon. Edward Stanley, — the late Earl of Derby, — Hon. Stuart Wortley, and Evelyn Denison, — afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons and Lord Ossington,— when they all were often at Mr. Ticknor's house.

It struck me as singular that dinner was not at all delayed for him; so that we sat down without him and without inquiry, except that, after we were at table, Lady Holland asked Lady Cowper if her brother would not come. To which she replied, he certainly would. Even at last, when he came in, so little notice was taken of him that, though he sat opposite to me, — and the party was very small and at a round table, — I did not perceive his arrival, or suspect who he was, until I was introduced to him some moments afterwards. Another thing struck me, too; the King was alluded to very unceremoniously when Lady Mary Fox was not present. Without saying directly that he had done a very vulgar thing, Lord Melbourne said the King had actually, the day before yesterday, proposed fourteen toasts and made a quantity of speeches at his own table; intending to be understood that the King had done what was entirely unbecoming his place. Indeed, it was plain, the King is not a favorite among his present ministers.

Public business was much talked about, — the corporation bill, the motion for admitting dissenters to the universities, etc., etc.; and as to the last, when the question arose whether it would be debated on

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* As Ministers of the United States to England.

Tuesday night, it was admitted to be doubtful whether Lady Jersey would not succeed in getting it postponed, as she has a grand dinner that evening. . . . . Nothing could exceed the luxury of the *recherché* dinner ; . . . . the gentlemen sat about an hour, when the ladies had retired ; the conversation during the whole evening being very various and lively, much filled with literary allusion and spirit, and a little louder and more *bruyant* than it was when I was in England before, in similar company.

Monday, July 13. — We all breakfasted — including Nannie — with the excellent and kind old Mr. Rogers, nobody being present except Campbell the poet, who returned two or three days ago from his Algerine expedition, of which, of course, he is now full. I need not say that the two hours we thus passed were extremely agreeable. The vast amount of Mr. Rogers's recollections, extending back through the best society for sixty years ; his exquisite taste, expressed alike in his conversation, his books, his furniture, and his pictures ; his excellent common-sense and sound judgment ; and his sincere, gentle kindness,* coming quietly, as it does, from the venerableness of his age, render him one of the most delightful men a stranger can see in London. He went over his whole house with us, showed us his pictures, curiosities, correspondence with distinguished men, etc., etc., and made the visit seem extremely short. Campbell was pleasant, a little over-nice both in his manner and choice of words and subjects, witty, even, sometimes ; but, though full of fresh knowledge from Africa, by no means so interesting as Rogers.

July 14. — I went this morning by appointment to see Lady Byron. . . . . The upper part of her face is still fresh and young ; the lower part bears strong marks of suffering and sorrow. Her whole manner is very gentle and quiet, — not reserved, but retiring, — and there are sure indications in it of deep feeling. She is much interested in doing good, and seemed anxious about a school she has established, to support, as well as educate, a number of poor boys, so as to fit them to be teachers.† She talked well, and once or twice was amused, and laughed ; but it was plain that she has little tendency to gayety. Indeed, she has never been in what is called society, since her separation from Lord Byron, not even to accompany her daughter, who went abroad, whenever she went at all, with Mrs. Somerville. Her whole appearance and conversation gratified me very much, it was so entirely suited to her singular position in the world.

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* Note by Mr. Ticknor on another occasion : "From what I have heard since, I suppose Rogers is not always so kind and charitable as I found him both to-day and whenever I saw him afterwards."

† Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor visited this school at Ealing, by the desire of Lady Byron, and were pleased especially with seeing "how much can be done by a moderate sum of money, judiciously expended."

We dined with my friend Kenyon* very agreeably, meeting Mr. Robinson,† a great friend of Wordsworth, and a man famous for conversation ; Mr. Harness, a popular and fashionable preacher, who has lately edited one of the small editions of Shakespeare very well ; and five or six other very pleasant men. It was a genuinely English dinner, in good taste, with all the elegance of wealth, and with the intellectual refinement that belongs to one who was educated at one of their Universities, and is accustomed to the best literary society of his country.

July 15.—I dined with Mr. T. Baring, and a small party, fitted to his fine bachelor's establishment, where nearly every person was a member of the House of Commons. The two persons I liked best, whom I had not seen before, were Sir George Grey, the principal Under Secretary for the Colonies, and Mr. Bingham Baring, eldest son of Lord Ashburton, of opposite politics, but both very intelligent men. Labouchere was there, and Wilmot, whom I had known as Secretary of Legation to Mr. Addington. The talk was chiefly on English party politics, which were discussed with entire good-humor and some raillery, the company being nearly equally divided on the points that now divide the nation.

From dinner I went with Mrs. T. to Mrs. Buller's in Westminster, one of the leading old English Tory families, in which they have now both a bishop and an admiral, besides two members of the House of Commons ; the youngest of whom, representing Liskeard, has lately made a speech in favor of the ballot, which has created quite a sensation. . . . . The party was small, and the most interesting persons in it were Mrs. Austin, the translator, who seems to have a strong masculine mind, ... and the famous O'Connell, a stout gentleman, with a full, but rather hard, florid face, and a red wig, talking strongly and fluently upon all subjects.

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* In another passage of the Journal Mr. Ticknor says : "Mr. Kenyon is a man of fortune and literary tastes and pursuits, about fifty years old, whom I knew on the Continent in 1817. He has travelled a great deal, and though a shy man and mixing little in general society, is a man of most agreeable and various resources. Three or four years ago he printed, without his name, a volume called 'A Rhymed Plea for Tolerance,' which was much praised in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and contains certainly much poetical feeling, and a most condensed mass of thought."

† Henry Crabbe Robinson.

We could, however, stay there but a short time, for we were to go to Almack's, where, with some exertion, we arrived just before the doors were closed at midnight. It was very brilliant, as it always is, and the arrangements for ease and comfort were perfect ; no ceremony, no supper, no regulation or managing, brilliantly lighted large halls, very fine music, plenty of dancing. . . . . It struck me, however, that there were fewer of the leading nobility and fashion there than formerly, and that the general cast of the company was younger. I talked with Lady Cowper, Lady Minto, and Lord Falmouth, for I hardly knew any one else, and was very well pleased when, at two o'clock, the ladies declared themselves ready to come home.

July 16. — We drove out to Chelsea this morning and had a very pleasant hour with Mrs. Somerville, which made me doubly sorry that constant engagements elsewhere prevent us from accepting their very kind and hearty invitations to Chelsea. . . . . They are all as simple, natural, and kind as possible. I went, too, while Mrs. Ticknor was with Mrs. Somerville, to inquire for poor Stewart Newton, and heard only of the constant failure of his strength, and the prospect of his final release, even within a few days or weeks.

We dined at Mr. Senior's,* with a party of about a dozen, including Archbishop Whately, who is staying in the house, with his chaplain, Dr. Dickinson ; Sir David Baird, who went to Russia on the first appearance of the cholera there to report on it to his government ; etc., etc. The Archbishop of Dublin was the most curious person to me, of course. He is tall, rather awkward, constantly in motion, constantly talking very rapidly, with a good deal of acuteness and a great variety of knowledge, not without humor, and indulging frequently in classical allusions and once or twice venturing a Greek quotation. He is not prepossessing in manner, and Rogers, from the constant motion of his person from side to side, calls him the "White Bear" ; † but you always feel, in talking with him, that you are in the grasp of a powerful mind. . . . . The conversation was uncommonly various, and the Archbishop and Sir D. Baird very entertaining. We brought Mrs. Austin home in our carriage, and had some very pleasant talk with her in a drive of three miles.

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* Nassau W. Senior, the distinguished barrister and political economist, shortly before this period Professor of Political Economy at Oxford, and principal author of changes in the Poor Laws. Mr. Senior's "Diaries," since published, show the variety of social and political information which made intercourse with him full of entertainment.

† Note by Mr. Ticknor : "This joke, I find since, was not original with Rogers, but a nickname Whately obtained when he was head of one of the small colleges at Oxford."

July 17. — In returning a few calls this morning I went to see Sydney Smith, and found him a good deal stouter than he was when I knew him before, and with his hair grown quite white; but not a jot less amusing. He seems to think that the government of the United States was much weakened by the compromise about the tariff with South Carolina, and says that it is the opinion of the wise politicians in England. . . . .

We dined in the city with our very kind friends the Vaughans;* and I was much gratified to find that, notwithstanding Mr. W. Vaughan's great age, he is, excepting deafness, quite well preserved. . . . . We met there, too, my old friend Mr. Maltby, the successor of Porson as Librarian of the London Institution, whom I had formerly known both here and in Italy, still full of the abundance of his learning and zeal.

The evening, from a little after ten to half past one, we spent at the Marchioness of Lansdowne's, who gave a grand concert. The house itself, with its fine grounds filling the whole of one side of Berkeley Square, is not surpassed by any in London. . . . . It was of course, in the phrase of the town, "a select party," and was on the highest scale of London magnificence and exclusiveness. . . . . The music was such as suited such a party; Malibran, Grisi, and Rubini, — the three finest voices in Europe, — assisted by Lablache, Tamburini, etc. Malibran and Grisi were twice pitted against each other in duets, and did unquestionably all they were capable of doing to surpass each other. The effect was certainly very great. I enjoyed it vastly more than I enjoyed Almack's, for I knew a large number of people, and had a plenty of pleasant conversation.

July 18. — At twelve o'clock we drove out, by appointment, to Mrs. Joanna Baillie's, at Hampstead, took our lunch with her, and passed the time at her house till four o'clock. . . . . We found her living in a small and most comfortable, nice, unpretending house, where she has dwelt for above thirty years. She is now above seventy, and, dressed with an exact and beautiful propriety, received us most gently and kindly. Her accent is still Scotch; her manner strongly marked with that peculiar modesty which you sometimes see united to the venerableness of age, and which is then so very winning; and her conversation, always quiet and never reminding you of her own claims as an author, is so full of good sense, with occasionally striking and decisive remarks and occasionally a little touch of humor, that I do not know when I have been more pleased and gratified than I was by this visit.

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* See *ante*, pp. 15 and 55.

She lives exactly as an English gentlewoman of her age and character should live, and everything about her was in good taste and appropriate to her position, even down to the delicious little table she had spread for us in her quiet parlor.

When I asked her about her own works, she answered my questions very simply and directly, but without any air of authorship; and I was very glad to hear her say that, in the autumn, she intends to publish the three remaining volumes of her plays, which have been so many years in manuscript, thinking, as she said, "that it is better to do up all her own work, as she has lived to be so old, rather than to leave it, as she originally intended, to her executors." She led us a short distance from her house and showed us a magnificent view of London, in the midst of which, wreathed in mist, the dome of St. Paul's towered up like a vast spectre to the clouds, and seemed to be the controlling power of the dense mass of human habitations around and beneath it. It is the most imposing view of London I have ever seen. . . . .

July 19, *Sunday.* — . . . . We went to St. Paul's and heard Sydney Smith, who had kindly given us his pew. . . . . The sermon was an admirable moral essay, to prove that righteousness has the promise of the life that now is. It was written with great condensation of thought and purity of style, and sometimes with brilliancy of phrase and expression, and it was delivered with great power and emphasis. . . . . It was by far the best sermon I ever heard in Great Britain, though I have heard Alison, Morehead, etc., besides a quantity of bishops and archbishops, and both the manner and matter would have been striking anywhere. After the service was over and we were coming away, Mr. Smith came, in some unaccountable manner, out of one of the iron gates that lead into the body of the church, and went round with us, placed us under the vast dome, and showed us the effect from the end of the immense nave. It was very solemn, notwithstanding which he could not refrain from his accustomed humor and severe criticism.

July 20. — Just as I was going to breakfast I received a very kind note from Mr. Rogers, asking me to come and breakfast with his old friend Whishart * and Professor Smyth.† I was very glad to go, to meet the latter especially, whom I had barely seen at Lady Lansdowne's concert. His singular appearance attracted my notice there, at first. Tall and somewhat awkward, dressed like a *marquis de l'ancien régime,* and looking like one, with his earlocks combed out and his hair powdered, but still with an air of great carelessness, he moved about in that brilliant assembly, hardly spoken to by a single person, with a modest and quiet air, as if he belonged not to it; and yet, when there was a fine passage in the music, seeming to enjoy it as if he were all ear. This morning he came in the same whimsical dress, and had the same singular air. But I found it all entirely natural and simple. He talked well, and not much, and some of his remarks had great beauty as well as great truth and originality; now and then he showed a striking eagerness in manner which contrasted strongly with his usual modesty and reserve. On the whole, I think he justified his reputation as a man of genius, and as one of the first men now at Cambridge, where he is Professor of Modern History.

I was sorry to leave them early, and for so disagreeable a purpose as that of being examined before a committee of the House of Commons, on the subject of the ballot as practically managed in the United States. I had refused twice to go, but being much pressed and receiving a very civil note from the chairman, and having nothing to say but what I chose, I at last went. Mr. Ord, a pleasant gentleman from Northumberland, whose father I formerly knew, presided, and Warburton, the philosopher, as they call him, Grote, a very sensible, excellent member from the city, etc., were present, and asked acute questions. I was, however, most curious about Shiel, the Irish agitator; a short, thick-set, fiery-faced little fellow, who carried all the marks of his spirit in the eagerness of his countenance and manner, and in the rapidity and vehemence of his utterance. They all treated me with the greatest courtesy and kindness, evidently desirous only to get facts. . . . . The examinations are very skilfully and very fairly conducted, if these are specimens.

We dined with Mrs. Reid; ‡ . . . . the dinner was more than commonly agreeable. Dr. Roget was there, the Secretary of the Royal Society and author of one of the Bridgewater Treatises, a first-rate man; Dr. Bostock, a leading member of the Royal Society; Mr. Hogg, who is about publishing his "Travels in the East," and who told us many pleasant stories of Lady Hester Stanhope, etc. In the evening several of the Aikin family came in, and I confess I looked with some interest on the "Charles" of Mrs. Barbauld's "Evenings at Home," though he came with a wig and two daughters, one of whom has made him already a grandfather.

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* Note by Mr. Ticknor: "I did not then know who Whishart was; but Miss Edgeworth afterwards told me that he was a man of much talent, and one of the men of all societies in his time, the particular friend of Sir Samuel Romilly."

† Professor Smyth, whom Mr. Ticknor had seen in 1819, in Cambridge; see *ante*, p. 271.

‡ A lady of fortune and radical opinions, who gave her time and money to the service of the poor, in a truly Christian spirit. She kept open a library and reading-room for them, at her own expense.

July 21. — At half past four I returned to the House of Commons,* to hear the great debate of the session, the debate on the Church question of Ireland, in which the Ministry are to vindicate the wisdom of the resolution on which they turned out the Tories, and in which Sir R. Peel and his friends hope seriously, in their turn, to overthrow their successful adversaries. It will be a hardly fought field, and it is already anticipated that the contest — contrary to the old habits of the House — will be protracted through several nights.†

When I arrived the Speaker was not in the chair, and the House, in committee, was considering a case of divorce, and examining two or three female witnesses. Nothing could well be more disorderly than the whole proceedings. Parts of them were indecent; and, at the best, there was much talking, laughing, and walking about; no attention paid to the business in hand, or to the speakers, though O'Connell, Spring Rice, and some other men of mark were among them; and as for dignity, deference, or propriety of any sort, it was evidently a matter not heeded at all. I sat, as a foreigner, on the floor, and had a most truly comfortable place; and talked quite at my ease, without suppressing my voice at all, with the members whom I knew, or to whom I was introduced. . . . . Finally, when Peel rose to open the debate in earnest, the House could be said to attend to the business before it. And well they might, for it was worth listening to, from the very business-like air with which it was managed.

Sir Robert is now between fifty and sixty, growing stout without being corpulent, and a fine, easy, manly-looking gentleman. He was dressed in white pantaloons, a blue surtout coat, and a black cravat. He rarely faced the speaker, but turned to the body of the House. He had a vast mass of documents and notes, but did not refer to them very often. His opening was conciliatory, but somewhat vehement. As he went on he grew more vehement, too much so, I thought, for the very business-like tone of his speech. Sometimes he was sportive; once or twice, only, sarcastic; and even then I thought him judicious. He was always easy, always self-possessed, went with consummate skill over the weak parts of his cause, and felt his position in the House exactly, and showed unvarying and sure tact in managing and playing with it. He was cheered a great deal too often; sometimes at the end of every sentence for five or six successively, so as to interrupt him from going on, and occasionally with such vociferation that it was absolutely as bad as at a theatre.

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* Having been there two hours before, merely to see the hall.

† On Friday, July 24, Mr. Ticknor adds the two following notes: "The debate lasted three nights, and was decided this morning between three and four o'clock by a majority of thirty-seven against Sir R. Peel." — "I saw Mr. Harness when we were visiting the hall of the House of Commons on Tuesday last, at two o'clock, waiting to get into the gallery, where he remained till two in the morning, as closely wedged in as human bodies could be packed. This he endured three successive days and nights, to hear the debate. But nobody except an Englishman would have gone through it, I think."

But, after all, he did not produce on me or leave with me the impression of a mind of the first, or — may I dare to say it? — of the second order; and I have no more doubt than I have of anything else within my personal experience, that I have heard, both in England and in America, intellectual efforts of statesmanship quite beyond any Sir R. Peel can make. But I do not know that I have ever seen a man who had more skill and practice in managing a deliberative assembly; and perhaps this is the highest praise a political leader may now seek in the House of Commons.

One thing struck me a good deal. If he made a happy hit, so that the House cheered or laughed, he did not once fail, as soon as the laughing or cheering had subsided, to amplify upon it, and substantially to repeat it. But he did it ingeniously always, and sometimes with considerable effect; though, I think, in a person of less influence and name, it would occasionally have been thought an undignified trick. Eloquence, however, no longer works miracles. Before seven in the evening I saw eleven members of the House sound asleep at one time, notwithstanding the cheering.

I did not stay to hear anybody else, but went to join Mrs. T. at a very pleasant ladies' dinner-party at Dr. Ferguson's, where I met Mr. McNeill and his wife, the sister of John Wilson, who have been in Persia, connected with the British mission there, twelve years, and were both of them, especially the husband, full of vigorous talent and a various information very curious so far west.

July 22. — We had an extremely agreeable breakfast this morning. Mr. Sydney Smith, whom I had asked a few days ago, and who did not come, now volunteered, and I added my friend Kenyon, and Henry Taylor.* Mr. Smith was in great spirits, and amused us excessively by his peculiar humor. I do not know, indeed, that anything can exceed it, so original, so unprepared, so fresh. Taylor said little, but Kenyon produced quite an impression on Mr. Smith, who was surprised as well as pleased, for they knew each other very little before. It was a rare enjoyment.

When it was over we went regularly to see some of the London sights, which all strangers must see. . . . . We arrived at home just in season to dress ourselves, and reach Kent House before dinner, where we had a most agreeable and quiet time, dining without company, with Mrs. Villiers and Mr. and Mrs. Lister, excellent and pleasant people, the two last well known by their lively books, which have been reprinted in America. While A. was listening to Mrs. Lister's music, and looking over her beautiful drawings, I made a short visit at Lord Holland's, thus making the range of our day's work extend from ten in the morning to eleven at night, and from the Thames Tunnel to Holland House, a space of nine miles.

On the 25th of July, after these three weeks of excitement and fatigue, Mr. Ticknor set out with his family for a tour through England and Wales, which, with the modes of travelling then in use, consumed much more time than would now be employed, but was, perhaps, all the more charming where every step was full of interest. Mr. Ticknor had purchased a large travelling-carriage, more like the covered "drag" of the present day than like any other vehicle now seen, and, foreseeing a long use for it, had caused it to be fitted with many comforts and conveniences which English ingenuity provided for such demands. In this, always with four post-horses, he travelled for the next two years and a half, till it had become like a family mansion, to be at last given up with regret.

On the 26th of July Mr. Ticknor thus describes a visit to Miss Mitford, in the neighborhood of Reading: —

JOURNAL.

We found Miss Mitford living literally in a cottage, neither *ornée* nor poetical, — except inasmuch as it had a small garden crowded with the richest and most beautiful profusion of flowers, — where she lives with her father, a fresh, stout old man who is in his seventy-fifth year. She herself seemed about fifty, short and fat, with very gray hair, perfectly visible under her cap, and nicely arranged in front. She has the simplest and kindest manners, and entertained us for two hours with the most animated conversation and a great variety of anecdote, without any of the pretensions of an author by profession, and without any of the stiffness that generally belongs to single ladies of her age and reputation. We liked her very much, and the time seemed to have been short, when at ten o'clock we drove back to Reading.*

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* Author of "Philip Van Artevelde."

From Reading the route led through Gloucester to the Wye, through Wales to Holyhead, and so across to Dublin, where the party arrived on the 9th of August, in time for the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

August 10. — There is a great bustle in Dublin to-day with the opening of the fifth meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, to attend which, I am told, a thousand persons are already present. Everything, however, seems to be well prepared, and made especially comfortable and agreeable to those strangers who come from a distance. The place where all arrangements are made is the large, fine examination-hall in Trinity College, where tickets are obtained, and a common lounge and exchange is held in the morning from nine to eleven. At eleven the sections are opened. . . . . To-day, for instance, Sir John Ross expounded a theory of the Aurora Borealis, in the physical section, and Sir John Franklin with others entered into the discussion about it. Professor Griffiths explained the geology of Ireland in the geological section, and Professor Sedgwick of Cambridge, Mr. Murchison, and other distinguished men in the same department continued the discussion, and so on. . . . . As a stranger from a great distance, I had free tickets for the whole week presented to me. In the evening, at eight o'clock, the whole body, with the ladies of the stranger members — there is not room for more — meet in the rotunda, a superb room, every other evening, hold a *conversazione* and discussions, and on the other evening have papers read and reports from the heads of the sections as to what their respective sections have done. . . . .

This evening Sir Thomas Brisbane, the President of the Association last year, — a soldier who has circumnavigated the world four times, and is distinguished both in science and as an officer,—took the chair, and in a frank, neat speech resigned it to his successor, the Provost of Trinity College, ... who gave a discussion about the reconciliation of geology and the Scriptures, which was delivered in so low a voice that almost nobody heard it. Of course we soon—after in vain endeavoring to listen—began to talk, for which I was extremely well situated, having Mr. Tom Moore for my next neighbor. I found him a little fellow, as we all know him to be, very amiable, I should think, and quite pleasant. I enjoyed it very much, for besides him, Whewell; Sir John Franklin; the Surgeon General, Mr. Crampton; Weld, the traveller in America, and now Secretary of the Dublin Society; Dr. Graves, a distinguished physician [and a professor in the University of Dublin], were close to me. The Lord Lieutenant [Lord Mulgrave] sat directly in front of us, dressed in a full military uniform ornamented with stars that blazed with diamonds over his whole breast. He is only thirty-eight years old, looks younger, is graceful and easy in his manners, and received the abundant applause occasionally bestowed on him by the audience, in a style that quite became his place, modestly, but with dignity. I was a little surprised to find that I had known him as the author of "Matilda" and "Yes and No," etc., under his previous title of Viscount Normanby. . . . .

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* Miss Mitford mentions this visit in a letter given in her Memoirs.

When the Provost had finished his address, Professor Hamilton, one of the secretaries of the Association for the year, rose and read a discourse on the objects of the meeting, the purposes of the institution, and the results of the last year's labors. At the age of twenty-seven he is now the great man here. When only nineteen he was made a Fellow of Trinity and Mathematical Professor, since which he has risen to be one of the first mathematicians in Europe. Besides this, he is reported to be a fine Greek scholar, to have an extremely metaphysical mind, and to write good poetry.* All I know is, that in a long conversation with him this morning, I found him pleasant and warm-hearted; and that this evening he gave us a beautiful and eloquent address of an hour long, exactly hitting the tone of the occasion, and the wants and feelings of a large popular audience. I was delighted with it, and it produced a fine effect.

August 12.—. . . . At five I went to the Ordinary, provided for such members as choose to take it at five shillings a head, but to which, as a stranger, I have free tickets. The Provost of Trinity College presided, and as the most distinguished men make it a point to be there, it is always pleasant. Our party was particularly so,—Sir Alexander Creighton, Professor Graves, Beaumont, and Tocqueville,* etc. It was all over, however, by half past seven, for at eight comes the general meeting at the Rotunda. . . . .

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* Upon a later occasion, Professor Sedgwick, as President of the British Association, in an address, called him "a man who possessed within himself powers and talents perhaps never before combined in one philosophic character."

August 13.—This morning I breakfasted with a small party in the Commons Hall of Trinity College, the Provost presiding. Whewell, Sir John Franklin, and Wilkie, the painter, were in my immediate neighborhood, and I conversed with all of them a good deal. Whewell looks very much like a fresh, undisciplined Yankee, but talks freely and well. Wilkie is delightful, so simple, so pleasant, and, when he spoke of poor Stewart Newton, so kind and true-hearted. Occasionally he showed shrewdness and knowledge of the world, and it is plain he looks quite through the ways of men. But there is no harm in this, for he is certainly kind.

Franklin is not tall, but he has an ample, solid, iron frame, and his head is singularly set back upon his neck, so that he seems always to be looking up; besides which he has a cast in one of his eyes, very slight, and not always perceptible. His manners are not very elegant, nor his style of conversation or of public discussion very polished; but he is strong, quick, graphic, and safe. . . . .

I went to but one section this morning; the geological, where I heard Agassiz †—from, I believe, Lausanne, in Switzerland, and reputed one of the first naturalists in the world—discuss the question of fossil remains of fishes. He did it in French, plainly, distinctly, and with beauty of phrase. He is still young, and was greatly applauded, as were Sedgwick and Murchison when they followed and eulogized him. I was very much pleased with the whole scene.

I dined with Lord Mulgrave, the Lord Lieutenant, in the Government House, in the magnificent Phœnix Park. I had been for some days engaged to dine with Mr. Litton, a leading member of the bar, but an invitation from the Viceroy, like an invitation from the King, is in the nature of a command. . . . . The ceremonies of the dinner were regal. The aides-de-camp, three in number, received us in a rich saloon, which we entered through a suite of apartments. . . . . A few minutes after seven there were about twenty-five persons in the room. It was an agreeable mixture of rank and fashion with the savants now collected in Dublin. The Provost of Trinity, as President of the Association, Sir Thomas Brisbane, the President of the last year, Lord Cloncurry, Lord Clare, Sir Alexander Creighton, Professor Robinson, Professor Hamilton, old Mr. Dalton of Manchester, Thomas Moore, Babbage, a Norwegian nobleman, a French baron, Whewell, Phillips, Prichard, the three aids, two or three other persons, and myself.

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* Whom Mr. Ticknor had already known well in America.

† When Agassiz and Ticknor became close and faithful friends, a few years after this, the great naturalist was delighted to know that his triumph on this day had been witnessed by Mr. Ticknor; for he was put, on that occasion, to a test so severe as to be hardly fair, and came out of it with perfect success.

When the company was assembled, Lord Mulgrave came in and went round, each person being presented to him as he passed. To most of them he barely bowed. To others he spoke, and his manners throughout were elegant and kind. As I had brought him a letter from Lord Holland, he inquired about him, talked a little about America, and passed on. When this ceremony was over, he mixed with the company. . . . . He came up to where I was standing with Moore, and talked pleasantly some time about Wilkie, and about Stewart Newton, of whom he spoke with interest. Soon, however, dinner was announced. Lord Mulgrave went in alone. . . . . I sat next to Sir John Franklin, and near Moore, and had a very good time, Sir John talking about his travels and adventures. There was no ceremony at table. Lord Mulgrave drank wine with a few of us, and was pleasant in conversation, — "affable," we should say in America, — but not striking. . . . .

August 14. — This morning, early, I drove out to the Observatory and breakfasted with Professor Hamilton, taking in my carriage Professor Whewell of Cambridge, and Professor Rigaud of Oxford, who much enlivened a drive five miles out and in. Whewell I found full of spirits and vivacity, various and amusing in conversation, and without the least appearance of the awkwardness I saw, or supposed I saw, in him at first. Professor Rigaud was without much humor, but truly good-tempered and agreeable. We met there Sir John Ross, a very stout, easy, quiet gentleman of about fifty-five, with much of the air of a naval commander. While we were in the Observatory he compared with the time-keeper there the chronometer which had been used by Parry, and which had gone with him through all his terrible sufferings.

Hamilton himself was very eager, simple, and direct, but a little nervous; and Whewell made himself merry at a discussion about Kant's philosophy, in which Hamilton showed his metaphysical acumen against a German at table, but showed, too, that he was familiar with the labyrinth of the German writers. . . . . Certainly, for one only twenty seven or eight years old, he is a very extraordinary person.

August 15. — . . . . In the evening, a grand dinner was given by the Provost and Senior Fellows of Trinity College to the Lord Lieutenant and about three hundred of the members of the Association. It was a *beau finale* to the splendid week Dublin has given to so many distinguished guests. We assembled in the imposing hall of Trinity Library, two hundred and eighty feet long, at six o'clock. . . . . When the company was principally assembled, I observed a little stir near the place where I stood, which nobody could explain, and which, in fact, was not comprehended by more than two or three persons present. In a moment, however, I perceived myself standing near the Lord Lieutenant and his suite, in front of whom a space had been cleared, and by whom was Professor Hamilton, looking much embarrassed. The Lord Lieutenant then called him by name, and he stepped into the vacant space.

"I am," said his Excellency, "about to exercise a prerogative of royalty, and it gives me great pleasure to do it, on this splendid public occasion, which has brought together so many distinguished men from all parts of the empire, and from all parts even of the world, where science is held in honor. But, in exercising it, Professor Hamilton, I do not confer a distinction. I but set the royal, and, therefore, the national mark on a distinction already acquired by your genius and labors." He went on in this way for three or four minutes, his voice very fine, rich, and full ; his manner as graceful and dignified as possible ; and his language and allusions appropriate, and combined into very ample flowing sentences.

Then, receiving the state sword from one of his attendants, he said, "Kneel down, Professor Hamilton" ; and laying the blade gracefully and gently, first on one shoulder, and then on the other, he said, "Rise up, Sir William Rowan Hamilton." The knight rose, and the Lord Lieutenant then went up and, with an appearance of great tact in his manner, shook hands with him. No reply was made. The whole scene was imposing ; rendered so, partly, by the ceremony itself, but more by the place in which it passed, by the body of very distinguished men who were assembled there, and especially by the extraordinarily dignified and beautiful manner in which it was performed by the Lord Lieutenant. The effect at the time was great, and the general impression was, that, as the honor was certainly merited by him who received it, so the words by which it was conferred were so graceful and appropriate that they constituted a distinction by themselves, greater than the distinction of knighthood. I was afterwards told that this was the first instance in which a person had been knighted by a Lord Lieutenant, either for scientific or literary merit.

The dinner was in the great hall for public examinations, and was abundant and beautiful, in better order, and more quiet, than any public dinner I ever witnessed. It was even *recherché* in the food, wines, ices, and fruits, among which last they had the costly luxury of peaches and pine-apples, grown of course entirely under glass, and furnished in great profusion. . . . . A Latin grace and thanks were sung, with great beauty and sweetness, by the College choir, which has the reputation of being the best in the three kingdoms.

August 16. — I dined with the Lord Lieutenant, driving again through that magnificent park, two or three miles, to reach the Lodge. It was a small party, consisting only of two ladies, who seemed to be connections of Lord Mulgrave; the usual proportion of aides-de-camp and secretaries; Mr. Harcourt of York; Mr. Stanley of the Derby family; Mr. Vignolles, one of the chaplains; Wilkie, the painter; and myself. . . . . When Lord Mulgrave came in he spoke to every one, not ceremoniously, as he did the other day, but very familiarly. He sat down first, asked us to be seated, and talked very agreeably; was evidently pleased to find that his books had been printed and read in America, and said that he still had a particular liking for his old title of Lord Normanby, under which he wrote them. . . . .

After the ladies had left the table he became very pleasant in conversation, telling amusing stories, ... and talking about the present condition of Dublin and its progressive improvement with apparently much knowledge of facts and a deep interest. He certainly talked uncommonly well. . . . . We came away bringing with us all, I believe, the impression he seems to leave everywhere, that of a high-bred nobleman and an intellectually accomplished gentleman.

August 17. — We left Dublin this morning for an excursion into the county of Wicklow, ... and in about an hour reached the hospitable mansion of Mr. Isaac Weld, the former traveller in America, now the Secretary of the Dublin Society, which his labors have chiefly made what it now is, and one of the most efficient persons in all the arrangements and proceedings of the last busy and exciting week. He is, I suppose, above sixty years old, with a quiet but rather earnest look and manner, and belongs to the old Catholic family of Welds in England, of which the present Cardinal Weld is a leading member.

. . . . Mr. Weld is a man of moderate fortune, much connected with whatever is distinguished for intelligence and science in Ireland, and author of several books and many papers in their Transactions; but his "Travels in America" was a youthful production, ... for the opinions of which, touching the United States, he expressed his regret, as mistaken.

Soon after we had established ourselves in our very comfortable quarters at Ravenswell, his place near the village of Bray, ... we set off for a *déjeuner* and *fête champêtre* given by Mr. and Mrs. Putland. . . . . A great many of the members of the Association had stayed another day to be present at it, and we saw again there Sir John Ross, Tom Moore, Wilkie, Lady Morgan, Dr. Sands, Sir John Tobin, Dr. Lardner,* and many more most agreeable people.

. . . . At six o'clock we returned to Mr. Weld's and found dinner ready. . . . . There were soon collected the Taylors,† Sir William Hamilton,‡ Sir John and Lady Franklin, and several other interesting people, with whom we passed a delightful evening.

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* One evening, during the meeting in Dublin, Mr. Ticknor heard Dr. Lardner make the well-known discourse in which he pronounced it to be impossible that a steamboat should ever cross the ocean; but though he often referred to this assertion afterwards, it did not so much impress him at the time as to induce him to remark on it in his journal.

† Previously mentioned by Mr. Ticknor as "Mr. John Taylor, the geologist, and main authority upon whatever is done in mining in England and elsewhere, with his wife and two pleasant daughters." Mr. Ticknor and his family made a short visit, ten days later, at the Taylors' pretty place, Coeddhu, in Wales, beside a visit at St. Asaph's.

‡ Sir William Hamilton sent Mr. Ticknor, as a parting souvenir, a copy of a sonnet, written by him on the occasion of his receiving the honor of knighthood, just described, which Mr. Ticknor always regarded as one of the finest sonnets in the English language. It has since appeared in an article on the character and genius of this very extraordinary man, in the "Dublin University Magazine" for January, 1842.

CHAPTER XXII.

Edgeworthtown. — English Lakes. — York. — Doncaster. — Wentworth House.

JOURNAL.

August 21. — We set out pretty early this morning to make a visit, by invitation, to the Edgeworths, at Edgeworthtown, sixty-five English miles from Dublin. . . . . The whole country we passed through was like a succession of prairies, so little inequality was there in the surface, and it was only at rare intervals we even saw any tolerably sized hills in the horizon. Nor were the objects on the road more various. . . . . The ruins of an old castle of the Leinsters, at Maynooth, two mounds, which were probably burial-places of the aborigines, a good many ruined churches, and a good many villages, some very squalid and wretched, and some as comfortable as the poorer Scotch hamlets, were all we noticed. . . . .

At last we approached the house. There was no mistaking it. We had seen none such for a long time. It is spacious, with an ample veranda, and conservatory covering part of its front quite beautifully, and situated in a fine lawn of the richest green, interspersed with clumps of venerable oaks and beeches. As we drove to the door Miss Edgeworth came out to meet us, — a small, short, spare lady of about sixty-seven, with extremely frank and kind manners, and who always looks straight into your face with a pair of mild, deep gray eyes, whenever she speaks to you. With her characteristic directness, she did not take us into the library until she had told us that we should find there Mrs. Alison of Edinburgh, and her aunt, Miss Sneyd,* a person very old and infirm ; and that the only other persons constituting the family were Mrs. Edgeworth,† Miss

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* Aunt by courtesy, since Miss Maria Edgeworth was the only surviving child of the first Mrs. Edgeworth, a Miss Elers ; while Miss Sneyd was sister to the second and third wives of Richard Lovell Edgeworth.

† Fourth wife of Mr. Edgeworth, Miss Beaufort, sister of Sir Francis Beaufort.

Honora Edgeworth,* and Dr. Alison, a physician, and son of the author on "Taste." Having thus put us *en pays de connaissance*, she carried us into the library. It is quite a large room, full of books, and every way comfortable as a sitting-room. We had not been there five minutes before we were, by her kindness and vivacity, put completely at our ease, a sensation which we do not seem likely to lose during our visit. Soon after we were seated and had become a little acquainted with Mrs. Alison, — who is a daughter of the famous Dr. Gregory, — the rest of the party came in from a drive.

Mrs. Edgeworth — who is of the Beaufort family — seems about the age of her more distinguished step-daughter, and is somewhat stout, but very active, intelligent, and accomplished, having apparently the whole care of the household, and adding materially, by her resources in the arts and in literature, to its agreeableness.† . . . .

It is plain they make a harmonious whole, and by those who visited here when the family was much larger, and composed of the children of all the wives of Mr. Edgeworth, with their connections produced by marriage, so as to form the most heterogeneous relationships, I am told there was always the same very striking union and agreeable intercourse among them all, to the number sometimes of fifteen or twenty. . . . .

After sitting about an hour in the library . . . . we went to dress, and punctually at half past six were summoned by the bell to dinner. . . . . At half past eight we rejoined the ladies in the library, which seems to be the only sitting-room ; at nine we had tea and coffee, and at half past ten went to bed. . . . . What has struck me most to-day in Miss Edgeworth herself, is her uncommon quickness of perception, her fertility of allusion, and the great resources of fact which a remarkable memory supplies to her, combined into a whole which I can call nothing else but extraordinary vivacity. She certainly talks quite as well as Lady Delacour or Lady Davenant, and much in the style of both of them, though more in that of Lady Davenant. . . . .

August 22. — It has been a rainy day to-day, the first, properly so, that we have had since we left Liverpool, nearly two months ago. I was heartily glad of it, for it prevented all talk of driving into a country essentially flat and uninteresting, and kept us in the most interesting and agreeable society. We did not really separate during the whole day, from breakfast, at nine, until bedtime, half after eleven. The whole time was passed in the library, except the breakfast, which was protracted to an hour's length by sitting round the table ; lunch, which is really the dinner of most people ; . . . . and dinner itself, from half past six to half past eight.

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* Daughter of the third Mrs. Edgeworth.

† In her note of invitation, though writing to strangers, Miss Edgeworth said to Mr. Ticknor : "The sooner you can come to us, if I might suggest, the better, because Mrs. Edgeworth is now at home with us, ... as you would find this house much more agreeable when she is at home ; and in truth you never could see it to advantage, or see things as they really are in this family, unless when she makes part of it, and when she is at the head of it."

Miss Edgeworth's conversation was always ready, and as full of vivacity and variety as I can imagine. It was, too, no less full of good-nature. She was disposed to defend everybody, even Lady Morgan, as far as she could, though never so far as to be unreasonable ; and in her intercourse with her family she was quite delightful, referring constantly to Mrs. Edgeworth, who seems to be the authority in all matters of fact, and most kindly repeating jokes to her infirm aunt, Miss Sneyd, who cannot hear them, and who seems to have for her the most unbounded affection and admiration.

About herself, as an author, she seems to have no reserve or secrets. She spoke with great kindness and pleasure of a letter I brought to her from Mr. Peabody,* explaining some passage in his review of "Helen," which had troubled her from its allusion to her father ; "but," she added, "nobody can know what I owe to my father ; he advised and directed me in everything ; I never could have done anything without him. These are things I cannot be mistaken about, though other people can, — I *know* them." As she said this, the tears stood in her eyes, and her whole person was moved.

Of "Helen," she said that it was a recent conception altogether, first imagined about two years before it was printed. The Collingwoods, she said, were a clumsy part of it ; she put them in, thinking to make something of them, but was disappointed, and there they stuck, she could not get them out again. Many parts of it were much altered ; two only were printed just as they were first put on paper, with hardly the correction of a word, — Lady Davenant's conversation with Helen in the pony phaeton, and Lady Cecilia's conversation with Helen towards the end, telling her all that had happened during their separation. These two portions she said she dictated to her sister Lucy, whom she represented to be a person of sure taste. She dictated these particular passages because, as they were to represent narrative conversation, she thought this mode of composing them would give them a more natural air, and whenever her sister's pen hesitated, she altered the word at once. "So," said she, "all that turned out right, and I was very glad of it for Lucy's sake as well as my own."

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* Rev. William O. B. Peabody. The article appeared in the "North American Review," No. 84, July, 1834.

"Taking for Granted," she told me, was sketched very roughly about fifteen years ago, and she is now employed in working it entirely over again, and bringing it out. She was curious to know what instances I had ever witnessed of persons suffering from "taking for granted" what proved false, and desired me quite earnestly, and many times, to write to her about it; "for," she added, "you would be surprised if you knew how much I pick up in this way." "The story," she said, "must begin lightly, and the early instances of mistake might be comic, but it must end tragically." I told her I was sorry for it. "Well," said she, "I can't help it, it must be so. The best I can do for you is, to leave it quite uncertain whether it is possible the man who is to be my victim can ever be happy again or not."

But neither "Helen" nor "Taking for Granted," she said, is the subject she should be glad to write about, and write about with the most interest. It is something connected with the religious and political parties that are ruining Ireland, "my poor Ireland." "But," she went on, "it won't do. Few would listen, and those that would listen would do it to serve their own purposes. It won't do, and I am sorry for it, very sorry."

But though she talked thus freely about herself and her works, she never introduced the subject, and never seemed glad to continue it. She talked quite as well, and with quite as much interest, on everything else. Indeed, though I watched carefully for it, I could not detect, on the one side, any of the mystification of authorship, nor, on the other, any of its vanity. . . . . The sustained tone of conversation, however, with her unquenchable vivacity, was, I think, — continued as it was through so long a day, — a little fatiguing to her. She was just the same to the last moment, — just as quick in repartee, and just as gay in her allusions and remarks, — but her countenance showed that her physical strength was hardly equal to it. Indeed, she is of a feeble constitution naturally, though for the last two years she has gained strength. It was, therefore, something of a trial to talk so brilliantly and variously as she did, from nine in the morning till past eleven at night.

Sunday, August 23. — To-day was more quiet; not less interesting or agreeable than yesterday, but less exciting. We went to church with the family, who all seemed Episcopalians in principle and practice. Miss Edgeworth carried her favorite Prayer-book in a nice case, and knelt and made all the responses very devoutly. The church is small, but neat, and their pew is the place of honor in it, with a canopy and recess as large as any two other pews. . . . . On one side of the altar was a small, plain, oval tablet, to the memory of their grandfather, bearing no inscription but his name, and the time of his birth and death ; and on the other side was one exactly like it, ... to their father, who died in 1817. The whole had the air of decency and reverence that ought always to be found in a village church ; but the sermon was Calvinistic, from a young man, and the congregation very small, making a striking contrast to the congregation which poured out from the Catholic chapel in the neighborhood, so as to fill and throng the highway.

The Edgeworths have always been on the most kindly terms with their Catholic neighbors and tenantry, but, like many other Protestants whom I have met, they feel rather uncomfortably at the encroaching spirit which the Emancipation Bill has awakened in the whole Catholic population of the island, and the exclusive character and tone assumed by the priests, who have every day, as they assure me, more and more the air of claiming superiority ; especially where, as in the case of Edgeworthtown, the old priests have been removed, and Jesuits placed in their stead.

After lunch, — there is only one service in the church, — Miss Edgeworth showed me a good many curious letters from Dumont, — one in particular, giving an account of Madame de Staël's visit, in 1813, to Lord Lansdowne at Bowood, for a week, when Mackintosh, Romilly, Schlegel, Rogers, and a quantity more of distinguished people were there ; but Miss Edgeworth declined, not feeling apparently willing to live in a state of continual exhibition for so long a time. It was, however, very brilliant, and was most brilliantly described by Dumont. One thing amused me very much. Madame de Staël, who had just been reading the "Tales of Fashionable Life," — then recently published, — with great admiration, said to Dumont of Miss Edgeworth : "Vraiment elle était digne de l'enthousiasme, mais elle se perd dans votre triste utilité." It seemed to delight Miss Edgeworth excessively, and it was to show me this that she looked up the letters.

In the evening she showed me her long correspondence with Sir Walter Scott, at least his part of it. The whole seemed to have been extremely creditable to both parties. As soon as "Waverley" was published, she wrote a letter to its anonymous author, filled with the fulness of her fresh delight, which she enclosed to Ballantyne, who answered it on behalf of the Great Unknown. This was the beginning of the matter. Soon after, they wrote directly to each other; she went to see Scott; young Walter and his new wife were sent to her as to an intimate friend, immediately after their marriage. Sir Walter wrote to her, also, on his loss of fortune, and the correspondence was continued till his mind failed. When she was in Edinburgh, in 1823, Lady Scott expressed her surprise that Scott and Miss Edgeworth had not met when Miss Edgeworth was in Edinburgh in 1803. "Why," said Sir Walter, with one of his queer looks, "you forget, my dear, — Miss Edgeworth was not a lion then, and my mane, you know, was not grown at all." She told many stories of him, all showing an admiration for him, and a personal interest in him and his fame, which it was delightful to witness in the only person that could have been fancied his rival. During the evening she was very agreeable, and in the latter part of it very brilliant with repartee, so that we sat late together, not separating until midnight. Everything shows that her mind is as active, and as capable of producing "Ennui," or "The Absentee," now, as at any previous period. In fact, "Helen" proves it.

August 24. — The house, and many of its arrangements, — the bells, the doors, etc., — bear witness to that love of mechanical trifling of which Mr. Edgeworth was so often accused. It was only this morning that I fully learnt how to open, shut, and lock our chamber-door; and the dressing-glass, at which I have shaved for three mornings, is somewhat of a mystery to me still. Things are in general very convenient and comfortable through the house, though, as elsewhere in Ireland, there is a want of English exactness and finish. However, all such matters, even if carried much farther than they are, would be mere trifles in the midst of so much kindness, hospitality, and intellectual pleasures of the highest order, as we enjoyed under their roof, where hospitality is so abundant that they have often had twenty or thirty friends come upon them unexpectedly, when the family was much larger than it is now.

But we were now obliged to leave them. We did it with great regret; but our engagements with other friends in England would be broken by a more protracted stay in Ireland. So urgent was their kindness, as we parted from them, that we fairly promised to come back to Ireland,* on our return from the Continent, and make them a longer visit. At half past ten this morning, after lingering at the breakfast-table longer than we ought to have done, we left them. The roads are good, the post well served, so that we reached Dublin — sixty-five English miles — in eight hours and a quarter.

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* Note by Mr. Ticknor, written February 9, 1836: "After an interval of six months I look back upon this visit to Miss Edgeworth with just the same feel-

September 1, 1835.* — At Ambleside we found a kind note from Wordsworth, inviting us to come directly to him. I walked there as soon as I had refreshed myself a little. . . . . I found it, as I anticipated, a house of trouble. Mrs. Wordsworth's sister died a few weeks ago; Mr. Wordsworth's sister — a person of much talent — lies at the point of death, and his daughter is suffering under the spine complaint, though likely to recover. But they received me — I mean Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, their daughter, and their two sons — with entire kindness, and, after the first few moments, did not seem to recall their sorrows.

Wordsworth was very agreeable. He talked about politics, in which his views are very gloomy. He holds strongly and fondly, with an affectionate feeling of veneration, to the old and established in the institutions, usages, and peculiarities of his country, and he sees them all shaken by the progress of change. His moral sensibilities are offended; his old affections are wounded; his confidence in the future is disturbed. But though he talks about it as if it were a subject that oppresses him, he talks without bitterness, and with the large and flowing eloquence which marks his whole conversation. Indeed, he feels the whole matter so deeply and so tenderly, that it is not easy to avoid sympathizing with him, even when the strictness of his political system is most apparent. He was very curious, too, about our institutions in America, and their effect upon society and character, and made many shrewd as well as kind remarks about us; but is certainly not inclined to augur well of our destinies, for he goes upon the broad principle that the mass of any people cannot be trusted with the powers of government.

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ings with which I drove away from her door. There was a life and spirit about her conversation, she threw herself into it with such *abandon*, she retorted with such brilliant repartee, and, in short, she talked with such an extraordinary flow of natural talent, that I do not know whether anything of the kind could be finer."

An animated and interesting correspondence was kept up for many years between Miss and Mrs. Edgeworth and Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor, and did not cease until the death of Mrs. Edgeworth, the survivor of the two, in 1865.

* The interval since the last extract had been filled by a charming journey in North Wales, including visits to Mr. J. Taylor and the Miss Luxmoors of St. Asaph's.

In this sort of conversation a couple of hours passed very quickly away, and when I rose to leave him he took his staff and walked nearly back to Ambleside with me.

September 2. — As it was not convenient for us to go up to Rydal and breakfast with Mr. Wordsworth, he came and breakfasted with us. His talk was like that of last evening, flowing and abundant, with an elevated moral and intellectual tone, and full of a kindliness that was not to be mistaken. We determined to pass the day in an excursion up Coniston Water, generally considered the most beautiful of the lakes, and he said he would go with us, — a great addition to a great pleasure. . . . . To show us the best points he carried us to the houses of two of his friends. The first was Mrs. Copley's, where we met Miss Fletcher,* formerly of Edinburgh, and one or two other quite agreeable people, and where we stopped long enough to lunch with them. . . . . The other place was that of the venerable Mrs. Smith, — the mother of the extraordinary Elizabeth Smith, — where, besides the fine views, we saw the cottage, the site of the tent which has given the name of Tent Hall to the place, ... and the other localities mentioned in the beautiful "Fragments," printed after her premature death. . . . .

We then set out to visit my old friend Mrs. Fletcher, ... but met her, and, finding that our engagements would permit no other arrangement, she offered to breakfast with us to-morrow morning, and we parted and came back to Ambleside.

Wordsworth, as usual, talked the whole time. He showed us the scenery in the spirit of one bred among its beauties ; with which his mind has been peculiarly nourished, and of which his poetry everywhere bears the impress. He talked about Burns, whose poetry he analyzed with great truth and acuteness, considering it as the fresh and unidealized expression of the most beautiful of merely human feelings and affections, in the better parts of it, and in this view of unrivalled merit. He described to us his last sad visit to Scott, just as he was setting off for Naples, broken down in mind and body, and conscious of it ; for when his two last stories were mentioned, he said, "Don't speak of them ; they smell of apoplexy."

And he talked about Campbell, the reviewers, and their effect on his own reputation, etc., all in the most kindly and frank spirit, describing to us "The Recluse," his unpublished poem, and repeating, in illustration of his opinions, passages from his own works, in his peculiarly sonorous recitative. The drive of fifteen miles and the visit seemed short, and soon after my return home I rejoined him at Rydal Mount and passed an extremely agreeable evening with him again, which he again ended by accompanying me back to Ambleside by a beautiful moonlight.

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* See *ante*, p. 279. Miss Fletcher afterwards married Sir John Richardson, the Arctic explorer.

September 3. — Mrs. Fletcher and her daughter came to breakfast with us; and though she is sixteen years older than she was when I saw her last, she is as interesting as ever, by her talent and enthusiasm. When we drove from Ambleside she accompanied us to Wordsworth's, where we passed a couple of hours very agreeably. He showed us quite over his pretty grounds and through his favorite walks, where he has composed so much of his poetry, ... and went with us to the picturesque waterfall in Lady Le Fleming's grounds. . . . . His daughter was on her sofa, very intelligent and pleasing, her animation not impaired by her debility; and his younger son, whose education is not completed, is an agreeable, kind-hearted young man, forming, with their venerable father and excellent, gentle, matronly mother, a group which leaves such a kindly and harmonious impression on the mind as we are always glad to cherish there. . . . . Bidding farewell to the Wordsworths and the Fletchers, we drove on to Keswick.

Keswick, *September* 3. — We came here by invitation to pass the evening with Southey, but we accepted the invitation with some hesitation, for Mrs. Southey has been several months hopelessly deranged, and is supposed now to be sinking away. . . . . He received us very kindly, but was much moved when he showed me his only son, and reminded me that I had last seen him hardly three weeks old, in his cradle in the same room. . . . .

Southey was natural and kind, but evidently depressed, much altered since I saw him fifteen years ago, a little bent, and his hair quite white. He showed me the materials for his edition of Cowper and the beginning of the Life; the last work, he says, he shall ever do for the booksellers. Among the materials was the autograph manuscript of "John Gilpin," and many letters. . . . . He read us, too, about three cantos of his "Oliver Newman," — the poem on American ground, — some of it fine, but the parts intended to be humorous in very bad taste. He showed me as many curious and rare manuscripts and books as I could look at, and told me that he means now to finish his history of Portugal and Portuguese literature; and if possible write a history of the Monastic Orders. If he does the last, it will be bitter enough. He says he has written no "Quarterly Review" for two years, and means to write no more; that reviews have done more harm than good, etc. In politics I was surprised to find him less desponding than Wordsworth, though perhaps more excited. He says, however, that Ireland will not be tranquillized without bloodshed, admits that Sir Robert Peel is not a great man, and that England is now desperately in want of really great minds to manage its affairs. His conversation was very various, sometimes quite remarkable, but never rich or copious like Wordsworth's, and never humorous or witty. It was rather abundant in matters of fact, and often in that way quite striking and effective. . . . .

York, *September* 6. — We arrived here early, and established ourselves in the narrow, but neat and comfortable lodgings which we had previously secured for the Musical Festival week. The city, though old, seemed beautifully clean; and the streets, though close and dark, were filled with crowds of well-dressed people, many of whom, like ourselves, had been attracted by the great occasion. . . . . In the latter part of the evening, the moon being at its full and very brilliant, we walked quite round the magnificent minster, enjoying the effect of its glorious Gothic architecture by the light in which it can be most appropriately seen. It was very beautiful and very solemn, especially when viewed from near the gates of the Residence.

September 7. — I met, this morning, Mr. William Vernon Harcourt, with whom I dined at Lord Mulgrave's in Dublin. He is the son of the Archbishop of York, first Residentiary Canon of the minster, and the most active and efficient manager of the Festival. . . . . The first instance of his kind attention was to give us the means of going to the garden of the Museum this morning, when the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria were received there. . . . .

September 8. — The first great day of the Festival. Mr. Harcourt sent us tickets for the "Patrons' gallery" in the minster, the best part of the building, where seats were reserved for the royal party, and we went at eleven o'clock. Everything was perfectly arranged, twelve avenues being opened to admit the immense crowd into the immense building; a moment after we entered, we emerged into a gallery at the west end of the church opposite to the choir and the great organ. The part of the minster given to the purposes of this occasion is the nave and aisles, the nave being 261 feet long, 109 broad, and 99 high . . . . all together capable of containing full 5,000 persons seated, besides the 620 musicians. . . . .

Punctually at twelve o'clock the royal party arrived. . . . . The whole audience rose, and when the royal guests came to the front of the gallery so as to be distinctly visible, a tumult of applause broke forth which was with difficulty suppressed by the Dean as entirely unsuitable to the place. . . . . As soon as they were seated the whole choir broke forth with Handel's Coronation Hymn, this being the anniversary of the King's crowning. The effect was electrical. The vast audience rose again, and when the shout of "God save the King" broke from the choir of four hundred voices sustained by the full power of two hundred and fifty instruments and the tremendous organ, its effect was not to be mistaken. There was not a soul under those wide vaults that did not feel it. . . . .

September 9. — The performance to-day was Handel's Messiah, — the whole of it, — a great work, which requires all the power and variety that the art of music can bring with it; and which, I suppose, has never been heard so well anywhere as in this vast and solemn minster. . . . . It is astonishing how distinctly a single voice is heard, even in its lowest and sweetest tones, through nearly every part of this wide pile; and the stillness of the multitudes to catch its murmurs is sometimes as thrilling as the notes themselves. Grisi can fill the whole building with the most brilliant sounds.

We dined at Lord Fitzwilliam's, who has taken a large house just outside the gates, for the Festival week, which he thinks it his inherited duty to patronize. . . . .

September 12. — Mr. Willis of Caius College, Cambridge, who has published on architecture, being here, and desirous to see some parts of the cathedral not usually seen, Mr. Harcourt had it opened and lighted, and a party was formed to go over it. It was very curious. We were shown, under the pavement of the present choir, the remains of the ancient choir of the church built in 1070 and burnt in 1137, together with one arch of the still older church built about A. D. 900, all discovered in 1830, when the excavations were made for the repairs of the present building, after the disastrous fire of 1829. These old ruins are of Cyclopean size, and the later portions of them are in the Norman style and very elaborate. The whole is in total darkness under the foundations of the huge minster itself, but was this morning beautifully lighted up with gas, which has been introduced for the purpose. After this we went over the choir and the other parts of the church. . . . . It has more of the power given to Gothic architecture in the "Penseroso" than any building I know of; "the high embowed roof," the "antic pillars massy-proof," the "storied windows, richly dight," "the pealing organ," and "the fullvoiced quire below," are all there, and there in their original perfection. . . . .

We were invited to dine with the Harcourts, but had an engagement with the Phillipses. . . . . We passed a couple of hours most agreeably with Professor Phillips, who gratifies and surprises me more, the more I know him.* . . . . We finished the evening with the Harcourts, who are fine specimens of the highest order of the English character, — the lady beautiful, intelligent, winning, and religious; and Mr. Harcourt a quiet, unobtrusive, efficient gentleman, with very large resources of various and elegant knowledge. We shall be sorry indeed to leave York, because it contains such people.

After the Musical Festival followed the Doncaster Races, at which, on the great St. Leger Day, the excitement of the multitude was vastly increased that year by the presence of the Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Kent, who were then the guests of Lord Fitzwilliam at Wentworth House. The arrival of the royal party at the race ground was a brilliant sight, with the turnout of Lord Fitzwilliam's many splendid carriages, all with six or four horses and outriders, and escorted by a body of forty of his manly-looking tenants; and when the Princess was seated in front of the Grand Stand, the upturned faces of the immense crowd that welcomed her made another impressive sight.

The descriptions of these scenes, and of Castle Howard, Rivaulx Abbey, and other interesting spots, must be set aside to make room for visits at pleasant country-houses. First comes Mulgrave Castle, where, by Lord Mulgrave's invitation, given at Dublin, the party were received by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Villiers,† then staying there.

On September 18, the day following their arrival at Mulgrave Castle, Mr. Ticknor says: —

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* John Phillips, Professor of Geology in King's College, London, and Curator of the Museum at York, an eminent geologist. Mr. Ticknor had known him in Dublin, when he was Secretary of the British Association.

† Mrs. Edward Villiers was a sister of Lady Mulgrave, and Mr. Villiers a brother of Mrs. Lister, "a highly intellectual person, with large and pleasant resources in belles-lettres knowledge, whom," says Mr. Ticknor, "I thought quite equal to any of the family for talent, beside which he is a better scholar than any of them."

We began our excursion by stopping in a small village belonging to Lord Mulgrave. We wished to get a little information from the clergyman, but he was not at home. I was sorry for it, for Mr. Villiers told me he is one of the last specimens now remaining of Fielding's Parson Adams, sometimes dining with Lord and Lady Mulgrave, and finishing the evening drinking beer in their servants' hall. I saw the house in which the profligate Duke of Buckingham took refuge from the plague, in the time of Charles II. His tenantry were rejoiced to have him among them, as Lord Mulgrave told me, did him all honor and made him as comfortable as possible, and, when he went away, crowded about him and asked when he would come again. "With the next plague," said the gracious landlord, and rode off.

The next day, at Kirby Moorside, Mr. Ticknor was shown a common-looking house where Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, died, whose death is thus recorded in the parish register of the place: "buried in the yeare of our Lord 1687, April y^e 17. Gorges uiluas Lord dooke of bookingam," etc., — so carelessly and ignorantly was the death of a statesman, out of date, put on record, even in the midst of his own possessions and tenantry.

About two miles to the northwest of Kirby Moorside, I stopped to see the small but remarkable church of Kirkdale. It stands in a retired and quiet valley, and has undergone considerable repairs; but the Saxon arch of its principal entrance is still surmounted by a sun-dial, on which there is a plain Saxon inscription, signifying that it was placed there "by Orm the son of Gamal, in the days of Edward the King and of Tosti the Earl," which brings its date to 1055–65, when Tosti was Earl of Northumberland, and Edward, the Confessor, King.

Three days later they passed through Leeds, where the Messrs. Gott — two of whom Mr. Ticknor had met at York — showed him the wonderful machinery of their great woollen manufactory, with a freedom and openness very unusual; and "after resting from this labor," he says, "I went to dine at Mr. Edward Smyth's, the head of the branch of the Bank of England for Leeds, and brother of Professor Smyth, who is now staying at his house. It was a pleasant, quiet dinner; the professor himself being, as he always is, agreeable, with the utmost simplicity of heart. I saw him constantly in York, and it was one of my pleasures to witness his exquisite enjoyment of the music at the minster."

A visit of three days at Thorn's House — the seat of Mr. Gaskell, ten miles from Leeds — now followed. Professor Smyth of Cambridge joined the party at Leeds, by appointment, and added to every interest and enjoyment in the next two days by his delightful union of talent, simplicity, quaint humor, and most winning kindliness. Mr. Gaskell had been Member of Parliament for Malden, and his son at this time represented Shropshire. The whole family were rich in cultivation, refinement, and hospitality, and the establishment elegant and luxurious.

> Immediately after lunch [on the first day] Mrs. Gaskell carried us to the house of that strange person, Mr. Waterton, whose "Wanderings" in South America excited so much remark a few years ago. He is an anomaly ; a thorough Catholic, and holding the most despotic theories of government, yet a radical at home, in order to overturn everything now existing in England ; living a large part of his time in the woods, with the habits and the sharpened instincts of a savage, and yet with a fine, comfortable, English establishment, full of servants and luxuries ; a man of an old family and large hereditary property, yet holding little intercourse with those about him ; in short, a mass of inconsistencies, mingled with a great deal of talent and not a little science. We were sorry not to find him at home ; but we saw his curious collection in natural history, one of the most beautiful things I ever beheld. The birds, collected and prepared by himself, are exquisite. . . . . There were other things, too ; the alligator he rode ; the "nondescript," with which he tried to mystify the naturalists, but which is only a red monkey, prepared by his consummate skill to look like a man, etc., etc. The whole is in his house, which stands in the middle of a small lake, and is approached by a drawbridge, — a fit position and arrangement for so whimsical and strange a creature.

On the 25th September, Mr. Ticknor reached Wentworth House, Lord Fitzwilliam's "princely establishment," and there four days were filled with rich and varied interest, and with the most true and delightful hospitality.

JOURNAL.

Sunday, September 27. — After breakfast — which was rather late, and over which we lounged a good while — Lord Fitzwilliam asked who would drive to church; all but two of the ladies declined. It seems to be the custom of the house to employ the carriages as little as possible on Sundays, so that we made a formidable procession, the children and all constituting about twenty. Those of the tenantry who were in the churchyard — perhaps a dozen — drew up to the path and took off their hats as Lord Fitzwilliam passed in. . . . . The church is small, very old, and has nothing curious about it but a few old monuments, especially one to Lord Strafford's father and one to himself, all quite rude. He was the last distinguished person buried here; his son, with the Rockinghams, Fitzwilliams, etc., being deposited in York Minster. The pew of the family is of oak, very rudely carved, and has a shattered look; but it is in the state in which it was when the famous Strafford sat there, and has his arms ill cut in several places. . . . . I could not help imagining how things looked when he was there, and the great Marquis of Rockingham, and when Burke and Fox sat there, as they often did, with the late Lord Fitzwilliam. I had many strange visions about it, and little heeded poor old Mr. Lowe. . . . . We lounged slowly home through the grounds and gardens. . . . .

After lunch, Lord Fitzwilliam said he should go to hear a charity sermon two or three miles off, and asked who would go with him; but all declined except Lady Mary and Mr. Thompson, it being understood that Dr. Dundas would read the evening service in the chapel after dinner. Instead of going to church we made a party at half past three, to see the stables and the establishment for young horses at one of the lodges. They were well worth the trouble. . . . .

After dinner . . . . the party distributed itself through the gallery and the library rooms, to the number of about thirty. A little before nine o'clock the groom of the chambers came as usual and said, "My lord, the chapel is ready," and everybody went. About seventy or eighty servants were there when we went in, and with the family and visitors made quite a respectable congregation. The ladies were in the gallery, the female servants chiefly under it. . . . .

September 28. — We intended to have left Wentworth House this morning, and, passing the day at Sheffield, about ten miles off, have proceeded on our journey to-morrow; but I found Lord Fitzwilliam had invited Montgomery, the poet, to meet us, and that they had proposed to make a party for Sheffield to go with us, so that we altered our plan. . . . . After breakfast we went over some other parts of this vast pile of building, saw the state sleeping-apartments, which are magnificent, and many other suites of rooms that are very rich and comfortable. . . . . The saloon fitted up by the present Lord Fitzwilliam is very rich and magnificent. On one side of it hangs the famous picture of Lord Rockingham's horse "Whistler," by Stubbs, nearly as large as life, and one of the most striking pictures of an animal I ever saw. It is nothing but a painting of a horse, no trappings, no background, no earth, yet it does not leave any feeling of deficiency. Lord Fitzwilliam told me that when the horse was painted Lord Rockingham intended to have put George III. upon him ; "but," said he, laughing, "the king misbehaved about that time, and so Lord Rockingham would not have him there. However," he added, "that is a story I do not often tell, and the people here know nothing about it. There is no use in having such things remembered." . . . .

When I went into the gallery before dinner I found Montgomery talking with Mr. Lowe. He — Montgomery — is a small man, above sixty-five years old, rather feeble and sensitive, but good, kind, and benevolent, and greatly loved in Sheffield, where he has lived many years. He is a Moravian, and much interested in what relates to his sect and to Christianity. He dresses rather singularly, — but, I suspect, from some fancied benefit to his health, — with a large cravat and very high standing collar to his shirt, so that, as his head is small and sunk quite deeply into this projecting collar, the effect was by no means good at first. However, he is very agreeable in conversation, and much in earnest in whatever he says, so that I was quite glad to talk with him. He told me, among other things, that Chantrey was born near Sheffield ; that he knew him as quite a young man before he went to London ; that he began in the country as a portrait-painter, and showed great skill in drawing but no power of coloring ; and that he — Montgomery — had a portrait of himself painted by Chantrey at this early period. He told me, too, a good deal about Elliott, the author of the Corn Law rhymes, who is in the iron-trade at Sheffield, and who, it seems, has been these thirty years trying to obtain notice as a poet, but never succeeding until lately. Montgomery represents him — as might have been anticipated — to be a person with much talent and tenderness, mixed up with great rudeness, passion, and prejudice.

After dinner the children danced and frolicked in the gallery, as usual, until prayer-time, when the service was read by Mr. Lowe in the chapel, about forty or fifty persons being present. Then we went to the library, had tea, and played a little whist. . . . . Before we went to bed Lord Fitzwilliam and the ladies urged us so kindly and earnestly to return to them on Saturday, and meet Lord Spencer, ... that we promised to do so. . . . . I shall be very glad to see this distinguished statesman so quietly and familiarly.

September 29. — We left Wentworth House to-day, after having enjoyed as much really considerate kindness as we ever enjoyed anywhere in four days, and came thirty-five miles, ... to Colonel Richard Yorke's, at Wighill Park. . . . .

October 3. — In the course of the four days we stayed at Wighill Park there were about twenty different inmates in the house.* It was a very pleasant party, whose chief attraction and amusement was music. . . . . Sir Francis Doyle, an old officer, and very intelligent gentleman, who has read much and seen much, was uniformly agreeable, and so was Lord Arthur Hill, one of the best cavalry officers in the service, who fought at Waterloo in the famous regiment of the Scotch Grays, and now commands it, but whose obvious character here was only *bonhomie*, and easy careless happiness. . . . . Our host himself, who has been entertaining company in this way these thirty years, has much knowledge of the world, great kindness, and a good deal of amusing anecdote. His establishment was perfect for its purposes, in comforts and luxuries, and there was an exactness in the mode of carrying it on that was quite remarkable.

We left Wighill Park between eleven and twelve, and reached Lord Fitzwilliam's before five. Twelve or thirteen miles off, the milestones that announced the distance "From Wentworth House" showed we were within his dominions. . . . . We found Lord Fitzwilliam in the long gallery. He received us with great kindness, and presented us to Lord Spencer, lately the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and as "Honest Althorp," the leader of Lord Grey's administration in the House of Commons.† He had arrived about an hour before us, and was still standing before the fire in his travelling-dress. He is about fifty-three years old, short, thick-set, with a dark red complexion, black hair, beginning to turn gray, a very ordinary, farmer-like style of dress, and no particularly vivacious expression of countenance. His manner was as quiet and simple as possible, perfectly willing to talk, but not seeming to have much to say. We were presented also to Mr. Wood, I believe a son-in-law of Lord Grey, and to Mr. Chaloner, a brother-in-law of Lord Fitzwilliam, who is here with his wife, a daughter of the late Lord Dundas, and a son and daughter. We found too the Dundases, whom we left here on Tuesday, and a Mr. Phillips,* a fine scholar-like young man, and Mr. Frederic Ponsonby, of the Besborough family. . . . .

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* Note by Mr. Ticknor: "When I look back upon this visit, it seems as if I were recollecting some of the descriptions of parties in country-houses in English novels, so much truer are they to nature than is generally imagined."

† Third Earl Spencer.

Lord Spencer, whom I sat near at dinner, was very agreeable. We talked about the hunting season, which is now just beginning. He said he used to keep a pack formerly, and that the relations into which it brought him with his neighbors and the county had taught him more of human nature than he had learnt in any other way. The whole affair of fox-hunting, he added, with all its trespasses upon property, could not be maintained, if the whole neighborhood did not take as great an interest in it as the owner of the hounds. In talking a little politics, he happened to speak of Lord Lyndhurst, and while he gave him all praise as a man of talent, of perfectly good temper, and of the best possible qualities and habits for a business man, he declared that he was entirely unprincipled. In illustration, he said that, having made up his mind formerly to introduce a bill for the collection of small debts by a simpler process, he communicated with Lord Lyndhurst — then Solicitor-General — on the subject, and was assured by him that he approved of it entirely, and that it would be, not only a great benefit to suitors, but a great relief to the upper courts, who were most uselessly oppressed with such business. Lord Spencer — then Lord Althorp — introduced the bill, and was surprised beyond measure to have Mr. Solicitor Copley oppose it in a very able and acute argument. He went over instantly and spoke to him on the subject, and reminded him of what he had previously said in its favor, in private, to which "Copley made *no sort* of reply but by a hearty laugh." Lord Eldon, however, on whom Copley's promotion then depended, it was found afterwards, was opposed to the bill, and this explained it. Later, the government changed its opinion on the measure, Lord Althorp introduced it again, received the most efficient, good-tempered, and sagacious support for it, both in committee and in the House, and carried it, with Copley's aid, in every stage, and in every way, except debate.

Lord Spencer talked to me, too, a great deal about his recollections of Fox, Pitt, and Sheridan, placing the latter much lower than his party usually does, and giving more praise to Pitt than I ever heard a Whig give him. He does not talk brilliantly, — he hardly talks well, for he hesitates, blushes even, and has a queer chuckling laugh, — but he interests you and commands your attention. I felt sure all the time that I was getting right impressions from him. . . . . As we went down to the chapel, Lord Spencer told me that so solemn and fine a chapel is nowhere else kept up in England. Dr. Dundas read prayers, and about fifty-five were present.

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* Thomas J. Phillips, Esq.

Sunday, October 4. — The forenoon was rainy. . . . . Lord Fitzwilliam said he was not well and should not go to church, but asked round, and collected a considerable number, for whom he ordered three carriages. . . . .

Lord Spencer talked with decided ability about the Poor-Laws as we walked home, for the rain had ceased. He told me, too, about his brother, who, from being a richly beneficed English clergyman, has become a poor, fervent Catholic priest; and yet is a man of much talent and learning, who greatly distinguished himself at Cambridge. At the end of our talk he invited us to visit him at Althorp, any time after December 1, which is the earliest period he can be there himself, and I was very sorry to be obliged to decline. I should revel in that magnificent library and most beautiful establishment. But we cannot go. It is time already that we were on our way to Dresden.

The dinner to-day was in greater state than we have yet seen it; that is, there was a greater show of plate, five gilt silver "cups," as they are called, but really massive vases of elaborate workmanship, ornamenting the centre of the table and three more the sideboard, the whole being prizes won by the family race-horses. . . . .

In the evening we looked over a good many of Lord Fitzwilliam's curious black-letter books, and Lord Spencer told us so much about Althorp, that I was very glad to promise to make him a visit there on our return from the Continent. Dr. Dundas read the evening service at ten o'clock. The chapel was very full to-night, more than a hundred servants being present. The huntsmen in their scarlet dresses, who have come [from Northamptonshire] since we were here before, made quite a show.

October 5. — It is a rainy morning, and yet when we went to breakfast I found Lord Spencer with spurs on, prepared for a ride. He told me that he is going to Wakefield, to see the prison there, and had sent on one of his horses to change half-way. The distance is eighteen miles, making thirty-six in all, which he prefers to take on horseback, notwithstanding the rain, and to be back to dinner. . . . . Lord Fitzwilliam generally makes his journeys on horseback, in all weathers. Last year he went in this way to Milton, eighty-nine miles, in a single day, and will probably do the same this year. All this comes of fox-hunting.

October 6. — To-day, for the first time in my life, I have witnessed and joined a fox-hunt, — a thing as different from all I ever witnessed before as anything can well be, and which I suppose I saw in great perfection, for Lord Spencer tells me the establishment for it here is as fine as any in England, if not the finest. . . . . We reached home about five o'clock, rather late, for dinner was to be at six, as it is "the Public Day," or the day on which the family — in observance of a custom formerly common among the chief nobility, but now hardly kept up at all except here — receive any of their neighbors who think fit to come and who think themselves fit to come. In this way Lord Fitzwilliam keeps open house once a week during the two or three months he lives in Yorkshire, it being understood that persons do not generally avail themselves of the invitation more than once in a season; and in this way he avoids all the embarrassments and heart-burnings which would be the inevitable consequence of selecting, sorting, and inviting formal parties.

The whole state and ceremony of the house is observed on these occasions, to which people come ten, twenty, and even forty miles or more. To-day there were a little more than twenty, the most curious of whom was old Lady G., eighty-four years old, covered with diamonds, laces, and feathers.* . . . . The party was received in the beautiful saloon, ... and the procession to dinner across the enormously large hall, headed by the chaplain in his canonicals, was quite a solemnity. . . . . Mr. Lowe was in full costume, bands and all, and asked a blessing and returned thanks. The dinner itself was much as usual, but there was of course a greater show of plate. Lord Fitzwilliam was not well enough to appear.

The journey from Wentworth House to London, between the 8th and 13th of October, was crowded with interest and beauty, and the ten days passed in London were busy, not only by reason of the kind attentions of friends, but with the necessary preparations for a migration to the Continent. In a *résumé* of this autumnal visit in London, Mr. Ticknor says: —

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* Note by Mr. Ticknor: "I asked Lord Fitzwilliam what could induce a person like Lady G., above eighty years old and deaf, to come thirty or forty miles to a dinner. He said, 'Only because she has done it every year for above half a century.'"

I dined once with my old friend Lady Dudley Stuart. She is a good deal altered in person, and has feeble health, but her essential character is the same that I knew eighteen years ago.* Lord Dudley Stuart was at Lord Brougham's on a visit. The company consisted of the Duke de Regina, the Count del Medico, — who owns the Carrara quarries,— and two or three other persons. It was pleasant, the conversation being entirely in French, and much of the amusement of the evening being music. An English composer, who is just bringing out an opera which he dedicates to Lady D. Stuart, came in and played and sang ; and a Polish prince — among those who are indebted to Lord Dudley Stuart for carrying the bill in favor of the Poles through Parliament — was there a little while, and improvisated with great talent. There was nothing English about it, any more than if we had all been in Italy.

Dr. Holland, who travelled in Greece with Lord Byron, came to see me one morning, in consequence of a note from Miss Edgeworth, and was very kind in attentions afterwards, but I could only find time to breakfast with him. He is a short, active, very lively person, abounding in knowledge, and in very exact knowledge. He quite embarrassed me once or twice by his minute familiarity with American geography, but he is a very simple, direct, and agreeable person. His wife — a daughter of Sydney Smith — was not in town, for which I was sorry. But I shall see them both, I trust, when we return to England, for Dr. Holland is among the most interesting men I have met. He is now becoming one of the most famous and fashionable of the London physicians.

The day after we reached London the kind Sir Francis Doyle came to see us, and invited us so very pleasantly to the Tower, both to see it and to dine with him, that we could not refuse, though we could ill give the time to it. So on Saturday we drove to the Tower, four miles off ; but the dense crowds in the Strand and the other protracted thoroughfares, with two, three, and sometimes four files of carriages abreast, reaching as far as the eye could follow them, often stopped us several minutes at a time. . . . . It was a part of our amusement, during an hour or more we were in reaching the Tower, to watch these different currents, embarrassments, and contests of the different sorts of passengers. At last we arrived, and, passing the drawbridge, drove through streets and ways that seemed quite long, to the Governor's house. It is one of the examples of the pleasant abuses with which England abounds, that the Duke of Wellington is Governor of the Tower, with a good salary, and knows nothing about it; that Sir Francis Doyle is his lieutenant, with another large salary, and resides there only two months in the year; and that somebody else, with a third salary, is the really efficient and responsible person. . . .

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* Christine Bonaparte. See *ante*, p. 183, and note.

Lunch was ready immediately, and as soon as it was ended, Sir Francis and Miss Doyle went over the Tower with us, visiting chiefly those parts not shown to strangers, as we had seen the rest. . . . First we went to the ancient records, where we saw the autographs of the English monarchs, from the time when they were able to write, which is Edward the Fourth's. The most curious to me was the handwriting of Richard III., bold and vigorous, plainly legible, and, especially in a document touching Buckingham, written with choice phraseology considering the date. We saw, too, the Prayer-Book of 1662, with the only authority that still exists for its use, and the great seal of England attached to it to vouch for its authenticity; the pious Charles II. being of course the official corner-stone on which this portion of the religion of the monarchy has reposed for a century and a half. . . .

Here [in the White Tower] we were shown the Council Chamber of the ancient kings of England, hardly altered at all; the very room in which Richard III. bared his arm, and accused Hastings of witchcraft in shrivelling it. We went to the very window where he stood when he witnessed the instant execution of his victim, and saw the very spot, at the corner of the old chapel, where the block was laid for it. It seemed to bring the ancient horrors of those troubled times extremely near to us. . . .

In the Governor's house we found other strange memorials of the past. The room of Miss Doyle was that in which the Council sat, before whom Guy Fawkes and his conspirators were tried; and an account of the whole is carved on one side of the room by order of one of its members, and the names of all of them and of all the culprits attached to it. Over the fireplace is a head of James I. as large as life, beautifully carved in oak. . . . In short, we saw whatever the most exact and kind attention could find to amuse us within the wide range of the Tower, and came away promising to dine with them on Monday. . . .

The dinner [on Monday] was elegant, and truly comfortable. Colonel Hume, and two or three other high officers of the proud and fashionable "Guards"; Mr. Seymour, just setting out for a journey to Egypt and the East; Mr. Hart Davis; young Mr. Doyle;

and two or three other agreeable people, constituted the party. . . . . We had a most pleasant time. Indeed, the very minute and consistent, but altogether unobtrusive attentions and kindness of Sir Francis make all feel at their ease and happy in his house; and the conversation, which was chiefly literary, with a mixture of politics and nationalities, was as agreeable as could be desired. . . . .

One day, as we came back from Wimbledon and Putney, ... we drove to Dr. Somerville's, and passed an hour with him and his truly simple, kind-hearted, astonishing wife. He is a good, round, easy person, by no means without talent, or fair scientific knowledge, both in his profession and out of it, but enjoys his comfortable place as head of the medical part of this grand establishment, given out of respect to his wife's rare merits. She is the daughter of one of the Fairfax family, a branch of which is in Virginia, — Lord Fairfax, Washington's friend, was of the same family, — a little, small, quiet, kindly person of about fifty, with a voice "soft, gentle, and low, ever an excellent thing in woman"; a good mother, who has educated her family herself, and done it well and successfully; a good wife, managing her household judiciously; a good friend, as Lady Byron knows, to whose daughter, Lady King, she has been of great practical use; a domestic person, yet receiving and enjoying a great deal of the best scientific and literary society, and frequenting occasionally the most exclusive and fashionable; skilled in the modern languages, two of which she speaks fluently; painting beautifully in oil-colors, of which we saw many specimens; and one of the most extraordinary mathematicians alive, of whom all the rest speak with the greatest kindness and admiration.

The hour we passed with her would yet have informed us of nothing of all this, except that she is a most gentle, quiet, and kind-hearted person. When we were obliged to come away, they said so much about our visiting them again, that we promised to dine with them on Wednesday, the day but one before we should leave London, without company. We went, therefore, and found only Mr. Babbage, so that we had as agreeable a dinner as we well could have, talking upon all sorts of subjects until very late, with great vivacity. . . . .

English kindness was uniform and consistent to the last, but I do not recollect anything worth noting except a visit to Wilkie, the painter, at Kensington, to which he invited me at Dublin. I found him living very comfortably, but very much like an artist. With great good-nature and a strong desire to please, not unmixed with Scotch shrewdness, he talked a good deal and pleasantly about his profession, and showed me a quantity of rough sketches, and two pictures now in progress. Of the sketches, those he made in Spain are the most picturesque; those he has lately made in Ireland are the most interesting. . . . . It is evidently Wilkie's theory and purpose to find out what is striking and characteristic in his own times, and turn them to account on canvas, by showing them in a poetical light, and on their picturesque side. Of late he has been more ambitious in his subjects, though, I think, still within these limits.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Brussels. — Bonn. — Weimar. — Winter in Dresden. — Intellectual and Social Resources. — Tieck. — Baron Lindenau. — Court and Royal Family.

LEAVING London on the 23d of October, with intent to pass the winter in Dresden, the first point of pause on the Continent was Brussels, where Mr. Ticknor arrived on the 6th of November, but, to his regret, found that his friend, Mr. Hugh S. Legaré, — then United States Chargé d'Affaires in Belgium, — was in Paris. The season, of course, was dull, the Court absent, and little of interest in the local society. Mr. Ticknor, however, saw M. Quetelet and one or two other persons whom he was glad to know, and describes, in the following entry in his journal, the beginning of a delightful acquaintance with a charming circle.

JOURNAL.

One day I passed very agreeably with the Marquis Arconati and his family, including the Count Arrivabene* and two other Italian exiles. They live, except in winter, at the Castle of Gaesbeck, about eight miles from Brussels, a fine, large old pile of building, connected in history with the troubles of Holland, and full of recollections of that disastrous period. It is pleasantly situated on the edge of a valley, upon which it looks down, and there they live as happily as exiles can. They were all implicated in the revolutionary movements in Italy, of which Pellico, Confalonieri, etc., were a part, and for the last twelve years Arconati and Arrivabene have been under sentence of death. They are all people of most agreeable intellectual culture, and Arrivabene, Berchet, and Salviati are authors of reputation; but the fortunes of all of them were confiscated or sequestered when sentence was issued against their persons.

Arconati, however, had large estates and means beyond the reach of the Austrian power, as well as still larger ones within it. But though his incomes are diminished, they still enable him to live in great luxury, which he most generously and pleasantly shares with his less fortunate fellow-sufferers.

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* Count Giovanni Arrivabene, a writer on Political Economy.

It was strange to find everything in relation to the modes of living arranged in a Dutch château upon Italian habits and fashions. The day was cold and bright, ice having formed a little over night, but the rooms, filled with fine furniture and pictures, had no carpets, and only one had a fire. They dislike — with a true Italian repugnance — direct heat, and after we had taken a little walk round the grounds, — which made Mad. Arconati shudder, in the rich, warm sun, and on which her sister would not venture, — we all went into a grand room in one of the round towers of the castle, where, the walls being about sixteen feet thick, that pleasant moderate temperature is preserved which the people of the South of Europe prefer to every other. There we talked until dinner.

Mad. Arconati is a sweet, winning, intellectual lady of the simplest manners, entirely devoted to her husband, whose fortunes she has followed in his exile, — though she might have lived in great splendor at Milan, — and to her son, who is now a student at Bonn of much promise. The Marquis is a frank, high-minded gentleman, and Arrivabene is an original thinker, who is much valued by Whately, Senior, and that set of men, and who was consulted upon the subject of the English Poor-Laws by the committee of Parliament, in whose proceedings his report fills a considerable space.

Salviati has just published an Italian translation of Goethe's "Faust," a bold, and — from what I saw of it — not a successful undertaking, but he talked very agreeably. Indeed, we passed an hour or two very pleasantly in that grand old room, covered with recollections of the days of Egmont and William of Orange, and lighted only with painted glass, which suited well to the tone of the room itself.

Dinner followed. It was served in a room without a fire and miserably chilling and cold. The table was covered, after the Italian fashion, with an abundant and beautiful dessert of fruit, ornamented with flowers, and various wines; but the soup, meats, etc., were carried round by the servants. The cooking, service, and so on, were all excellent, but it was so cold it was not possible to enjoy it, at least not for me. Indeed, they all complained, and as soon as we could get through seven or eight courses we went into the room with a fire, warmed ourselves and took coffee, and had more very pleasant conversation, after which I parted from them and came back to Brussels.

It was a most agreeable visit, and yet there was something strange and sad about it; not only because the Italian customs and feelings I witnessed formed such a contrast with the climate and circumstances in which I found them, but because I could not well avoid constantly remembering that two of the high-minded, intellectual persons with whom I was sitting and conversing were under sentence of death, and two others liable to imprisonment for life if they could be found within the grasp of Austrian power.

Waterloo. — Certainly we did not pass six days in Brussels without giving one of them to Waterloo, which is only nine miles off; and I must needs say that I have seldom passed one of the sort in a manner so entirely satisfactory. It was all plain; the battle, the positions, the movements, everything; and all quite intelligible at a single glance, from the top of the vast mound erected by the Belgians in honor of the victory. I will only mention a few things which surprised me.

First. We passed, of course, through the forest of Soignies, and I found it much larger than I anticipated. The road from Brussels lies through it the greater part of the way; and in general it is about twenty-one miles long and nine broad, so that the English, retreating from Ligny and Quatre Bras after the battles of the 16th of June, had no choice but to fight here. They could fall back no farther.

Second. Immediately on emerging from the forest, we came upon the poor little village of Waterloo, with its rather plain church. It was here the Duke of Wellington fixed his headquarters during the night of the 17th; but the little hamlet of Mont St. Jean is full a mile in front of it, and the farm-house of Mont St. Jean, which was exactly in the rear of the British centre, is a sort of outpost still farther on than the hamlet itself. I was surprised to find these distances so great.

Third. From the farm-house of Mont St. Jean to La Haye Sainte was not above twenty-five hundred feet, and from La Haye Sainte to La Belle Alliance, where the French centre passed the night before the battle, is just about twenty-five hundred feet more, so that the armies during that night were about three thousand feet only apart, and their outposts and videttes not above five hundred feet. I was greatly surprised to find these distances so small, particularly the last.

Fourth. We commonly hear of the two armies being encamped before the battle on two parallel ranges of *hills*, with a valley between. The land undulates a little, but there is nothing to be seen that deserves the name either of hill or of valley.

Fifth. The road by which the two armies had come up from the battles of Ligny and Quatre Bras is an excellent, broad, well-built road, and divided each of the contending armies into about two equal parts.

Sixth. The monuments on the battle-ground — such as the Château of Hougoumont, the Ferme of Mont St. Jean, La Belle Alliance, Papelotte, and Merke Braine — were all as plainly and distinctly seen from the top of the great mound as the Common and its neighborhood, the bridges and the Neck, are seen from the top of our State House in Boston. . . . .

The great thing for which you go to Waterloo you certainly obtain, that is, a perfectly clear and satisfactory idea of the battle ; and not of the battle merely, but of that extraordinary campaign which, though it lasted but four days, swept away fifty thousand human beings and decided the fate of Europe. On looking it all over, and considering the state of the battle at four o'clock, which had begun at eleven, I came somewhat unexpectedly to the conclusion that, if the Prussians had not come up, the English would have been beaten. This, in fact, I understand is now the general opinion, but it certainly was not so held in England soon after the battle, and it was not my own impression till I had been over the field.

November 11. — We remained over the 10th November at Bonn, and, besides going to see what relates to the University, drove into the environs and saw the beautiful views of the Rhine, with its flying bridge of boats, and the picturesque hills of Godesberg, and the Siebengebirge, from the Kreuzberg, as well as from the Alte Zoll, which overlooks the river just below the palace. They are worthy of their great reputation.

I found there, too, some of my old friends, and passed the little time I could give to such purposes most agreeably. The first evening I went to see Schlegel. He is, of course, a good deal changed since I saw him in 1817, for he is now, I suppose, about seventy years old, but he is fresh and active. He is much occupied, as he has been the last sixteen or eighteen years, with Sanscrit, about which he has published a good deal and holds the first rank ; but he lectures here on two or three subjects every semestre, and in the course of the last year on Homer, on Roman history, and on the German language, lecturing on the first two in the Latin language, extemporaneously, which I am told he does very well. He talked to me about his Sanscrit a little more than I cared to have him, but that is the privilege of age ; and he still loves to talk politics, as he always did, and show his knowledge in remote departments where you would least claim anything from him. But it is a pardonable vanity.

On my return from Schlegel's, I had a visit from Welcker, still the same warm-hearted, kindly spirit I always found him. He is the head librarian, and to his exertions the University owes the collection of casts which is under his care, and which he uses in his lectures on Antiquity. He went with us over the University and spent a large part of the day in kind attentions, yesterday. I heard him lecture on Mythology in the evening, and afterwards went with him to the house of Professor Naumann, a very distinguished member of the Medical Faculty, where, with Schlegel and Mr. and Mrs. Naumann, I passed a couple of hours most agreeably. Schlegel was very entertaining, though very vain.

November 16. — To-day we passed through Gotha, and Erfurt, which is Prussian, and then came on in good season to Weimar, the weather mild and no snow to be seen. There was a great appearance of comfort along our road, and that peculiar air of advanced civilization which provides not only for the physical well-being of the whole people, but for their enjoyment of what is beautiful in nature and the arts, which I think is characteristic of the rule and influence of the Saxon families, wherever they have been extended. The ground was familiar to me. Some of it I passed over more than once in 1816, and I was not sorry to find that I had a fresh recollection of what I saw, and that my impression of the humanity and wisdom of these little governments, from the appearance of the country and the people, is the same now that it was formerly. Everybody here can read and write, and it is even a punishable offence in parents not to send their children to school. The love of what is beautiful, too, descends much lower in society, I think, than it does anywhere else.

I went in the evening to see my old friend Von Froriep, and found him changed from a young man to a grandfather, but as active as ever.

I was struck at Bonn with having Nasse, of the Medical Faculty, ask me about Dr. Gould and the writers for the "Boston Medical Journal"; and I was again struck this evening to find Froriep making an abstract of an article on Nightmare, from a very recent New York medical journal, of which he spoke with great interest. This, however, is only a specimen of the German spirit of inquiry. I understand there are five medical journals in Germany, which give quarter-yearly a regular account of what is contained in the medical journals of the United States. Froriep was familiar with all that relates to us in these particulars, and had, I found, all the statistics of our medical schools and whatever relates to medicine in the United States. But he is a remarkable man. . . . .

November 17. — Mr. Von Froriep called on us this morning with his daughter, — an intelligent, well-bred lady, who speaks very good English, — and carried us to see the public library. I found Riemer there as head librarian, whom I knew here nineteen years ago; an interesting, learned man, who was long Goethe's private secretary. We barely went over the rooms, most of which I recollected well enough. The whole does honor to the little principality which sustains it. . . . .

In the afternoon we went to see Goethe's house. I remembered the simple, handsome staircase, and the statues that ornament it, perfectly well; but the rooms we saw, not being the common household rooms, were entirely new to me. His study and bedroom adjacent were exactly as he left them at the moment of death; the chairs, the table, the cushions, the books, the papers, — everything, in short, as if he were only gone out for an hour. They were, however, anything rather than cheerful and agreeable rooms. I should, indeed, hardly have called them comfortable; but he occupied them for nearly forty years, and they are, therefore, curious, but nothing else. The sleeping-room was a wretched little closet, with one window and no fireplace, a very ordinary bed without curtains, and the poor armchair in which he died. The whole was, indeed, very *triste.* I was most interested with looking at a copy of the last edition of his own Works, which was a good deal used, and with turning over the original manuscript of "Goetz of Berlichingen," and the "Roman Elegies."

The other rooms contained his different collections in science and the arts; a very good cabinet for mineralogy and geology, a great deal in botany, quantities of small remains of antiquity, Roman and Greek, and copies of such remains, medals, and coins in great abundance, drawings and engravings. Of the last the number was enormous; many thousand, arranged according to the schools and masters, and on the whole more interesting than anything else I saw in the house.

The whole, in the way it is now exhibited, seemed to me a monument of the vanity of a man who was spoiled by a life — a *very long* life — of constant, uniform success, every wish not only fulfilled but anticipated, so that he came at last to think whatever related to himself to be of great consequence to the whole world. He therefore published, or left orders to publish, everything he had ever written, much of which is mere waste-paper; and now his will further directs all the little commonplace arrangements of a very ordinary study and sleeping-room to be shown to strangers, as matters of moment and interest. The whole German nation is, however, in some degree responsible for this, for during the last five-and-twenty years of his life he was humored and worshipped in a way that I think no author ever was before. . . . .

Dresden, *November* 20, 1835. — It seems as if our arrival in each considerable place where we are to stop were to be marked to us by some striking and sad event. We had hardly reached London when we were overtaken with news of James Mason's death, in whose grave were buried as many fond hopes as could well be at once disappointed.* In Dublin, the letters we found waiting for us announced the death of our sweet niece, Catherine Dwight,† one of those sorrows for which a long anticipation does not prepare the hearts of those who are most familiarly attached ; and the death of Mrs. Kenyon, with whom, only a few days before, we had dined in London, full of vigorous health and the gayest spirits, a dreadful contrast to the letter of her husband to me written the day before her burial. And now, here in Dresden, the first letter I opened, on my arrival this morning, was one from his uncle, announcing to us Lord Milton's death, of a violent typhus fever, whom at this moment I seem to see before me, eager with life and spirits, leading off in the fox-chase at Wentworth, little thinking that in a short month he would be laid with the rest of his family in York Minster, where I had seen him constantly at the Festival, with his young and happy wife.

Such changes, perhaps, strike us more when we are away from home, and from our usual supports and resources ; but certainly four such, coming in such rapid succession, would be remarkable at any time. . . . .

Again in the evening we had another admonition. A bright but flaring light, illuminating the high buildings around the square on which we live, flashed in at our windows ; we started up, and saw about an hundred young men with large torches, moving slowly and solemnly forward in a hollow square, surrounded with a dense crowd, that pressed on in silence. It was a body of students connected with one of the public institutions of the city going to sing hymns, after the fashion of the country, before the house of Böttiger, the night previous to his burial ; and the effect of the silent multitude, illuminated by the torches which the young men tossed wildly about as they advanced in absolute silence, was very picturesque and imposing. To me it was very sad. When I was here in 1816 I had known Böttiger better than anybody else, and I had counted much upon meeting him again and profiting by his great learning. I was even bringing him a book from Welcker, in Bonn, and was charged with messages for him from Schorn and Froriep, in Weimar; so sudden had been his death, though in advanced years, for he was seventy-six years old. In his particular department, — which was archæology, — he has left no man in Germany who can fill his place.

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* A son of his old friend, Mr. Jeremiah Mason.

† Daughter of Mrs. Ticknor's eldest sister.

November 29. — The last week I have given partly to making some necessary arrangements* and partly to making a few acquaintance, such as I feel pretty sure we shall be glad to preserve. In the way of acquaintance, it so chanced that I began with Tieck, who, since Goethe's death, is the acknowledged head of German literature. He seems past sixty; stout and well-built, with a countenance still fine, and which must have been decidedly handsome, but a good deal broken in his person and bent with the gout. He has an air of decision about him that is not to be mistaken, and is, I dare say, somewhat whimsical and peculiar in his opinions and notions, as some of his books intimate, particularly what he has published on the English drama.

But I think he is agreeable; and he has a great deal of knowledge, both in old English and old Spanish literature. His collection of Spanish books surprised me. It is a great deal better than Lord Holland's, a great deal better than any one collection in England; but still, on most points, not so good as mine. He has been forty years in gathering it, and he has a very minute, curious, and critical knowledge of its contents; but his knowledge of Spanish literature goes no further than his own books will carry him, and in some parts of it I remarked quite a striking ignorance, which surprised me very much until I found how it happened. I have passed two evenings with him, and, as he keeps open house very simply and kindly, after the German fashion, I think I shall go there frequently.

The next acquaintance I made was that of the Minister of State, Von Lindenau. He is a mathematician and astronomer by education and choice, and, after Baron Zach left the Observatory at Gotha, was for several years the head of it. How he came at the head of affairs in Saxony I know not; but up to 1830, and indeed for some time after that revolution, he had the Portfolio of the Interior. He is liberal in his opinions, but still, not being satisfied with the course of affairs, he resigned his place two or three years ago. This, however, created so much uneasiness in the country, that he was induced to keep the place of President of the Council; and, in order to have something to do, chose the Public Libraries, the Collections in the Arts and Sciences, etc., and the Institutions for the Poor as his department, but took no portfolio. His salary is a thousand rix dollars, fixed by himself; but, being a man of good property, he subscribed the same day fifteen hundred dollars towards the support of the poor. He is about fifty years old; a bachelor, living very simply; goes into no company and receives little; studies mathematics in his fine library of about 10,000 volumes; and, though he has so little charge in the state directly, has the reputation of controlling its policy and its more general interests more than any other of the Ministry.

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* Of the arrangements to which he alluded, Mr. Ticknor says further: "We have engaged in the Hotel de Rome a suite of six excellent rooms opening into each other, and another quite near them for my man-servant, ... and I have engaged a nicer carriage than I could get in London, with coachman and footman. Our rooms are on the Neue Markt, a very neat, lively square, the pleasantest in Dresden, near the palace and the theatre. . . . . As to teachers, the number of those who are good is so great that I have been a little embarrassed in the choice."

I found him prompt, ready, business-like. On the points where I wanted some information from him he was clear and precise, kind and useful. On the points where he was disposed to make conversation with me, — especially in all that relates to America, — he was acute and sagacious; the only person I have yet found who seemed to have right notions about De Tocqueville's book. His manner is very alert, and uncommonly agreeable.

Early in the week I delivered my letters from Lord Palmerston and Miss Edgeworth to the British Minister here, and we have, in consequence, been most kindly received. He is the son of Lord Granard, and nephew of the late Marquis of Hastings, — better known as the Prince of Wales's Earl of Moira and the South Carolina Lord Rawdon, — and he lives here in a very pleasant, hospitable, and comfortable style, as a bachelor. His sister, Lady Rancliffe, — now, I think, just about fifty, — pleasant and good-natured, is here on a visit to him. Mr. Forbes is, I should think, not far from the age of his sister, and has been for a great many years in the diplomatic service of England, — at Lisbon, Vienna, etc., — but he has never been a full minister till he was sent as such to this Court, two or three years ago. He seems extremely good-humored, and much disposed to do what will be useful and agreeable to us, and came with Lady Rancliffe and spent part of last evening with us.

One evening he carried me to the house of General Watzdorff, —

the principal officer in the King's household, — who receives once a week. There were about sixty or eighty persons present, including the whole diplomatic corps and those who are attached to the Court. The rooms were very good and comfortable, up two pair of stairs, according to a fashion I find very common in Dresden ; the entertainment, tea, ices, fruit, etc., with three or four card-tables, and everything as easy as possible. But it is the lightest form of society. French was the only language spoken, and no two people seemed to talk together above five minutes. It began, I believe, about half past eight o'clock, and by half past ten it was all over. This, however, is the custom here, where all the hours are early, both in families and society. I was presented to most of the foreign ministers and leading persons present ; and, though it was neither a very interesting nor a very amusing evening, I dare say I shall go there occasionally to see what it is. The old General Watzdorff himself — between seventy and eighty — seemed a very good, kind person. He was Saxon Minister in St. Petersburg in 1810 – 12, and knew Mr. Adams very well.*

December 6. — We dined one day at half past one o'clock at Count Bose's,† that being half an hour later than the King's dinner-hour. Everything was in the German style ; five or six courses, but not long continued. The gentlemen rose with the ladies. We had Lohrmann, the astronomer, Carus, the King's physician, — a very pleasant man, whom I knew before, — and a Swiss baron. The conversation was chiefly in French. We reached home about half past four. The truth is, the Germans, and especially the Saxons, know nothing about giving dinners, and give them rarely. Their amusements and intercourse all come in the evening.

Another day we dined with Mr. Forbes very pleasantly ; the dinner between five and six o'clock, quite in French style, but nobody at table except his secretary, Mr. Barnard, and Lady Rancliffe.

Two evenings we went to the theatre ; once to an opera, Bellini's "Romeo and Juliet," which was very well performed, especially the part of Romeo, by Mad. Heinefetter ; . . . . and once to see Schiller's

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* See Memoirs of J. Q. Adams, Vol. II. p. 304.

† Mr. Ticknor says elsewhere : "Count Bose has been in the diplomatic service of Saxony, and was for some time Grand Marshal of the Court, but now lives chiefly on a large estate of his wife's, in Lithuania. She was a Countess Löwenstein, and at St. Petersburg, in 1810 – 11, ... knew Alexander Everett and Frank Gray very well, and seemed to remember them very distinctly. She talks French and English very well, is an agreeable person, and certainly has a good deal of talent."

"William Tell," which I was very glad to find could be played so well here, as I feel sure now that I shall see what I did not see at all in Germany before,— the principal dramas of Schiller and Goethe properly represented. The theatre in both its parts is certainly excellent, and the old King and the Court are almost always there.

We have, of course, made a good many acquaintance this week, though I wish to be slow about it. . . . . One person I was quite glad to meet at M. de Zeschau's the other evening; I mean Sonntag, who had been often at our house in Boston. He is the Secretary of the French Legation here, as he was of that in the United States.

December 21. — We went to the picture-gallery to-day for the first time. . . . . We had not been earlier to see it because we have been much occupied, and because, as it is not regularly open in the winter, ... we did not wish to visit it until we could have leave to visit it freely. This I obtained about a week ago from Baron Lindenau. . . . . To-day we could only walk through it and get the most general impression of its contents. It is certainly a magnificent gallery, and greatly improved since I saw it in 1816. . . . .

December 24. — Dresden has been entirely full for the last three days; its streets swarming with picturesque crowds from the country, and the fair in the Alte Markt overflowing. It has been altogether a beautiful sight to see. . . . . It was almost confusing to walk about, and in the evening, when the whole was lighted up, ... it glittered as if it were only arranged for exhibition and stage effect. . . . .

In the evening we witnessed some of the results of this very peculiar national feeling and custom; that, I mean, of the children giving presents to the parents and the parents to the children on Christmas eve. We were invited to witness it at Baron Ungern Sternberg's. At first, in the saloon, we saw the Baron and his wife, whom I had met at Tieck's, people of a good deal of taste and cultivation, and we amused ourselves with looking over some of the drawings and curiosities which the Baron's intimate friend, the Count Stackelberg, brought from Greece, a remarkable collection, ... constituting the materials for the beautiful work which Stackelberg is now publishing. As we were in the midst of looking them over a little bell rang, and we went into the room where the presents which the children had secretly prepared for the elder members of the family were placed under the tree. They were all prepared by two little girls of twelve and fourteen, ... and though there was nothing very valuable or beautiful in what was given, yet it was all received with so much pleasure by the parents and elder brother, that the children were delighted, and kissed us all round very heartily. While this was going on a bell rang in another part of the house, and we were led through a passage-way purposely kept dark, where two folding-doors were thrown open and we were all at once in a large and handsome saloon, which was brilliantly lighted up, and where were the presents which the parents had provided for the children. . . . .

December 26. — I was presented to the King to-day . . . . by the English Minister, and all the forms usual on such occasions anywhere were fully observed. . . . . After passing through two or three antechambers we came to one quite full of Saxon nobles and officers in every possible variety of uniform and costume, who were to be received after the diplomatic audience should be over. We crowded our way through them with some difficulty, and entered a room where were gradually collected about forty or fifty persons. . . . . The Prussian Minister, Baron Jordan, went in first, having an especial private audience, to present the King with the Order of the Black Eagle, as a compliment on his birthday, from the King of Prussia. After he came out the rest of us were admitted. It was a good room into which we came, with a canopy for the throne, but no throne was there. . . . . Those who came in formed a circle opposite the throne, and under the canopy stood the King ; a small, ordinary-looking man, much broken with years, in a general's uniform with boots and spurs, a large diamond ornament on his breast, and the Order of the Black Eagle, which he had just received, rather awkwardly hung round his person. He bowed to us kindly, and then spoke to the minister who happened to be on his right hand. . . . . Mr. Forbes came next, and having spoken to the King presented me. The King asked me how long I meant to remain in Dresden, said he hoped I should find it agreeable, etc., and then passed on round the rest of the circle.*

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* Mr. Ticknor gives the following account of the Saxon royal family at this period : "The royal family now consists of King Anthony, who is eighty years old to-morrow, his brother Maximilian, who is seventy-six years old, and his niece Augusta, daughter of the late King, who is fifty-three. The King has been twice married, but both his wives are dead, leaving no children, and Augusta was never married, so that the family of Maximilian is to succeed to the throne. . . . . In 1830 there was a revolution here in imitation of the Three Days at Paris, a Constitution was obtained with representative forms, and, Maximilian having first renounced his personal right to the crown, his eldest son — a popular favorite and very respectable man — was, with the sincere con-

December 28. — This evening I passed at Count Stroganoff's. He is here this winter from reasons connected with his health, and receives company every evening that he does not go abroad, and receives it in a very agreeable way. He is the same person who has figured so much for nearly thirty years in Russian diplomacy, his career in which he closed at Constantinople, where he much impaired his health, and resigned to live quietly. He is a man of fine manners and rich conversation. I met him at Court when I was presented, and talked with him a good deal, but find him still more agreeable in his own house. The Countess has winning manners, and the house seems to be more on the footing of a Parisian *salon* than any I have been in at Dresden. There were about twenty people there to-night.

December 29. — I have been two or three times at Tieck's lately; one evening there was a large party at which some Russian nobles of large fortunes, and some of the more distinguished of the Saxon nobility, were present. Among the rest was Baron Bülow, a young man of a little over thirty, who belongs to the old Prussian family, but who is settled and married in Dresden. He has published some translations of old English plays, and is now occupied with Spanish literature, though not very deeply. We had, therefore, a good deal to say to each other, and this evening he came and made me a visit of four hours, which I cannot say seemed too long, so pleasant and various was his conversation. He is a great admirer and follower of Tieck, so that I did not quite agree to all his theories and opinions; but he is a very interesting person, and full of elegant knowledge.

January 1, 1836. — This evening there was the first regular reception at Court. Like everything else here, it began early, and Mrs. T. having put on her train, and I having my sword by my side, at half past five we were at the grand entrance to the palace. Our first visit was to the personage called the Grande-Maîtresse, that is, the chief

currence of his father and of the reigning sovereign, made Co-Regent." Early in this movement it was proposed by the revolutionists that the old King should be deposed and Prince Frederic put in his place; but on hearing of the suggestion, the Prince went instantly, in the evening, to the crowded market-place, and by the light of a few torches took a solemn oath, that if that threat should be executed he would leave Saxony and never return. The people, knowing his sincerity, gave up the plan and made him Regent. "This Prince, however, — Frederic, — though twice married, has no children, so that it is probable his younger brother John will eventually come to the throne. Frederic is thirty-eight years old, a wise and valuable man; John is thirty-four, a man of quiet, studious habits and a good deal of learning."

Lady of Honor to the Co-Regentess. We found her living in a fine apartment up two pair of stairs, and her room was quite brilliant when we entered it, with the court dresses of those persons, chiefly foreigners, who had come to pay the customary attention to her. The British Minister presented us to her, ... but we had hardly spoken to her and two or three other persons whom we knew, before she went to perform her own duties to the Princess — who now occupies the place of Queen — and left us to follow at our leisure. We did so very soon, ... and were somewhat surprised that we had another pair of stairs to ascend, which brought us, in fact, to the third story, where, I observe, a very large proportion of the most considerable people here live. . . . .

When we got there we found a magnificent suite of rooms, which had been built for state occasions in the time of the Polish kings; and, passing to one extremity of it, all of us, both ladies and gentlemen, to the number of thirty or forty, who had not yet been presented to the princesses and royal family, together with the foreign ministers who were to present us, were carried into a large room with a dais in it, but no throne or seats, the whole hung with velvet. There we were arranged in a semicircle, the ladies on one side, the gentlemen on the other. By the time this was well done the royal family appeared, the King, eighty years old, and his brother, Prince Maximilian, seventy-six, dressed in scarlet, and covered — especially the King — with diamonds, of which this family has an extraordinary quantity of extraordinary brilliancy, one in the King's hat being green and unique. The two princes — the Regent and his brother John — were dressed in military uniform, and the four princesses — Augusta, the daughter of the late King, Amelia, the daughter of Maximilian, the wife of the Regent, and the wife of Prince Max — were splendidly dressed, and had a waste of diamonds, especially the Princess Augusta.

The wife of Prince Max is a princess of Lucca, and is thirty-two years old. . . . . When she married him she was twenty-two and he sixty-six, and she is said to give as a reason for her consent, that she had rather be the wife of a kind, respectable man three times as old as herself, than live with a mother who beat her. The royal party was certainly very splendid, and amused us as a show while they walked round, and with great kindness and some tact spoke to each of us. When this was over — which lasted perhaps half an hour — the King and the family bowed civilly to us all and went out, the first act of the evening's ceremonies being over.

We now passed through a suite of three or four grand rooms, one of which was filled with old porcelain, to the presence-chamber, where we found about three hundred persons in every variety of showy dress and brilliant uniform, which was all well set off by the room itself, well lighted, and hung with crimson velvet. In a few moments the King and Court followed. Two officers of the guard preceded them and placed themselves under the dais, with their caps on. Then came the court-marshal and the master of ceremonies, one of whom knocked slightly on the floor, ... upon which the company separated, the ladies on the right and the gentlemen on the left, ... the King and Court passed to the place of the throne, where a red cloth was spread, and where, having stopped a few moments, they again came down the room, and mixed with the crowd, and spoke to a good many persons. The main ceremony of the evening now ensued, which was a game of cards called Hof-Spiel, — Court-Play, — because only the Court play, and everybody else looks on. For this purpose seven tables were arranged, at which the chamberlains waited in great state. . . . . It was easy to move about, and as you passed the tables of the princesses, it was expected you should bow to them, and they always returned the salutation in a very marked manner. Refreshments, tea, sherbets, and cakes were served round, and, except that seats were scarce, it was now merely an elegant and rather agreeable party, where such men as Baron Lindenau, Count Stroganoff, M. de Bussierre,* etc., were to be found to talk to.

This lasted till eight o'clock, when the playing gradually broke up at all the tables, the royal party again mixed with the company a short time, and then, bowing all round, went away, and we all came home as early as they did in Queen Elizabeth's time.

I did not talk much with any of the royal family, except Prince John, the translator and commentator of Dante's "Inferno," whom I found very agreeable, and much disposed for literary conversation.

January 5. — I dined with the King at a regular court dinner in full dress.† The ceremonious part of it was like all other court ceremonies; the rest was very well arranged, and agreeable. The invitation . . . . was for "three quarters past twelve o'clock." I went, of course, punctually enough to be among the first, though I found there already Count Stroganoff and General Von Leyser, President of the Chamber of Deputies, with two or three other persons whom I knew. We were received by the court-marshal and the master of ceremonies, and the company amounted to about thirty persons. When it was all assembled, two officers of the guards entered from a side door, and, crossing the room, placed themselves by the door of the dining-hall. The proper officers of ceremony followed, and then came the old King, with the Princess Amelia, his niece, who has long lived with him as his adopted daughter, who was accompanied by a single *dame d'honneur*. . . . . They spoke to almost all of us, meaning to be agreeable, and partly succeeding. As soon as this was over the doors of the dining-hall were thrown open, the King tottered in alone, the Princess and her lady followed, and then the rest of us, without standing upon the order of our going.

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* The French Minister.

† Note by Mr. Ticknor: "This was the only dinner the King gave during Carnival this year. Formerly he used to give a good many, but now he is so old that he feels himself excused from it."

At table Count Stroganoff was placed on the King's right and a Polish general on his left, in the middle of a long table, and opposite sat the Princess, with General Von Leyser on her left, and then myself, as arranged by the court-marshal. General Von Leyser is a man of talent, and very agreeable, so that I had a pleasant time. . . . . There were about as many servants as guests; four for the King, in the yellow livery of his running footmen, had their caps on. . . . . The table was loaded with a very rich and beautifully wrought profusion of plate, but there was nothing under the covers, the true dishes being all brought round. The King eat from a service of gold, and had a little gold salt-cellar before him that looked exactly like a snuff-box. It lasted about an hour and a half; then the King rose and went with the Princess into the next room, where we were first received. There coffee was served, ... the King spoke to most of us again, ... bowed to us, and went out. The Princess stayed a few moments longer and then retired. The company now took ceremonious leave of the court-marshal, as if he had been our host, and we were all at home before three o'clock. . . . . The party chiefly consisted of Russian, Polish, and Saxon noblemen, with one or two French, one or two Austrian, and one Englishman. . . . .

In the evening I passed an hour or two with Falkenstein, the head of the library establishment, a man full of knowledge and pleasant qualities, to whom I am under many obligations. We spent the time chiefly in looking over his extraordinary collection of autographs, which is most admirably arranged, and amounts now to about eleven thousand, exclusive of duplicates. I have never seen anything like it.

January 8. — I passed — by appointment made according to the court ceremonies — an hour this afternoon with Prince John. Nothing could be more simple and unpretending than his manners. I wanted to see him on account of his knowledge of Dante, of whose "Inferno" he has printed a translation with very good notes; and during the greater part of the time I was with him he was occupied in showing me the books and apparatus he had collected for the study of the great Italian master. Some of them were quite curious. . . . . In all respects I found him well-informed, in some learned, and he was truly agreeable, because it was plain he desired to be so.

His establishment is very elegant and luxurious, and his study, where he received me, looked truly scholar-like and comfortable. Among other things he showed me a beautiful collection of drawings in an album, relating to Dante, which had been from time to time given to him by his family, all original, of course, and two or three by Retzsch, of the greatest vigor and beauty, and executed in pencil with the most delicate finish.

January 10. — This evening happened the first grand court ball; for the season of Carnival, from Christmas to Lent, is the season into which all the amusements, both at the Court and in private houses, are crowded,*. . . . and we are to have a ball every fortnight until the period of gayety is over. Like everything else here, it began early. We were invited for six o'clock, and, arriving a few minutes afterwards, found ourselves among the last. Six fine large halls were open, ... all well lighted and most agreeably heated, the last but one being arranged for dancing; and the last, which was the presence-chamber, was prepared for cards. Round three sides of the dancing-hall were barriers, covered with tapestry, behind which stood, I should think, five hundred of the common people, who seemed to enjoy the show very much, and were perfectly quiet the whole evening. In the centre were about four hundred invited guests, comprehending the nobility of Saxony and the principal foreigners now in Dresden, all in full dress. It was a fine show in a fine hall.

Soon after we arrived the King and Court entered, preceded by the officers of the guard and the officers of ceremony, and went through the crowd in different directions, speaking to as many as they could. . . . . When this was over the King took the Princess Marie * and walked a polonaise round the hall, followed by a part of the company, but he tottered about very sadly. The party now divided ; a few went to the presence-chamber, and sat down at a dozen tables to cards ; the rest remained in the ballroom, and dancing began in good earnest. . . . . The Regent danced constantly, and repeatedly gave great pleasure by taking for partners the young Countess Baudissin and little Countess Bose, who were presented at Court for the first time, and thus had a double zest added to their first ball. The old King, too, who has been a great dancer in his day, determined to have it said that he had danced after he was eighty years old, and actually went through a quadrille with Mlle. Watzdorff. By the great skill of his partner he was prevented from falling, but it was painful to see him. . . . .

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* Frequent extracts are given from the journal describing these court receptions and fêtes, because even then they had a flavor of bygone times about them, and because they were the only large and elegant entertainments given during the winter. Kindliness and intellectual refinement mingled so largely with the regal splendor of this Court, that it really formed the heart of society for the Saxon nobility, as well as for the very few foreigners who then visited Dresden. No other American family was there that year, and not many English.

The King disappeared soon after he had finished his dance, and at a little before ten o'clock the Regent led the way to supper, which was beautifully arranged in two large halls, on tables for ten persons each. Each of the princes and princesses had a table, to which, very early in the evening, such persons as they selected were invited. Immediately after our arrival, one of the officers came to us with a written list and invited us to the table of Prince John ; and when we reached the table we found the list on it, and that our company consisted of the wife of the Minister of War, Countess Herzberg, Mrs. Pole [an English lady], Count Baudissin, and enough more to make up the ten.

It was a hot supper, consisting of many courses of very nice dishes, excellent wines, ices, etc., ... and we remained at table about an hour and a half. The quantity of silver must have been immense, for the plates were all of silver for the whole four hundred and fifty persons, and were changed at least four times for each, and sometimes six or seven times. No distinction was made in the service and arrangements of the tables of the princes and those of the rest of the company, except that the royal family chose who should sup with them. The rest of the company chose their own places. . . . . At our table we had a very good time.

Prince John was very agreeable, and spoke pretty good English, as well as excellent French. Count Baudissin — who is about to publish some translations from Ben Jonson, Massinger, Fletcher, etc. —

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* Wife of the Regent.

talked very well upon our early literature. The Prince talked a little about Dante, but of course made himself as agreeable as he could to the ladies. On the whole it was an exquisitely nice supper, and we enjoyed the conversation round our comfortable little table very much.

Soon after eleven the Regent rose, and returned to the ballroom. We all followed, and found that it had been aired, and that a new set, of about four hundred of the people, had been let in behind the barriers to see the show.

When one waltz was over we left it all, and reached home just before midnight, having been there, of course, nearly six hours, and yet not being very near the end of the whole matter. It was an elegant entertainment in all its parts, ... and the company had an air of quiet gentility and good taste about it which, I am sure, is rarely to be found anywhere.

January 11. — Count Baudissin came this morning and brought with him a volume of Shirley's Plays, where there were one or two passages he found it difficult to interpret. I found it hardly less so, but that did not prevent us from having a very agreeable literary conversation of an hour or two. He is the person, I find, who has completed, with Tieck, the translation of Shakespeare which was begun by Schlegel, and his portion is thought equally good with that of his predecessor.

The evening I divided between literary talk at Tieck's, which was more than commonly interesting, and a lounge at Count Stroganoff's; the whole, however, finished before half past ten.

January 14. — We passed an hour or two this morning in the gallery of pictures, looking almost the whole time at the works of Guercino and Guido. . . . . It was a most agreeable visit, for the weather for the last two or three days has been very mild, and the halls of the gallery, therefore, less painfully cold. I long for the spring and its warmth, that we may go every day to enjoy these admirable collections.

I dined with Prince John. The invitation was a verbal one, brought by one of the officers of his household this morning, and I went punctually at three o'clock. There was as little ceremony as possible. I found his grand-maître in waiting, with one other person whom I did not know, but who was invited like myself, and was the only other guest. The Prince was informed we were there, and appeared, went into dinner alone, and asked for me, formally, to sit on his right hand. . . . . He had a gold salt-cellar like a snuff-box, just as the King had.* He went out first from dinner to the saloon, and, after talking with us a little more there, bowed to us all and left us. So much for the ceremony of the matter.

The rest was as simple and agreeable as possible. We dined at a little round table, on which was placed only a very handsome dessert of hot-house fruits, etc. . . . . The conversation was in French, and purely literary and scholar-like, of course a good deal about Dante; but the other invited guest did not say a word, why, I know not. The Prince values himself a good deal upon his literary knowledge, and he has a right to, for he studies very hard. His manner is simple and frank, sometimes a little modest and distrustful, but as a pleasant talker at dinner or supper it is not easy to find those who will go before him. The dinner lasted about an hour and a half, ... and, when I came away, he invited me to come and see him any day in the forenoon, without the ceremony of announcing myself through his grand-maître.

In the evening we all went to see Goethe's "Egmont," not a very effective play on the stage, but extremely well performed to-night. Demoiselle Bauer is an extraordinary actress; indeed, she has the reputation of being the best in Germany. . . . . But all the popular scenes were as well done as possible. . . . .

January 16. — I went to the theatre to-night to hear the comedy of "The Uncle," — *Der Oheim,* — a regular piece in five acts, by the Princess Amelia, the sister of Prince John. It is a good comedy, and amused me very much. She wrote it quite secretly, having no confidant in the matter but one of her ladies of honor, and sent it anonymously to the theatre here, where, without much reflection or examination, it was rejected. Tieck was the responsible person in this case, as he is in all similar ones, and suffered accordingly for his mistake. But one of his friends — Count Baudissin — told me that there was something malicious in the mode in which this piece was sent to Tieck; that it was thrust in with a large number of other dramas that were poor, in order to make him read it carelessly or neglect it altogether, and that, in fact, he does not remember having seen the piece at all. On the other hand, it is said *Der Oheim* was sent with several other dramas, that its authorship might be entirely concealed, and that the judgment might be entirely fair.

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* Note by Mr. Ticknor: "This queer little box, I understand, is called the *Cadenas,* the 'Padlock,' because it is locked. It was originally used in the days when poisons were feared, and is now used merely as a distinction of ceremony and etiquette, being always granted, at royal tables in Germany, to the descendants of those who were sovereigns at the time the great consolidation took place under Charles Fifth."

The Princess then sent it to Berlin, where it was acted and had a great success, the *incognito* being strictly preserved. From Berlin it passed to other theatres with great applause, and then, when acknowledged, it was acted here; but the embarrassments and explanations, and apologies were necessarily manifold and mortifying. It is now one of the regular acting plays throughout Germany, and no doubt deserves to be so. . . . .

January 18. — A grand dinner at the French Minister's; more good taste, and quite as much elegance as at the Russian's; *au reste*, to a considerable degree the same company. . . . . I sat next to Count Circourt,* a Frenchman, whom I have met here occasionally, with a very intellectual Russian wife, who, like himself, is pretty deep in Dante. The Count is a Carlist, and was private secretary — though yet a young man — under the Ministry of Prince Polignac, and, to the honor of his personal consistency, refuses now to wear the tricolored cockade. The consequence is, that diplomatic etiquette will not permit the minister to present him at Court, though he receives him most kindly in his own house, and even presents Mad. de Circourt, who danced the other night with Prince John. So much for forms!

I talked with Count Circourt to-day upon two subjects, which he understood better than any Frenchman with whom I ever conversed, — Dante, and the statistics of the United States. On the last he was uncommonly accurate.

Another subject which was much talked about by all at table was the great fire at New York, the news of which came to-day; the fire of December 15 – 16. The Minister of Finance told me he had received letters from Leipzic this morning, full of anxiety about the debts due the merchants there from merchants in New York. . . . .

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* This was the beginning of an acquaintance which ripened into intimacy and produced frequent correspondence. Count Circourt is well known in all the intellectual circles of Europe as possessing prodigious stores of information and a marvellous memory. His powers of criticism, his habits of research, his sagacious observation of the political movements of the world, and his high tone of thought give great authority to his opinions, though they reach the public only through papers on a wonderful variety of subjects, which he gives to the periodicals. Lamartine's brilliant tribute to him is quoted in the "Life of Prescott." Mr. Ticknor highly valued his correspondence with Count Circourt, which continued with undiminished interest to the last. Madame de Circourt was a most distinguished person, of rare talents and brilliant acquirements; and was called by M. de Bonstetten a second Madame de Staël, he having been a contemporary and admirer of the first.

In the evening there was a beautiful ball at Prince Maximilian's, quite like the ball at Court a week ago, — arrangements, supper, and all, — except that, the apartments being less spacious, there were fewer persons invited. . . . . I supped again at Prince John's table, with the wife of the Minister at War, the Baroness Diederichstein, Mrs. Pole, etc., and found it very agreeable. The whole evening, indeed, was very pleasant ; for I now know so many people, and there is so much of intellectual resources in so many of them, that I never feel myself at a loss for pleasant or sensible conversation. The supper, I observed to-night by the list that lay near me, consisted of ten courses, and everything about the entertainment, while it was as complete as this, was entirely unconstrained and most quietly genteel.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Dresden. — Prince John. — Count Circourt. — Von Raumer. — Retzsch.

JOURNAL.

January 20. — I passed an hour this forenoon very profitably with Prince John, in looking over the *apparatus criticus* he has used in his study of Dante. It was less complete than I expected to find it, but more curious. I made a good many memoranda, and shall turn the visit to good account. He was, I thought, free in showing me everything, conscientious in confessing to some little oversights and ignorances, and glad to get any hints that will be useful to him hereafter; but, on the whole, it is quite plain his study of Dante has been most thorough, and that his knowledge and feeling of the power and beauty of the Inferno and Purgatorio are really extraordinary. With the Paradiso he has not yet made a beginning; I mean, with its translation.

Early in the afternoon I made a similar visit to Tieck, and looked over his collection of books and manuscripts in old English literature, and especially the old English drama. Few Englishmen have so fine a library in this department as he has; fewer still have a knowledge in it at all to be compared to his. Many of his notions are very bold; as, for instance, that the "Fair Emm"* is by Shakespeare. He told me to-day that he thinks Milton superintended the edition of Shakespeare to which his sonnet is prefixed, because the changes and emendations made in it, upon the first folio, are poetical and plainly made by a poet. It would be a beautiful circumstance if it could be proved true.

When Tieck was in England, in 1817, he bought a great many curious books, and even had eight or ten manuscript plays copied in the British Museum, so far and so thoroughly has he pushed his inquiries on this interesting and delightful subject. I talk with him about it, more or less, almost always when I go to see him, and he never fails to be agreeable and instructive. This afternoon he was particularly so.

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* A Pleasant Comedie of Faire Em, the Miller's Daughter of Manchester, with the Love of William the Conqueror. Acted by the Lord Strange his Servants. 4to. 1631.

January 21. — In the evening I went to Tieck's by appointment, and heard him read the whole of the first part of "Henry IV.," in Schlegel's admirable translation. He has universally the reputation of being the best reader in Germany, and certainly I am not at all disposed to gainsay his fame. His reading was admirable in all respects; sometimes very curious and striking to me, because his tones and manner, now and then, gave a small shade of difference to the interpretation of a passage from what I had been accustomed to give it, or hear given to it on the stage. His conception of Falstaff's character was more like Cooke's, and less like Bartley's, than any I recollect; that is, more intellectual, and less jovial, less vulgar; and the conception of the King's character was more violent and angry than I have been used to. Very likely he was right in both cases; certainly he was quite successful in the effect he produced.*

This reading is an exercise of which he is very fond, and in which he often indulges his friends, and the society that assembles at his house every evening; but for the last two months he has had a cough and abstained entirely, so that I have never heard him before to-night. He never goes out to walk or take exercise, and his physician — Carus — says these readings are physically useful to him as substitutes. He gave me my choice of what he should read, *after* I arrived, so that there was no possibility of preparation; and he read the whole through at once, without the least pause, without speaking or being spoken to. It occupied a little more than two hours and a half, and did not fatigue him in the least, so fine is his organ. . . . . I hope I shall hear him often.

January 22. — There was a small party at Count Baudissin's † this evening, not above thirty or forty persons, and generally among the most intellectual and distinguished in Dresden, collected to hear a famous performer on the piano-forte, — Miss Clara Wieck,* — only seventeen or eighteen years old. She played with more expression than I have been accustomed to hear from persons who play so scientifically, and produced certainly a great effect upon the audience. Once, when she was accompanied on the violin by Schubardt,† in a remarkable piece which they had never played together, and which she did not know he would ask her to play, the astonishment of those who had the best right to judge of her merit seemed to reach its utmost limit. It was altogether beyond my comprehension. Indeed, the whole affair was above me, and, as very little conversation could be enjoyed, I did not stay it out.

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* Mr. Ticknor's habit of reading Shakespeare's Plays, in a similar way, to parties of friends at home, heightened his interest in these interpretations. His own reading was much admired.

† A few days earlier, Mr. Ticknor wrote: "We went to Count Baudissin's and found a beautiful family group sitting round the table in the early evening, for it is the fashion here to make calls, at this season of the year, after candle-light. The family consists of the Count and his wife, and their two nieces, one married to a French marquis, and the other just come out, both very beautiful. . . . . The Count is a rich Holstein nobleman, who has no children, and lives in Dresden because he is very fond of letters, and likes the literary society he finds here."

January 28. — Last evening M. de Bülow spent a long and quiet evening with us, which was filled with very agreeable conversation, for which he has large resources. Among other things I heard from him, to my great surprise, that Tiedge, the author of "Urania," is still alive; and, what is more, living over in the Neu-Stadt, eighty-four years old, but still lively and enjoying society, though his infirmities prevent him from going abroad.

This morning I went to visit him. He lives in the house where his friends the Reckes lived; among the rest, the famous Frau von der Recke, who exercised not a little political influence in her time, and was connected with a large number of its most distinguished men, both statesmen and men of letters. When she died, she ordered the house to remain for the use of Tiedge, and the income of her moderate fortune to be paid over for his benefit. . . . . In the midst of these comforts, then, we found him, and quite able, from the freshness of his faculties, to enjoy them all. His hair is white and very neatly combed back; his dress more cared for than is common in old men in Germany; his manners kind, and even courteous; and his conversation and sympathy quite ready. He prefers to talk of old times, and lives in the midst of the portraits of generations gone by. . . . . Altogether my visit was quite interesting and amusing, and I shall be glad to go and see him occasionally, as the last authentic representative of an age long gone by.

From Tiedge's I went to see Retzsch, the author of the famous designs for Faust, Schiller, and Shakespeare. . . . . He does not live in Dresden, but in a little vineyard a few miles off, coming to the city only once a week. . . . . I was surprised to find him with a short, stout person, and a decidedly easy look ; so that if it were not for his large, deep gray eyes, I should hardly have been able to mark in him any symptom of his peculiar talent. He showed me some of his works ; the rest I shall go to see another time. . . .

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* Since Madame Clara Schumann.

† Probably F. Schubert, for many years first violinist of the Royal Chapel in Dresden.

January 31. — This evening Prince John invited four of us — Professor Förster, the translator of Petrarca, Dr. Carus, Count Baudissin, and myself — to hear Tieck read a part of the unpublished translation of the Purgatorio.* I went punctually at six. . . . . After coffee and a little conversation, we all sat down at a table, and Tieck read, most admirably, five cantos, beginning with the eighteenth. The rest of us looked over the original text, and at the end of each canto observations were made on the translation. There was not, however, one word of compliment offered, or the smallest flattery insinuated. On the contrary, errors were pointed out fairly and honestly ; and once or twice, where there was a difference of opinion between the Prince and Carus, Carus adhered, even with pertinacity, to his own, which, in one case, I thought was wrong. The translation, however, was as close as anything of the sort well can be ; and in general, I have no doubt, most faithfully accurate.† After the reading was over, and refreshments had been handed round, the conversation was very gay, and fell at last into downright story-telling and *commérage*. About nine o'clock, however, some message was brought to the Prince, ... and he bowed to us and left us.

February 1. — To-day I dined with the venerable Tiedge. He had that nice and exact look which is always so agreeable in old men, was alert in his mind and interested in what is going forward, and talked well and pleasantly with everybody. Falkenstein, Bülow, and Reichenbach, the distinguished botanist, were at table, and the conversation was very animated. We were there three hours, the longest German dinner I have been at.

February 2. — I dined very agreeably to-day at Count Baudissin's, with Tieck and half a dozen other pleasant persons. Tieck was quite powerful, and talked well about the present state of the German theatre. In consequence of some suggestion about America we got upon the sea-serpent, and I was, for a few moments, flooded with questions; but they were very willing to believe, when the state of the case was fairly explained, especially those who had any knowledge of natural history.

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* By Prince John.

† Of Mr. Ticknor's knowledge of Dante, Count Circourt wrote thus to Mr. Prescott in January, 1841 : "The Commentary which Mr. Ticknor has begun" — his notes made in 1832 (see p. 394), but never published, which he carried with him — "is one of the highest interest. Few persons in the world are so intimately acquainted with the old bard ; and nowhere, perhaps, such a combination of profound learning, acute criticism, and serene elevation of mind can be found as in this highly gifted and excellent man."

February 3. — We had a very agreeable visit to-day from Baron Lindenau and General Leyser, the President of the Chamber of Deputies, who talked English a part of the time with a success that quite surprised me. . . . . He [Baron Lindenau] is, however, one of those uncommon men who have so much earnestness as well as power within them, that their ideas are forced out through almost any obstacles. In debate in the Chamber of Deputies he is by far the first, as I hear from all sides.

We passed the evening at a small and very sociable supper-party at Countess Bose's, — Mr. Krause of Weisstropp, Count Baudissin with his pretty niece, and Mons. and Mad. de Lüttichau.* Mad. de Lüttichau is not only one of the prettiest ladies in Dresden, but she has more good sense and is more *spirituelle;* besides which her good and pleasant qualities are all brought out by natural manners and a sort of *abandon* which is very winning. She speaks French, English, and Italian well, paints in oils beautifully, plays and sings well, talks well upon books, and yet lives chiefly at home in retirement, devoted to her children, the two that remain; for she has been deeply touched by sorrow, the traces of which are still plainly perceptible. . . . .

February 4. — This morning we spent with Retzsch. He had promised to bring in his wife's album, and he was as good as his word. . . . . This album contains the most beautiful, graceful, and characteristic of his works; and when it is considered that his wife is a peasant with a lively and strong character, — as I am told, — with great sweetness and gentleness but little cultivation, it shows well for his own good qualities that he is so deeply attached to her, and dedicates and devotes to her the whole force of his peculiar talent.

There are now just forty sketches in the book, all done in pencil, with that exquisite finish which makes one of them so much more valuable than one of his oil-paintings. The first is the four elements, Earth, Water, Air, and Fire, bringing to his wife — who is represented as an innocent infant sleeping — the most beautiful of their appropriate treasures ; intimating by it that he would himself gladly give to her beauty and purity all that there is most precious and graceful in the universe. Others have also a direct or allegorical relation to her, but in general they were mere offerings of his fancy. . . . . The whole is exquisite, and as we turned it over seemed the very concentration, or perhaps I ought to say the fragrant exhalation, of what is most peculiar, delicate, and graceful in his genius.*

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* M. de Lüttichau was Court Director of the Theatre, Tieck being its literary supervisor, while the practical management was of course in inferior hands. It is by such arrangements that the German theatre is kept at such a high standard of intellectual and artistic merit.

February 6. — This evening . . . . I heard Tieck read "Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . . I found quite a party. . . . . Several of them asked me to select something from Shakespeare, as it is known Tieck prefers to read from him, and I mentioned "Midsummer Night's Dream," because it contains such a variety. Luckily the piece is a favorite with him. . . . . He read it admirably. Puck's frolicsome mischief and the lightness of the dainty fairies were done with the greatest tact and delicacy. . . . . When he came to the play represented before Theseus I received quite a new idea, that some of the repetitions and groans, especially in the part of Pyramus, are merely the expression of the actor's personal embarrassment and anguish, and not what was set down for him. The whole was a great pleasure.

As soon as it was over, and I had made my acknowledgments with the rest to Tieck for the great treat we had enjoyed, I hurried off to the British Minister's, where we finished the evening in a very small party.

February 7. — There was a Court ball to-night. . . . . I had a great deal of talk there with Prince John, and one or two other persons, about the state of the art of painting in Germany at this moment. It has, in the course of the last twenty or thirty years, begun anew upon the old foundations, as Walter Scott began, upon the foundations of the old ballads, traditions, and histories of the country, to renew its literature. . . . . I supped this evening at the table of the Princess Amelia. . . . . The Princess seemed to know a good deal about Shakespeare, and I was glad to have her say, very decidedly, that she could not imagine how anybody could think of making the character of Lady Macbeth interesting, by an expression of more human feeling and tenderness in the mode of representation ; for it is quite the fashion in Germany now, to consider her a sort of abused person who is not half so bad as people have thought her, and it is even now said that Tieck is instructing Mlle. Bauer how to produce this impression upon the audience.*

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* Mr. Ticknor afterwards obtained from Retzsch a repetition of one of these drawings.

February 8. — I dined to-day at Mr. Forbes's, with only Jordan, the Prussian Minister, and Baron von Herder. The latter is the son of the famous Herder, and head of the great Saxon mining establishment and school at Freyberg. His proper title is *Berghauptmann*, — "Captain of the Mountains," — a picturesque title, which has come down from the Middle Ages; and his dress is no less picturesque. I saw him in costume at the Court ball yesterday.

He has lately, with the consent of his government, and at the request of Prince Milosch of Servia, been there to examine a tract of country believed previously to be rich in mineral wealth, some portions of which are supposed to have been mined by the Romans. Mr. Von Jordan and myself were invited to-day to hear him give some account of his journey and adventures. The whole was very curious. Prince Milosch is an intelligent person, much in advance of the condition of the country over which he presides. His private possessions are immense; he himself does not know how large, either in territory or in the number of serfs attached to it. One part of his income consists in swine, and of these he sends annually between one and two millions to the neighboring countries for sale. But still, notwithstanding his wealth and his intelligence, his castle and domestic establishment were on the footing of those of one of the barons on the Rhine in the Middle Ages. The Princess spins and sews with her maids; the cookery does not savor of French skill, though it is healthy; and their hospitality is abundant if not luxurious.

Baron von Herder was abroad on the mountains and in the mineral districts, which he did not find very rich, sixty-three days. The country is everywhere perfectly safe for travellers, but he had a guard of honor of thirty persons sent with him, besides all that was necessary for his civil purposes and his *cuisine*. He showed us a musical instrument on which the ladies of Servia play, very little more deserving the name than an African banjo, which it much resembled; and several pieces of the handiwork of the Princess Milosch and her maids, which were given him as parting presents. They consisted of handkerchiefs, gloves, turbans, embroidery, etc., as simple and unsophisticated as the work of the Middle Ages.

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* When Macbeth was brought out Mr. Ticknor wrote: "The story that Lady Macbeth was to be produced as quite an amiable person proved untrue. She was represented, indeed, as more affectionate to her husband, and less imperious to him, than I have been accustomed to see her, and I am not sure but it was right."

To William H. Prescott, Boston.

Dresden, February 8, 1836.

. . . . Your remarks about Dr. Channing's book on Slavery bring up the whole subject fresh before me. You cannot think how difficult and often how disagreeable a matter it is to an American travelling in Europe, to answer all the questions that are put to him about it, and hear all the remarks that are made in consequence. All the complications that arise from our constitutional provisions and local situations are nearly unintelligible to foreigners. Once or twice, indeed, here, and oftener in England, I went at large, with sensible individuals, into the whole subject, and they were, of course, satisfied. But, in general, the naked fact of the existence of a slave population, under a government that rests entirely on the doctrine of equal rights, with the additional fact that it is thought wrong to do anything in the purely free States to promote immediate emancipation, is all that is understood ; and on these two grounds we are condemned in a tone that would surprise you, I think, if you were here ; and which is none the less decided or disagreeable, because so many, from a conservative spirit, are disposed to find fault with us whenever they can.

Dr. Channing's little book, therefore, will be received with unhesitating and unmingled consent and applause in Europe, and will add at once to his reputation, which is already much greater than I supposed ; not as extensive as that of Washington Irving, but almost as much so, and decidedly higher. My bookseller here told me, to-day, he thought an English edition of his works would sell well on the Continent, they are so frequently asked for in his shop ; and Baron Bülow, a young Prussian, brought me the other night a letter from the Duchess of Anhalt Dessau, inquiring earnestly how she could procure them for herself.* In England, again and again, where I should least have suspected it, I found him held in the highest estimation ; one of the old Besborough family, for instance, looking upon a present of one of his sermons as one of the most agreeable things that could happen to him ; and Mrs. Somerville, Miss Joanna Baillie, and several other persons, of no less note, declaring to me that he was generally regarded by their friends, as well as themselves, as the best writer of English prose alive.

If the book on Slavery is written with only the usual talent of his other works, I will venture to predict that it will be more admired than anything he has yet printed. One good, and only one that I know of, can come from this state of opinion in Europe; the Southern States must be rebuked by it, and it is better the reproach should come from abroad than from New England and the North. How general and strong it is in Great Britain I need not tell you, for you see how Sir Robert Peel, and O'Connell, the "Standard," and the "Morning Chronicle," — the High Tories because they dislike us, and the Whigs because they choose to be consistent, — all unite in one chorus, ever since they have gotten rid of slavery in the West Indies so much more easily than they feared. Just so it is on the Continent. Tocqueville's acute book, which contains so much truth as well as error about us, — and which Talleyrand says is the ablest book of the kind published since Montesquieu's "Spirit of Laws," — has explained the matter with a good degree of truth, but with great harshness. So, too, lately, a series of very able articles in the *Journal des Débats*, the government paper, mixing up slavery and the mobs of last summer, and showing up the infirmities of our institutions and character, with much knowledge of facts and an extremely evil disposition towards us as a people, have produced a good deal of effect. And just so, too, all the leading papers throughout Germany, who repeat these reproaches against us in perfect good faith, cause us to be here very frequently set down for a good deal of humbug in our pretensions to freedom.

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* Note by Mr. Ticknor : " She is a Prussian princess, and the most intimate friend of the present Empress of Russia, having been brought up with her. Both are women of talent, especially the Princess."

One thing, however, has won us much honor. General Jackson's message, as far as France is concerned, — for they know nothing about the rest of it, — has been applauded to the skies. The day it arrived I happened to dine with the Russian Minister here, in a party of about thirty persons; and I assure you it seemed to me as if nine-and-twenty of them came up to me with congratulations. I was really made to feel awkward at last; but this has been the tone all over the Continent, where they have been confoundedly afraid we might begin a war which would end no prophecy could tell where. The spirit, too, with which New York has met the great calamity it has suffered — and which was vastly exaggerated — has redounded to our honor more, I suppose, than we deserved.

So that, taking all things together, notwithstanding the slave question, and the mobs and riots of last summer, — which it was both disagreeable and difficult to explain, — and notwithstanding the reproaches of now and then a philanthropist who has heard about the Cherokees, it is still very comfortable to be an American;

and is, on the whole, an extremely good passport to general kindness and good-will. At any rate, I would not change my passport — signed by some little scamp of an under-secretary at Washington, whose name I have forgotten — for any one of the fifteen hundred that are lying with it at the Police in Dresden, from Russia, France, and England.

My own life here is, in the main, a quiet and very agreeable one. Society makes no claims till dinner-time, and even then few; for dinner-parties are rare. . . . . Calls are made at five or six o'clock in the evening, and parties begin at eight or nine. . . . . We have the whole day, and often the evenings, to ourselves. I read pretty hard, for I find a great deal to make up, and every moment of my time is occupied. I pick up, among other things, a good deal for my Spanish matters; but it is quite impossible to write out a book here, so importunate are the demands for mere reading and studying upon one who wishes to talk, in such society as I see constantly, upon anything like equal terms with the persons of which it is composed, or improve the advantages pressed upon him.

JOURNAL.

February 16. — To-day being Mardi-gras, the last day of Carnival, the King gave his last ball. It began at six o'clock, as usual; we had supper at half past eight, and the dancing continued until twelve, immediately after which all amusements and refreshments were stopped, the princes and princesses went round and spoke to as many of the company as they could, and then all came away. It is the only ball of the season which we have stayed through to the end, but this time we saw the whole of it, — the dance of the *grossvater*, with which these entertainments are ended, and all. It was brilliant and animated; the party being required to come in full dress, and the populace being admitted behind the barriers to see the show, as they were at the first ball. . . . .

Before supper, in a corner of the presence-chamber, I had an hour of most agreeable talk with Mad. de Lüttichau, Prince John, Countess Bose, and Mad. de Blümner; a part of which was none the less piquant from being on the principle and feeling of loyalty, which I told them I supposed an American republican was not fairly capable of comprehending. Mad. de Lüttichau managed the conversation with great dexterity and *esprit*.

February 20. — I was engaged this evening at Tieck's, but we were both summoned to Prince John's, where, to the same party that was there before, — viz. Förster, Carus, and Baudissin, — Tieck read five more cantos of the Prince's translation of the Purgatorio, XXIV.–XXIX. Everything went on just as it did before, and was equally creditable to all parties concerned in it; the criticisms being free, full, and fair, and the spirit in which they were received that of a person really disposed to profit by them.

February 24. — This evening we had a counterpart to the amusement of last evening [when Tieck had read, at his own house, the Second Part of "Henry IV."]. Tieck read "As You Like It," and showed another aspect of his remarkable talent in this way. I noticed as peculiarities that he read the part of Orlando with more of an angry movement than I have been accustomed to hear it, and that he made Sir Oliver Martext stutter, which, of course, was arbitrarily done. It was throughout very amusing. The reading took place at Mad. de Lüttichau's. . . . .

March 2. — It is a week since I wrote last, for the Carnival being over, and society much more quiet, we have been able to stay at home and enjoy the luxury of doing what we have a mind to do, and not what we are invited to do. I have passed one evening with Lindenau and Tiedge, and divided another between Reichenbach and the Circourts, for my own pleasure. . . . .

The only time I have dined abroad was to-day, at Vogel's, the portrait and historical painter. It was a genuinely German dinner, and curious to me because it is the first one at which I have been present in Dresden; for, though I have dined in several German houses, there has been too much of a French or Italian air about the entertainment to have it properly national. Vogel is rich, and his dinner was abundant and good, and his company excellent; consisting of Falkenstein, Förster, Carus, Dahl, Lohrmann, Haase, etc. But Mad. Vogel was only the upper servant; sitting, to be sure, sometimes at the head of her table, but constantly running out to the kitchen, and often serving her guests. I remember such things frequently when I was in Germany before, but this is the first time I have seen them on my present visit. It is bad taste, but it belongs to the whole German people, and is only avoided in the highest classes, where there is always some touch of foreign manners. The conversation was spirited and various, and the sitting was continued, in consequence, nearly three hours, — a long time for Germany.

March 9. — Another week is gone, and it has been so much filled with useful and agreeable occupations that it seems to have been very short. Of society, however, I have not much to record. . . . . One evening the Count and Countess Circourt spent with us, at our lodgings, and made themselves very interesting, till quite late, by conversation about Italy, etc. And one evening I went alone to Tieck's, who read to a small party, consisting of Bülow, Sternberg, Mad. de Lüttichau, and two or three others, some acute remarks of his own upon Goethe, whom he treated with admiration, indeed, but with an admiration more measured and discriminating than is usual among the Germans.

There remains still one evening more of which something special should be said, — an evening that we gave to seeing Hamlet, in Schlegel's excellent translation.

The house was entirely full, not a ticket remaining to be sold when the play began, — a fact which has not occurred before this season, — and the audience was excessively impatient of the smallest noise, in one case hissing a man for blowing his nose louder than they thought seemly. Almost the whole piece, as it stands in the original, was given, so that the representation lasted quite three hours and a half.

Taken as a whole, it was better given than I ever saw it. All the inferior parts, without exception, were well played. Polonius was no more ridiculous than the poet intended he should be ; and the King was a bold, bad man, indeed, but had that force of character which his very crimes imply, and by which it is plain he overawes Hamlet, and checks Laertes. The ceremonies of a Court were well observed ; and whatever belonged to the mechanism, scenery, dresses, and costumes of the piece was nicely considered and excellently carried through.

Ophelia was not tender and gentle enough, and treated her father and brother too much like a spoiled school-girl. . . . . Hamlet himself was a still greater failure. Devrient* played it, and made it sentimental and weak, full of grimaces, starts, and extravagances, and wanting princely dignity everywhere. The ghost was very good, shadowy, ... and each time had a long, thin, grayish cloak which swept like a veil and train, far behind. Hamlet most unsuitably fell on the ground at both visitations, though he kept his eyes fastened on the spectre continually. However, one or two things pleased me, even in Hamlet, and were new, as far as I know. In the talk about the stage he addressed the greater part of the remarks to Horatio, and not to the actor, in a very natural and easy manner, sitting the whole time; and in changing the foils he did it evidently because he felt himself wounded treacherously, threw down his own weapon and grasped that of Laertes, which he wrenched from him, while Laertes in turn caught up Hamlet's and defended himself as well as he could. Indeed, the piece was acted with great effect. Many wept bitterly, and all seemed deeply interested. The royal family were all out to see it, which was quite remarkable; and, what seemed very curious to me, it was, for the sake of convenience in making the stage arrangements, divided into *six* acts.

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* Emil Devrient.

Every now and then the want of the English came over me with a strange power. I was seeing what was familiar to me, and hearing what was foreign; and sometimes when a portion of the original recurred to my recollection, with its rich and beautiful rhythm, I felt most oddly confused. But it was on the whole a very interesting evening.

I spent one forenoon with Retzsch, whose genius and simplicity I admire more, the more I know him; and another forenoon I spent with Count Colloredo, the Austrian Minister, who has been with his family in Vienna all winter, on account of the death of his sister, and is but just returned to Dresden. He is a young man, and has the reputation of great abilities, belongs to one of the oldest and most powerful families in the Austrian Empire, and has a right therefore to great promotion in the state. I went to see him, to look at some fine maps of Austria, and to ask him about roads and scenery in reference to our next summer's journeyings, and found him quite familiar with all I wanted to know, and much disposed to be kind and useful.

March 21. — Last evening we were invited to the palace, and passed the time quite pleasantly in a small party of forty or fifty persons, in the Princess Augusta's apartments. The occasion was a curious one. Every spring she purchases a large amount of lace, needlework, etc., which the poor women from the mountains bring to Dresden for sale, and then, making a lottery of the whole, which contains many tempting prizes for the ladies, her grand-maître gets rid of the tickets among the Court and her friends; . . . . and then she has the pleasure of distributing the money thus received among the same class of the poor whose work she had originally purchased.

After tea to-night we went into her beautiful saloon, where are the admirable tapestries, and there, amidst much laughing and talking, the lottery was drawn by the Princess Frederick and the Princess John.* Whenever any person of the party drew a prize it was delivered to them at once. A. drew an embroidered pocket-handkerchief, which was appropriate enough; but some of the lace dresses that fell to single gentlemen excited a good deal of merriment. There was a great cry among the princesses for "Fritz," as they called him, — meaning the Co-Regent, — two or three times, when he gained prizes; and in general there was as little ceremony as possible, except that the princes and princesses retired before the rest of the company. It was an elegant party, and there were many agreeable persons at it.

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* This Princess had been ill during the winter, and therefore never present at the Court entertainments.

April 1. — This morning we had a visit from Von Raumer, who is here, as he always is at Easter and Michaelmas, to spend a few days with Tieck. I liked him. He is a small man, a little more, I suppose, than fifty years old, quick in his motions and perceptions, and very frank in the expression of his opinions and feelings.

He was originally one of the confidential employés in the Chancery at Berlin, when Stein and Prince Hardenberg were Chancellors; and Tieck says that the famous *Städte-Ordnung*, by which the inhabitants of the towns have been permitted to elect their own municipal officers, was a measure projected and arranged by Von Raumer. When he found, however, that Prince Hardenberg would go no further in giving free institutions to Prussia, he asked for his dismission from office, assigning this as his reason for leaving the government. Still they parted as friends, and the Prince told him that he should have his choice of any of the places in the gift of the crown for which he was fitted; expecting and intending that he should take some presidency, or other similar place, worth from five to eight thousand thalers a year. But Von Raumer . . . . asked for a professorship of history at Breslau, worth twelve hundred thalers a year. . . . . It was given, of course, without an instant's hesitation, and his success there, his removal to Berlin, his fame as a teacher, his *Hohenstauffen*, his great work now in progress on the history of the three last centuries, etc., etc., show he chose rightly. He is, too, I am told, a very happy man, and is certainly much valued and loved by his friends.

In the evening I met him at Tieck's, who read part of a small unpublished work of Von Raumer's on Mary Queen of Scots, which gives a less favorable view of her character than even Turner's work. . . . . It is interesting, and went so far as to excuse Elizabeth entirely up to the moment of Mary's arrival in England. . . . .

April 5. — This evening we went by invitation to Tieck's, and found there the Einsiedels, the Circourts, Mad. de Lüttichau, Von Raumer, etc., ... to whom Tieck read "Twelfth Night" most amusingly well. But his evenings, after the genuine Saxon fashion, are over by nine o'clock; and at nine we took the Count and Countess Circourt in our carriage and finished the evening at Mr. Forbes's. . . . .

When we carried home the Circourts and set them down at their hotel, we were obliged to bid them farewell, for they leave Dresden for France in the morning. We were sorry, quite sorry, to part with them, for they are among the most intellectual, accomplished, and agreeable people we have seen in Dresden. Between them, they speak fourteen languages; English, French, German, and Italian extremely well, I am sure; and, of course, the Russian, of which I know nothing.

April 11. — Last evening the Regent gave a ball. . . . . It was the most splendid entertainment we have had, because the suite of seven apartments which he opened on the occasion were all fitted up since he was made Regent in 1831; and, if they are less grand and solemn than the King's, are better fitted, by their beautiful and fresh tapestry and furniture, for such a *fête*. . . . . The supper was like all the suppers at the palace. . . . . I sat at the table of the Princess Augusta, where, as the room for the royal party was smaller than heretofore, so that each member had not a table, I found also, and was glad to find, Prince John. I had talked with him a good deal already, and now the conversation was very agreeably kept up, Mr. Forbes, Countess Stroganoff, Mad. de Zeschau, and two or three other pleasant persons making up the party. Among other things we talked about Mary Stuart, and there was a great disposition in everybody present to defend Elizabeth, — except in Mr. Forbes and myself, — which was curious, as two or three of them were Catholics.

Mr. Forbes, apropos of this discussion, said that in his family they still preserve the autograph letter of one of his ancestors, who was a maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth, begging her friends to let her come home to them, because her life was made miserable at Court by the Queen's ill-temper, who, she said, was just then in constant bad-humor about her lovers, and plagued her — the writer — all day long with "sly pinches and privy nips," which last, Mr. Forbes said, were the very words of the letter.

April 22. — To-day we dined with General Von Leyser, the President of the Chamber of Deputies. . . . . It was quite elegant and very pleasant. The old general himself has been through all, perhaps, that man could go through in the last thirty years. He fought at the battle of Jena, with the Prussians, against the French, and six weeks afterwards fought with the French against the Prussians.* He went through the Russian campaign, — still on the French side; was one of eleven, out of above seven hundred officers under his command, that came back alive; was left for dead at the battle of Moskwa, and had his fingers and toes frozen in the night, but was picked up in the morning by the Russians and sent as a prisoner, with nearly four hundred other officers, into Asia, where he was kindly and well treated, but where the climate was so fatal to them that he was the *only* person that lived to get home, — a happiness which he enjoyed only because his wife, at Prague, procured, through the intercession of the Grand Duchess of Weimar with her brother, the Emperor Alexander, an *Ukase* for his liberation, for he was already ill, when it arrived, with the disease of which all the rest, sooner or later, died. He did not reach home till after the battle of Leipzic, and then was sent directly into France to fight *against* the French, which he seems to have done with a hearty good-will.

He talks quite agreeably, and relates well, so that some of his stories produce a striking effect. I remember one night, at the theatre, he made me shudder at an account of his feelings during an evening of the Russian campaign, when, successively, every person belonging to his military household, seven in number, was cut off and put to death by the Cossacks.

I spent the evening — after nine o'clock, when her *salon* opens — at the Countess Stroganoff's, where I was amused with a repartee of the Princess Löwenstein. From some accident we fell into conversation in German, and Count Gourieff, the Russian Ambassador at Rome, changed it back to French, saying that, though he spoke German fluently enough, he always felt awkwardly when he talked it with such persons as were round the table then; because, said he, "Je le parle si rarement *en bonne compagnie*." The thing was very simply said, and very truly said, and he meant by it only, that, talking German with servants and tradespeople every day, and French in all good society, he had come to separate and distinguish the two languages accordingly. But the Princess Löwenstein's German blood was up, and turning rather shortly, but very gayly upon him, she said, "Mais vous parlez l'Allemand si parfaitement, Mons. le Comte, qu'il paraît que vous avez beaucoup de pratique." The Count laughed as heartily and as good-naturedly as anybody, but, as he said to me, "Il n'y a pas de réponse à celà, j'irai jouer"; and he went off to the whist-table, not more disconcerted, perhaps, than a well-bred gentleman may be permitted to be when a handsome, fashionable, and *spirituelle* lady gives him a hard hit.

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* Following the course of the King of Saxony.

April 26. — The spring is so much advanced now, and is become so very beautiful, that we have indulged more than ever in driving through the neighborhood of Dresden, chiefly about the Grosse Garten and up the picturesque little valley of Plauen, but also upon the Elbe by Findlater's, and once out to Moreau's monument. . . . . The time and circumstances of Moreau's death will be judged of differently, of course, according to the different points of view from which they may be considered; but I cannot help regretting that one of the few elevated and respectable men formed by the French Revolution should have died in arms against his country; and I felt the other day that there was deep truth in the reply of a Frenchman to an English gentleman, who said, "Je viens de visiter le monument de votre compatriote, Moreau"; to which the French gentleman replied, "Pardon, monsieur, il n'était pas mon compatriote, car *moi je suis Français*." . . . .

May 1. — To-day there was a Court, and I went to it and took the proper ceremonious leave of the royal family. It was very full, because it is the last of the season, as they all go to Pillnitz to-morrow, and do not return till October. The circle lasted a good while; the princesses were there, and it was plain they intended not only to be civil, but to be kind.

Our Chargé d'Affaires at Brussels, Mr. Legaré, arrived at Dresden early this morning, to pass a few days. We missed him when we were in Belgium, but he wrote to me soon afterwards that he would come and return our visit in Dresden.

May 4. — Mr. Legaré left us this evening. . . . . We were sorry to part from him, for he is a man of very agreeable as well as remarkable powers, and he has literally been the whole of each day with us. . . . . His conversation is very rich, and was truly refreshing to us, after having been so long without the pleasure of good, solid English talk. He is a good scholar, with a good and rather severe taste; a wise and deep thinker, who has reflected a great deal, and made up his opinions on a great number of subjects; and a politician who sees the weakness and defects of our government, and the bad tendencies of things among us, as clearly as any person I have ever talked with.

He seems to belong to the Jackson party, only from the circumstance that he was of the Union party in South Carolina; for his views are quite too broad and high for any faction, and he is as far from being a Democrat as any man in the United States. We have few men like him, either as scholars, thinkers, or talkers. I knew him very well at Edinburgh in 1819, and thought him then an uncommon person; but it is plain he has taken a much higher tone than I then anticipated.

Sunday, May 8. — This morning Prince John, being in town for mass, sent for me to come and see him. He was, as he always is, agreeable and kind, offering us letters for Berlin, and for his brother-in-law, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, which I gladly accepted.

May 10. — . . . . I dined to-day most agreeably with Prince John, nobody present but the *aide-de-camp de service*, who did not open his lips, though the conversation was extremely various as well as voluble. I do not know whether this was etiquette or not. The Prince told a good many stories; a habit into which persons of his rank often fall, from the circumstance that it tends to relieve them from the embarrassment of either answering or asking questions. But he tells them very well, and quite apropos. He was pleasant and kind, and protracted the conversation after dinner, until he was obliged to get into his carriage for Pillnitz. I was sorry to part from him, for if I were to see many more princes in Europe than I shall see, I should not find one so good a scholar, and few so entirely respectable in their whole characters, public and private.

I spent the evening with Baron Lindenau, and had much interesting and exciting talk with him, for he is one of those men who always stir the minds of those with whom they converse, partly by kindness and genuine *bonhomie*, partly by great acuteness. I think he is, on the whole, the *wisest* man I have seen since I left America.

May 11. — To avoid the preparations necessary to our removal again, as well as to enjoy a pleasant day, we went to-day to Tharand, a small village at the end of the picturesque valley of Plauen, about nine or ten miles from Dresden. . . . . We had a good dinner at a nice old inn, and in the evening went back to Dresden, where we had visits from Baron Bülow, from Mr. Paez de la Cadena, the late Spanish Minister to Russia, the Princess Löwenstein and her sister Baroness Kahlden, and Mr. Forbes. Mr. Forbes outstayed them all, and at last bade us good by with a degree of feeling which I had not at all anticipated, notwithstanding his constant kindness to us.

May 12. — It was not agreeable to leave Dresden to-day. . . . . We have been in all respects well there . . . . almost six months; kindly received by everybody, and much regarded by a few. It has more, much more than fulfilled the expectations we indulged when we entered it, ... and I think not one of us, not even one of our servants, left it without a strong feeling of regret.

While travelling in Europe, 1815 – 19, Mr. Ticknor, after having studied the resources, collections, and peculiarities of a city, wrote at length, and with some minuteness, a sketch of what he found in each, of its externals and its society; so now, before leaving Dresden, he wrote at large of its institutions and its splendid collections. Of the state of the arts and character of society we give the following remarks, omitting the rest, though it is interesting and acute: —

The state of the arts in Dresden is not, perhaps, so high as might be expected from the great opportunities offered to form artists, and from the great number of artists who constantly avail themselves of these opportunities. Of sculpture, or sculptors, I heard almost nothing, and certainly nothing that induced me to visit a single atelier. An architect has not been named to me. But a great deal is done in lithography, and well done, as the beautiful work now publishing on the Gallery proves beyond all doubt; and there is at least one distinguished engraver here, — Steinla, — who says that in Weimar, in 1816, he called on me, and asked me if I would advise him to emigrate to America, and that I dissuaded him, on the ground that he showed much promise in his art, and that in America he would not be able to form himself to such eminence as he could at home, — a piece of advice which was, I think, judicious, but which I do not at all remember to have given.*

Of painters there are enough. Retzsch, though his coloring is bad, is undoubtedly at the head of the whole, and one of the most genial, original, and interesting persons I have ever known; but Retzsch has not been formed by Dresden, and has had but little influence on it. Just so is it with Dahl, the Norwegian, who is a very gifted person, but who has taken too much to Northern, wild, and fantastic scenery. Vogel is a true child of the Gallery, and is as stiff and hard as mere imitation need to make a man; but he paints chiefly portraits. . . . .

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* This was one of many instances of unexpected recognition which occurred to Mr. Ticknor in this and his later visit to Europe. Steinla saw him in a room of the gallery, and, going towards him, called him at once by name, and referred to his former visit to him, which he made at the suggestion of Goethe. The strong impression he made caused several similar incidents.

Of the society, as a general remark, it may be observed, that it is divided into many circles, which know little of each other; but that, like all the Continental cities, — except those which depend on commerce, and a few of the very largest, — it is only in the highest circles that real elegance or real ease is to be found. The reason is plain. There is little wealth in the other circles, and little habit of receiving or entertaining company. Fortunately, the Court of Saxony is a truly moral, respectable, and, in many respects, quite an intellectual Court, so that the tone of the society about it is good. . . . . The diplomatic gentlemen, who form a very prominent part of this circle necessarily, are very pleasant persons, have no difficulties with one another, and add their full proportion to its *agréments*. . . . . Of the Saxons who belong to it, nothing can be more respectable than Lindenau, the Watzdorffs, the Zeschaus, Lüttichaus, Leysers, etc. The rich and luxurious Russians and Poles, who swarm here in the winter, form a sort of appendix to the society of the Court, but not very closely connected with it. Their headquarters this winter have been at Count Stroganoff's. . . . .

To the men of letters I went whenever I wanted their highly cultivated knowledge and conversation, and nothing else, for they are best seen in their studies. Tieck, indeed, received every evening, but his *soirées* would have been very formal and dull, except for his own racy talk and his admirable readings; besides which, the *res angusta domi* are perceptible, though he is not so poor but that he has the great luxury of a capital and curious library. Count Baudissin's, however, and Mad. de Lüttichau's houses should be noted as places where elegance and letters, the first society in rank, and the first in intellectual culture, were always to be found. . . . .

After all, however, though we have now been more than five months *in* Dresden, we have not been really *of* it. The accounts, which speak of us only in our connection with society here, might leave the impression that it has consumed a great deal of our time, but such an impression would be entirely false. We have been abroad a good deal, it is true, but still we never before passed so much time in quiet enjoyment and occupation at home. We seldom went out in the forenoon till one o'clock, when we took a drive and a walk for exercise. . . . . The afternoon, too, has brought its regular occupations with it, and even the majority of the evenings have been spent at home, where I have read aloud the whole of the "Paradise Lost," and, indeed, nearly the whole of Milton's poetry, the whole of the "Task," and eleven of Shakespeare's Plays. . . . .

And it is owing mainly to this — though I would not undervalue the very picturesque, new, and striking society we have seen so much of, from the Court down — that I think we feel, as Washington Irving said to me in New York about his own visit here, that the Dresden winter has been one of the pleasantest winters of our life.

CHAPTER XXV.

Berlin. — Neander. — Humboldt. — Ancillon. — Savigny. — Bohemia. — Schloss Tetschen. — Prague.

A JOURNEY from Dresden to Berlin, and back again, was a very different undertaking in 1836 from what it is now, five days being consumed in going to the Prussian capital, with halts for the night at Leipzic, Dessau, Wittenberg, and Potsdam, and three days required for the return. In Berlin, where Mr. Ticknor and his family arrived on the 17th of May, they witnessed a great review and sham fight of twenty thousand men, at which the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours were present, and on the 19th Mr. Ticknor began his visits, of which he describes the most interesting as follows: —

May 19. — In the afternoon I made some visits, but found nobody . . . . except Neander, the Church historian, a perfect type of such German students as I used to see often when I was here before, but of whom this is the first specimen I have seen this time; living up three or four pair of stairs, buried in books, so near-sighted that he can see little more than an inch beyond his nose, and so ignorant of the world that the circle of his practical knowledge is not much wider than that of his vision; dirty in his person, and in the midst of confusion; but learned withal, earnest, kind, and I thought conscientious. I should be glad to see more of him, and wish we had many such at home.

May 20. — Mr. Förster* came this morning, and carried us to see the collection of antiques and the picture-gallery. . . . . The first we visited was the collection of antiques, which is placed partly in a fine rotunda in the centre of the building. . . . . It did not strike me as a very good collection in any respect. . . . . We saw it hastily, and shall go again, but two or three things struck me a good deal; among others a bust of Julius Cæsar in green basalt, the finest bust in the gallery, and the most distinct and characteristic head of him I have ever seen; and the beautiful bronze boy, stretching his arms upward in worship, four feet four inches high, of which I have often seen casts, but never before saw the exquisite original. It was found in the Tiber, and given by Clement XI. to Prince Eugene, after which it went to Prince Lichtenstein, and out of his collection it was bought by Frederick II. for ten thousand rix dollars. It is decidedly the finest ancient work of art in Berlin, and would be a beautiful one anywhere.

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* Head of one of the public collections in the Arts, and formerly Professor in the University of Berlin.

In a note written a few days later, Mr. Ticknor says: —

It is a curious fact, that in the fine collection of vases kept in this same building we afterwards saw one bearing on its sides a representation of a sculptor at work on a figure, with his tools about him, and the figure was obviously the same with that of this worshipping boy. Is it possible that this vase came from the tomb of the very sculptor of this statue, and that thus, after the lapse of two or three thousand years, and at the distance of as many miles, this beautiful work, and the record of it, have been thus strangely brought together by the counter-currents of conquests and revolution, which have driven the seats of empire from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to the barbarous North, carrying in their train the arts and monuments of all?

.... The picture-gallery is arranged — it is not too much to say — with magnificence, as well as taste. .... It is a large gallery, comprising something in all the schools, — though not always of all the masters who ought to be there, — perfectly well arranged in historical order, so as to be easily studied and understood, in rich and beautiful halls, fresh and beautiful frames, admirably well managed and cared for; but, after all, for the number of pictures, not a great many good ones. ....

On our return home we found Mr. Wheaton, who arrived yesterday from Copenhagen. .... I was very glad to see a countryman, and to come under the protection of my own minister. I went out with him and made one or two calls, but found nobody at home excepting Professor Gans, one of the most popular lecturers in the University here, and the least liked by the government, who have restrained him somewhat in the exercise of his functions as a teacher. It seemed, however, as if it could hardly be necessary, even on their own principles. He talked, to be sure, very freely upon political subjects, and I dare say may lecture very freely upon history, which is his principal branch; but he seemed so round, easy, and fat, that I should hardly think there could be much that is dangerous in his mitigated radicalism. . . . .

May 21. — Mr. Förster having the good-nature to continue our cicerone, we have seen several things this morning very pleasantly. . . . . From the Gewerbe-Institut we were carried to an old building opposite, once the residence of the Margraves of Brandenburg, now containing, among other things, the ateliers of Rauch, Wach, and Tieck. . . . . At Rauch's we saw many fine models of works, finished or undertaken, — four beautiful winged Victories in marble, for the King of Bavaria; a beautiful Danaide pouring out water, nearly completed, for the Crown Prince; and several other things, — but we missed seeing himself, as he is gone to Halle for a visit. I recollect both Rauch and Tieck very well, living in the picturesque valley of Carrara, in 1818, and hard at work on the monuments to which they have since trusted their fame. I should have been very glad, however, to see Rauch again; for though, when I saw him, he had already settled his reputation by the statue of the Queen at Charlottenburg, he had not proved the greater compass of his genius now shown in the still more beautiful statue at Potsdam, and the statues of Blücher, Scharnhorst, and Bülow, with their bas-reliefs in the great square in Berlin. . . . .

I passed an hour this evening at Miss Solmar's, a well-known maiden lady of pleasant pretensions in conversation, who talks all tongues and keeps open house every evening. I met there, besides the Försters, — with whom I went, — Varnhagen, formerly Prussian Minister in Bavaria, and more famous as the husband of the famous "Rahel," many of whose letters, etc., he has published since her death. Quite lately he has printed two volumes of letters addressed to her by Genz, W. von Humboldt, and many more distinguished men, with characters of them by himself, which excite a good deal of remark. Genz, it appears by them, was paid great sums of money by Pitt. The lady, however, under all circumstances, appears to great advantage, and was by common, if not universal consent, a very remarkable person, counting among her correspondents and intellectual admirers a very large number of the most distinguished men in Germany.

May 22. — I dined to-day . . . . with Count Raczynski, a Pole of large fortune, a very handsome man, a man of letters, and given to the arts; has a pretty good collection of modern pictures, and is now about to publish, in three quartos, both in French and German, a history of recent painting in Germany, the plates for which he showed me, — or at least a number of them, — and if the work is as good as the engravings that illustrate it, it will be good enough. He lives in the style of a nobleman of the first class, and gave us a very pleasant dinner. Von der Hagen, the editor of the *Niebelungen*, and the great scholar in whatever relates to the earliest German literature, dined there, with Brassier, the Prussian Secretary of Legation at Paris, Mr. Wheaton, and one or two others of whom I took no note. I talked a good deal with Von der Hagen, and was glad to find he is about to republish the Bodmer collection, with additions.

May 23. — I visited by appointment to-day, at one o'clock, the Prime Minister, Ancillon, and found him a stout, easy, dark-complexioned gentleman, nearly seventy years old, with gray hair, almost white, dressing a little point device but with no air of fashion, and talking very well and liking to hear himself talk. He is by birth of Neufchatel, an old possession of the Prussian monarchy, which is kept from a principle of honor, not profit, so that, though a Frenchman in most respects, he is a born subject of the King. He is mentioned in Mad. de Staël's "Germany," with Humboldt, John von Müller, Fichte, etc., among the persons whom the King of Prussia had, before 1809, attracted to Berlin, and fixed there.

He was originally a clergyman, and a fashionable preacher to one of the French congregations in Berlin, as well as author of a good many works in light literature and some in politics, which come under the convenient name of *Mélanges*. Afterward he became the tutor of the present Crown Prince and heir-apparent, from which period, sinking altogether the one that preceded it, he gave me to-day an *aperçu* of his own history. From this it appeared that the King used to consult and employ him about public affairs, while he still superintended the Prince's education. This duty, he said, lasted fifteen years, and was succeeded, eight years ago, by the duty of being Minister for Foreign Affairs, a burthen over which he groaned this morning, ... telling me what a *rafraîchissement* it was to escape from it, sometimes, an hour in the morning, and read a Latin or Greek book. I thought this affected, and in bad taste; but he talked well, and made phrases which, I am sure, pleased himself. He asked me to dinner to-day, but I was engaged; and then he asked me to come next day after to-morrow afternoon, between five and six o'clock, "pour causer un peu," which I thought rather an idle business for a Minister of State.

May 24. — . . . . After we had been through the vases and the gems, we met in the gallery of pictures, by appointment, its director, Waagen,* who, in the course of about two hours and a half, went through the whole of it, so as to give us a view of the history of modern painting, from the Byzantine times down to the present. His great learning, his admirable taste, and his genuine enthusiasm made it very interesting ; and it was easy, talking as he did, rapidly and well, with specimens before him, to teach a good deal in a short time. I was very glad to find that he did not think it his duty to be excessive in his praises of his own gallery ; and in truth, though we enjoyed his lecture very much, we did not admire the collection any more than when we first saw it.

In the afternoon we went to the Sing-Akademie, to hear a rehearsal of the music of Faust, composed by the late Prince Radzivil, and left by him as a legacy to this Institution. It is a curious establishment, which I think could not exist in any other country, and of which, I believe, no so good specimen is to be found, even in Germany. . . . .

May 25. — This morning we had the pleasure of going through the collection of gems and Greek vases, with Professor Tölken, their learned keeper and director. . . . .

In the afternoon I kept my appointment with the Minister Ancillon, "pour causer un peu." He was alone ; comfortable, easy, and agreeable, as before. He talked about the systems of politics now prevalent in Europe, and, as far as I could learn, avowed his preference for a sort of *juste milieu aristocratique*, which would keep things quiet and easy ; declaring, for instance, that he thought Metternich's system unwise, but the present management of Austria very important to the welfare of all Germany. "Enfin," said he, "il y a trois systèmes de politique à présent en Europe : il y a d'abord, le système du mouvement sans progrès, c'est la révolution ; il y a le système qui veut que tout reste où il est ; et il y a le système du progrès, par moyen des lumières." This I took to be downright phrase-making. On the arts he talked better, especially of the schools of Düsseldorf and Munich ; but he talked best upon matters of literature, for he is, after all, more of a man of letters, I suspect, than anything else. He said that when Mad. de Staël was here she excited a great sensation, and that she had the men of letters of the time, as it were, trotted up and down before her, successively, to see their paces. "I was present," he went on, "when Fichte's turn came. After talking with him a little while, she said, 'Now, Mons. *Fichté*, could you be so kind as to give me, in fifteen minutes or so, a sort of idea or *aperçu* of your system, so that I may know clearly what you mean by your *ich*, your *moi*, for I am entirely in the dark about it?'

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* Author of various works on art.

"The notion of explaining in a *petit quart d'heure*, to a person in total darkness, a system which he had been his whole life developing from a single principle within himself, and spinning, as it were, out of his own bowels, till its web embraced the whole universe, was quite shocking to the philosopher's dignity. However, being much pressed, he began, in rather bad French, to do the best he could. But he had not gone on more than ten minutes before Mad. de Staël, who had followed him with the greatest attention, interrupted him with a countenance full of eagerness and satisfaction: 'Ah! c'est assez, je comprends, je vous comprends parfaitement, Mons. *Fichté*. Your system is perfectly illustrated by a story in Baron Munchausen's travels.' Fichte's face looked like a tragedy; the faces of the rest of the company a good deal like a *comédie larmoyante*. Mad. de Staël heeded neither, but went on: 'For, when the Baron arrived once on the bank of a vast river, where there was neither bridge, nor ferry, nor even a poor boat or raft, he was at first quite confounded, quite in despair; until at last, his wits coming to his assistance, he took a good hold of his own sleeve and jumped himself over to the other side. Now, Mons. *Fichté*, this, I take it, is just what you have done with your *ich*, your *moi*; n'est-ce-pas?'

"There was so much of truth in this, and so much *esprit*, that, of course, the effect was irresistible on all but poor Fichte himself. As for him, he never forgot or forgave Mad. de Staël, who certainly, however, had no malicious purpose of offending him, and who, in fact, praised him and his *ich* most abundantly in her *De l'Allemagne*."

This, to be sure, is not much like the talk of a man upon whose spirits the burthens of the state rest with a very fretting wear. I stayed with him about an hour and a half, and he amused me the whole time in this way.

May 26. — Alexander von Humboldt came this morning and spent an hour with us.* . . . . He looks much as he used to, but older, and his hair is grown white; his manners are kind and flattering and courtly, even more than they used to be, though his person and movements are awkward; and he talks with even increased volubility, pouring out stores of knowledge always in good taste, and with beautiful illustrations, but now and then *medio de fonte leporum surgit amari aliquid.*

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* He had been in Potsdam with the King until the day before this.

Once or twice he gave very hard hits to M. Ancillon, and, in general, throughout the conversation, maintained a *very* liberal tone in politics. The King gives him a large pension, but he does not keep house, living almost entirely at the palace and in society, and occasionally employed in affairs of the state. His heart, however, is at Paris, where his life, no doubt, was as agreeable to him as life can be; and he said very frankly this morning, as well as with his uniform courtliness, that he hoped to meet us there; "for you must know," said he, smiling, "I made my bargain with the King, as the *Cantatrici* do, that I should be allowed to pass three months every year where I like, and that is Paris." I never knew a person at once so courtly and so bold in his conversation, or who talked so fast, — so excessively fast, — and yet so well.

We dined with the English Minister, Lord William Russell, the second son of the Duke of Bedford, who was aide-de-camp to Lord Wellington the four last years of the Peninsular war, and, I think, had the command of the British troops sent to Portugal, under Mr. Canning's administration. . . . . The dinner was agreeable, but in a more purely English tone than anything I have met since we left England. When we were coming away, he invited us very earnestly to dine with him to-morrow, and as I hesitated a little, he said that Humboldt had been to him and asked him to invite him to meet us; adding that if we would come he would also ask Mr. Wheaton. It was, of course, too agreeable a proposition to be rejected.

I passed the evening at Savigny's, who, I suppose, next after Humboldt, has the highest intellectual reputation of any man in Berlin; is the author of the great work on the "History of Roman Law," the head of "the Historical School" in politics, as opposed to those who wish for great changes, or "the Liberal School," of which Gans is the head; and finally, much trusted and consulted by the government as a practically wise and powerful man.

He lives in a fine house near the Brandenburg gate, and seems more comfortably and even elegantly arranged than any German professor I remember to have visited. He is tall and stately, a little formal, perhaps, and pretending in his manner, but talking well both in French and German. His hair is combed down smoothly on both sides of his head, and his face is red, so that he has not the intellectual look that belongs to his character; but he reveals himself at once in his conversation. He seemed to understand our present politics in America pretty well, and said he supposed President Jackson was "a sort of Tory by instinct, who, having settled his power on the most absolute radicalism, uses it with very little restraint." His sympathies, of course, are all with our old Federalists, of whom he knew a good deal.

Some company came in, and among the rest the Baroness von Arnheim, who has recently published a most ridiculous book, containing a sentimental correspondence, which, under the name of "Bettina," or "Little Betty," she carried on with Goethe when she was nearly forty years old and he above seventy, representing herself in it as a little girl of fifteen desperately in love with him. I saw it in Dresden, and thought it disgusting; and did not wonder that Mrs. Austin, in London, told me she had refused to translate it from the manuscript, because she thought any well-taught Englishwoman would be ashamed to have anything to do with a book which seemed to claim the reputation of an intrigue that undoubtedly never existed. I could not get through it, though it is all the rage with multitudes in Germany. But this evening I perceived by her conversation that she must be the Bettina, whose other name I did not know, and I told her so. . . . . It is generally understood that Goethe had taste enough to be very little pleased with the sentimental and indecent nonsense of this lady's correspondence, though it was full of the most violent admiration and adoration of himself. Few of his letters appear, and they are very cool in their tone. Mad. d'Arnheim was the mother of two or three full-grown children when she composed all this nauseous *galimatias*.

May 27. — This morning, early, Humboldt sent me a truly courtly note, to say that he had made arrangements to have certain collections opened for us to see, — not forgetting, however, at the end of all his courtliness, to give a cut at M. Ancillon, — and at eleven o'clock he came in his carriage to take us to see them. First, he carried us to the Bau-Akademie, — the Academy of Architecture, an institution which has been arranged and formed by the King to suit Schinkel. . . . .

From the Academy of Architecture, M. de Humboldt carried us to the University, a large and massive palace, built by Frederic II. for his brother Henry, 1757 – 64, and given by the present King for purposes of knowledge. His object was to show us the collections in mineralogy, geology, and zoölogy. . . . . In the collections of zoölogy we found Professor Lichtenstein, the well-known traveller, who spent six years at the Cape of Good Hope, "when it was little better, "as Humboldt said, "than a *ménagerie*." I saw him here twenty years ago, and he was then, as he is now, pleasant and obliging, with much the air and bearing of a man of the world. He carried us, I think, through sixteen halls, all of them respectable in their appearance, but the halls of birds really wonderful. Here Humboldt left us, to keep an appointment at the palace, reminding us that we should meet at dinner. . . . .

One thing struck me very much this morning; I mean the great deference shown everywhere to M. de Humboldt. Our valet-de-place and the people of the inn where we lodge, look upon us as quite different persons, I am sure, since he has chaperoned us; and nothing could exceed the bows and the "excellencies" with which he was received everywhere. Even the three professors had put on their best coats and their orders of merit to receive him, and though they showed no sort of obsequiousness to him, they treated him with a consideration and distinction not to be mistaken. This is partly owing to his personal claims and character, but partly, also, to his immediate and intimate relations with the King.

We met him again at dinner, at Lord William Russell's, where were also Mr. Wheaton, the Baron von Münchhausen, the Hanoverian Minister, Sir George Hamilton, Lord Fitzgerald, and a young Englishman. The conversation was, of course, chiefly in Humboldt's hands, who talks with incredible volubility both in French and English, and seems to talk equally well upon all subjects; always, however, I suspect, with a little indulgence of sarcasm towards individuals he does not approve. He was very amusing to-day, and very instructive too; for knowledge, facts, hints, seem to crowd and struggle for utterance the moment he opens his mouth. I am sorry to think we shall hardly see him again.

May 28. — The morning was occupied in visiting to take leave, and in making preparations for our departure to-morrow. I dined with M. Ancillon, who had a little more the air of a minister to-day than when I saw him on two former occasions. Mr. Wheaton dined there; Count Raczynski; Baron Miltitz, formerly Prussian Minister at Constantinople; Brassier, the present Secretary of Legation at Paris; De Bresson, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies; and two or three others whom I did not know. The dinner was truly exquisite, and the attendance as exact as possible. . . . . M.

Ancillon is so wisely aware of his position that he has refused a patent of nobility, and makes as little pretension as possible, so as to excite as little ill-will as he can ; but he is a thorough absolutist in his politics, and showed it to-day.

I amused myself by asking him how it happened that in the *Staatszeitung,* — the official paper, — this morning, a compliment to Von Raumer was omitted, when the whole of the rest of a speech of Lord John Russell, in which the compliment was contained, was translated and printed. He replied merely that he could not imagine ; but everybody at table knew, as well as I did, that it was because the government does not like to have so liberal a man as Von Raumer so much distinguished. In the conversation that followed he was bitter upon the "Travels in England" ;* when I mentioned Humboldt, he gave him, too, *en passant*, a *coup de langue*, as I anticipated ; abused Varnhagen's book, and his character of Gentz in particular ; and, in short, was a thorough Tory all round. Of the ten persons at table, however, three or four of us were not at all of his mind, so that every now and then there came a little more vivacity into the conversation than might have been expected. . . . . On the whole, I did not like M. Ancillon. He did not strike me as possessing a mind of a high order, or as having an elevated or noble character. He may be a good man for every-day affairs, and get along well enough where no emergency requires boldness or a wide and wise circumspection, and he is certainly a most agreeable talker and makes admirable phrases ; but that, I suspect, is all. Such as he is, however, much of the destiny of Prussia may be in his hands ; for he has not only the confidence of the King, but owes his present place to the regard of his former pupil, the Prince Royal. And the destinies of Prussia are important, indeed, for all Germany and for all Europe. . . . .

The King has been on the throne almost forty years ; he has done and suffered a great deal with his people and for his people, and they, on their side, have a great love for him, and a well-founded trust in his honesty, his regard for justice, his irreproachable private character, and his good intentions. While he lives, therefore, I think there will be no movement. But he is now sixty-six years old, and men are already anxiously inquiring whether his successor will not give them the representative forms enjoyed in Saxony, Bavaria, and elsewhere in Germany. And how can it be otherwise ? The whole training of the Prussian people for above five-and-twenty years has been fitting them for a freer government. When Scharnhorst provided for making every man in the country a soldier, he provided the first element of public freedom, in the sense of personal power and rights which his system necessarily gave to every individual. When Stein gave the inhabitants of the cities the corporate privilege of electing their own municipal officers and transacting their own affairs, the whole country was shown how political rights might be used and exercised; and when universal education, by really effective schools, was added to both, it seems as if the last needed ingredient was added to the popular character, to make ready the ways that lead to change. I think, therefore, the change will come when the affection and respect felt for the present King no longer stand in the way of it. His successor is *said* to be less inclined to a liberal system than his father, and the tutor and favorite Minister of the Prince, M. Ancillon, is *known* to be less so ; but I think they must yield to the spirit of the times, or become its victims.

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* Von Raumer's.

In Berlin there is a life and movement very striking to one who has just come, as we have, from the quietness of Dresden. Its external appearance is greatly changed since I was here about twenty years ago, when only a year had elapsed from the battle of Waterloo, and Prussia was but just beginning to feel the effects of her renewed strength and increased resources. . . . .

Of the society of Berlin, of course, I saw, properly speaking, nothing. . . . . What I saw was sharply divided into two great political classes, and the expression of opinion on both sides was plain and free enough in conversation ; but the censorship of books is severe, and the only newspaper printed in Berlin that is readable is carefully made up, and extremely dull, nothing being admitted into it that can displease the Ministry.

A long, curious, statistical sketch of the University of Berlin follows these remarks. On the 29th May, Mr. Ticknor and his family left Berlin, and on the 31st reached Dresden.

As we drove through its well-known, friendly streets, it seemed as if we were returning to a home, so natural and cheerful did everything appear to us. As we intended only to pass the night in Dresden, I went out immediately to see Tieck, whom I had promised to see again on our way to Vienna. By chance it was his birthday, and I found him surrounded by a large party of his friends, many of whom I knew perfectly well. It was an agreeable surprise to me to be greeted by so many, once more, whom I had not thought to meet again. Among the rest, I found there his brother, the sculptor, whom I had failed to see at his atelier in Berlin, — a grave but agreeable person, younger, I suppose, than the poet. But I could not stop long with them, ... and came back to our arrangements for leaving North Germany.

June 5. — We left the Saxon Switzerland this afternoon, in a boat resembling a gondola a little, managed by three men, of whom one steered, and the two others drew it with a tow-rope, at the rate of about three miles an hour up the Elbe. . . . . The mountains on either side of the river, during the fourteen or fifteen miles we passed through them in this way, are grand and picturesque, in several parts reminding us of the Highlands on the North River. . . . . At last, just as the mountains began to subside into gentler forms, and become covered with cultivation, we came in sight of Tetschen, an enormous mass of building, standing on a bold rock above the Elbe, with a corresponding rock still bolder on the other side, round the bases of both which are gathered — as is so often the case — a village, formed at first for protection, but now thriving with industry and trade. Tetschen is called a castle, and has been built at different times, from the year 1000, when it was a possession of the King of Bohemia, down to the last century, when, about 1706, the last additions were made, that gave it its present vast extent. It has, however, nothing military in its character, though it was held and fortified as a military position by the Austrians in the wars both of 1809 and 1813.

We found a carriage on the shore, waiting to receive us, for we were coming to make a visit to the family at the castle,* and though the time of our arrival was uncertain, something in the look of our boat made them suspect who it was, and induced them to send kindly to meet us. The passage up to the castle was winding, partly through a sort of park full of fine old trees; but the last part of the way the hoofs of the horses rung on the solid rock that forms the foundations of the castle itself. Driving under a large and imposing portal, we entered the vast court round which the castle extends, and at the farther end of it were kindly welcomed by the Count and Countess Thun, at the bottom of the grand staircase. They led us up, and carried us at once to the suite of apartments destined for our use; but it seemed as if we never should reach them, so long were we passing through an arched passage-way of stone, ornamented on one side, opposite to the windows, with a series of antlers of stags, fitted to carved wooden heads, with an inscription signifying by whom each had been killed, and in what year. At last we reached our rooms, four in number, and corresponding — especially in the huge size of the largest — to the rest of the character of the castle, and fitted up most comfortably. Our host and hostess remained with us a few minutes, till we were quite installed, and then left us to dress. The whole was done with great elegance and courtesy. . . . .

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* In the early spring, when forming his plans for summer travel, Mr. Ticknor found it — strange to say — by no means easy to get information about the routes through Austria, especially for Upper Austria and the Stelvio Pass into Italy. He was referred for such inquiries to Count von Thun-Hohenstein, who frequently came to Dresden, and on whom Mr. Ticknor called when next he arrived. The Count showed the utmost kindness in answering all questions, and, before the interview ended, invited Mr. Ticknor to bring all his family for a visit to Tetschen; the party then including — besides the children and three servants — a German landscape-painter, Herr Sparmann, whom Mr. Ticknor had engaged to travel with him for three months as a teacher. Mr. Ticknor accepted the invitation as cordially as it was given.

The Count is, I suppose, a little over fifty years old, a tall, quiet, dignified-looking man, who talks but little. His title is Count von Thun-Hohenstein, and his family, originally the Lords of Thun, in Switzerland, from the twelfth century, has been settled in this castle since 1620. The Countess is of the Brühl family, descended from the great minister. She is obviously a sensible, affectionate, excellent woman.

They have five children, — three sons and two daughters. The eldest — Count Francis — lives at home and takes care of the estate; a truly agreeable, natural, frank young man of about seven-and-twenty, with a good deal of talent, much accomplished in the arts, and otherwise thoroughly educated. The second son [Count Frederick] is in Vienna; and the third [Count Leo], about twenty-four years old, has a place in the government at Prague, lives there chiefly, and manages another great estate of the family in that neighborhood. Both of them, as I was told in Dresden, are rather uncommon persons; the first remarkable for his knowledge of natural history, and the youngest for his diligence in his profession, — which is the law, — and for the wide, philanthropic views which he has expressed in a sensible work on prison discipline. The whole family, indeed, is well known through this part of Germany for its intelligence, accomplishments, and excellent character; living on their estates generally the whole year, and doing great good by the kindness they exercise and the spirit of improvement they diffuse. They are, of course, Catholics, but they are — though very religious — not bigoted; have travelled a great deal, and lived in England, as well as other countries, so that, among their other accomplishments, they all talk good English. . . . .

We joined the family at tea, in a small, pleasant sort of boudoir, formed in the projecting tower of the castle, which almost overhangs the Elbe, commanding very grand and beautiful views up and down the river. The conversation was very agreeable. Mr. Noel, an Englishman of about five-and-thirty, quite well known in Austria and Saxony for his talents and philanthropy, and a near connection of Lady Byron, is an inmate of the family, and talks extremely well. He is a great admirer of Dr. Channing, as is also Count Leo, the third son of Count Thun, who has translated the Essay on Bonaparte, and was prevented from printing it only by the publication of another translation. It is a curious circumstance, which rendered our conversation more interesting. . . . .

June 6. — The castle bell rang at five this morning for prayers, and again for mass at half past eight, in the chapel; but it was at such a distance from our apartments that I took it for a bell in the village. When I went to breakfast I was curious to measure the length of that portion of the grand, cloistered passage through which we pass, and I found it between one hundred and fifty and one hundred and sixty paces, ... so that some estimate may be made from this of the vast size of the outside of the castle, as this constitutes only about one third of the length of the inner wall on the court. . . . . The breakfast was unceremonious, and after it we all went to our rooms, the Count and Countess telling us they should come to us presently to fetch us for a walk. They came quite soon, and we went with them over the grounds nearest the castle. They are very ample, and laid out in gardens, with hot-houses, etc., and a park, with fine shaded walks, old trees, fancy temples, and other buildings for shelter and ornament. It is all very grand, and suits the nobleness of the whole establishment. . . . .

Dinner was served punctually at two, and was very delicate and rich, but served with perfect simplicity. . . . . The whole lasted only a little more than an hour, after which we went to the room in the tower, where the ladies prepared and served the coffee. One or two things reminded us rather picturesquely of the country we are in and its usages. Before any one sat down at table there was an instant's pause, as if for prayer; the Count, as the feudal head of the family, was served before the Countess, but not till after his guests;

after dinner they all rose, crossed themselves, and stood an instant, as if to return thanks; and when we had come into the room where we took coffee, the family kissed one another and bowed to us. . . . .

Later in the afternoon we crossed the river, and immediately began to ascend the steep side of the mountain opposite, on which the Count has had pleasant and convenient paths cut for several miles, with seats and arbors for rest, and for enjoying the views, which are constantly opening with great variety and beauty, up and down the Elbe. The ladies went only part of the way to the top, and then, returning by a different path, found carriages that took them across the river [in boats]. We went quite up, and enjoyed magnificent prospects. We passed through the deer-park, — or a portion of it, — through several plantations of trees of different sorts, and saw some of the arrangements of so large an estate. Everything was on a grand scale. The Herrschaft or Lordship of Tetschen, which extends over both sides of the Elbe, is about sixteen English miles square, comprising eighteen thousand inhabitants.* . . . .

We had frequent views of the castle, whose enormous size struck me more and more. . . . . I asked the Count how it came to be so vast. He said that anciently the magistrates of the town of Tetschen, who were appointed by the family, had their right of residence within its walls, and that when he came into possession, in 1808, he found five families, with their servants and equipages, regularly established in different parts of it. . . . . "So," he added, "I built them houses in the town which were so much better, that they were glad to exchange, and the consequence is that I have a larger castle than I want. However, it is full a good many times every year." This I knew already, for they are very hospitable. Last year the Emperor and Empress of Austria, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the King of Prussia, and the Crown Prince, with Metternich, etc., came over from Töplitz and made a visit, so that at one time they had forty persons in the castle, no one of whom was below the rank of Prince. . . . . Our walk lasted between four and five hours, so that we did not reach the castle till half past eight o'clock, which, however, was but just after sundown. . . . .

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* Mr. Ticknor says: "The family owns a still larger estate near Prague, and two other possessions elsewhere, so that it is very rich. Everything [about Tetschen] looked rich and flourishing; cotton manufactories have been established, potteries, etc., and the town within twenty years had nearly doubled its population." In the wars against Bonaparte, this Count Thun, then a young man, raised a regiment on his own estates, equipped it, offered it to the government, and commanded it through the campaign of Wagram.

June 7. — . . . . After breakfast this morning we crossed the river with the two Counts, and went to see a pottery-ware manufactory, established and carried on by two Saxons, who have been at work here ten years, and in that time have increased their establishment from two hands to fifty. The ware is extremely pretty, ... and the family, who interest themselves very much in all that goes on in the neighborhood, have taken care to furnish the enterprising manufacturers with good models, both ancient and modern, so that almost all their forms are graceful. I was surprised to find that they had constantly large orders from New York; for instance, for one form of a vase for flowers they have now an order for three hundred dozen.

After dinner and coffee, a party up the river was proposed. I set out with the gentlemen on foot, the ladies followed in carriages, and we met about a mile or two off, at the pheasantry, a large piece of enclosed territory appropriated to rearing and preserving these birds for the family use, and having houses to accommodate the attendants. . . . . We came down by a very pretty church to the river-side, ... where we found a gondola waiting for us, in which we had a delicious passage, partly rowing, partly floating, through beautiful scenery, back to the castle. . . . .

June 8. — Yesterday morning the family came to our apartments and invited us to see the side of the castle where they live in winter. It was like a separate establishment of dining-rooms, saloons, etc., and near it were the private apartments of the Count and Countess, with their daughters, including his private library of three or four thousand volumes; separate sitting-rooms for each, and so on, all very nice and comfortable. . . . . The great library is near, just fitting up, with about fifteen thousand volumes, brought from different parts of the castle, — a grand room, well suited to its purposes.

This morning they took us to the other side of the pile, where we passed through the billiard-room, and I know not how many suites of apartments for guests, to the chapel, capable of containing about three hundred persons, besides the gallery for the family, and where mass is performed every day, prayers chanted at morning, noon, and night, and the regular service on Sundays. On this side of the castle is a third dining-room, with antechambers, etc., where they dine in the hottest weather. . . . .

But there must be an end to all things, and the time had now come when our visit must be closed. At about eleven o'clock, therefore,

. . . . we were going to take our leave; but the family in a body insisted upon seeing us off, and, walking through their beautiful gardens, crossed the river with us, and parted from us most kindly, following us with waving of caps and handkerchiefs till the turn of the road carried us out of sight. . . . .

June 12. — We have travelled to-day twelve German miles, from Liebkovitz to Prague, and all the way have felt that we were really in Bohemia. . . . . We have been in the midst of a Sclavic population, we have heard Bohemian constantly talked, and have found all the public notices posted regularly in both languages. The greater part of the way the country, though highly cultivated, was uninteresting; we passed for miles through monotonous fields of waving corn, ... passing, as it were, over a vast prairie. From Schlan to Prague we rose a good deal, and on the top of the eminence looked down upon the capital of Bohemia, stretching up and down both sides of the Moldau. It is certainly one of the most picturesque cities I have ever seen, standing on five hills, with great masses of buildings in every direction, broken by an uncommon number of old steeples, towers, and domes, while the river, crossed by its ancient and highly ornamented bridge, sweeps majestically through the midst of the whole. It is not half as large as Berlin, but it gives the idea of a great deal more magnificence.

June 13. — Young Count Leo Thun came to see us this morning. He has a place in the criminal administration of the government here. . . . . He seems a young man of strong character and great love of knowledge and progress, has much Bohemian nationality about him. . . . . He offered himself to show us Prague, and we accepted his kindness, with some limitations. . . . .

This morning I went with my valet-de-place to see the quarter assigned to the Jews, where they have lived since the thirteenth century. It is very crowded, dirty, and disagreeable; for, as they are not allowed to live anywhere else, and have constantly been increasing, they have become packed together in an extraordinary manner. Their burial-ground is curious, with its heavy gravestones, covered with long Hebrew inscriptions, but it is even more crowded with the dead than their streets are with the living. The stones almost constantly touch each other, so that if as many have been buried here as are indicated, they must rest in tiers, one above the other. Yet the whole room is by no means filled; for when Joseph II. forbade burial within the limits of the cities, there was still space left here, so that the crowding must have been from economy, not from necessity. Their synagogue was not curious; I mean the principal one, which I saw, for they have nine.

In the afternoon we drove out with Count Thun to see the city and a little of its environs. . . . . On our return we passed by the enormous palace where Wallenstein lived during the interval of his loss of the Emperor's favor, when — as I think Schiller relates — he pulled down the houses in the neighborhood to have free room, and stretched chains across the streets to keep quiet, affecting to be served only by nobles, and maintaining more than imperial forms and ceremonies. The estate still exists, of enormous extent, and the square before it is still called Waldstein's Square. . . . . The palace belongs to a descendant of his brother, but not the same one who lives at Dux.

June 15. — . . . . I passed a considerable part of my morning in what is called the Collegium Clementinum, or, really, the buildings of the University. It is like a city within a city, so wide do its squares and courts extend. It was originally a great establishment of the Jesuits, and is built in the fine style of architecture they adopted in all such cases. . . . .

The library contains about ninety-three thousand volumes, a beggarly matter for such an institution; and, what is worse, they looked as if they belonged to the studies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, rather than to those of the nineteenth. One or two of the manuscripts interested me very much. The records of John Huss's Rectorship of the University, written in his own hand, and a copy in his own hand, also, of a work of Thomas Aquinas, were worth going far to see. I was shown, too, a curious book for the service of the Church, with the music belonging to it, splendidly illustrated, in which, on St. John's day, is a special service in honor of John Huss, as if he were one of the saints of the Church, which, in fact, he was considered here in the sixteenth century. In the margin are three very well finished miniatures, — the upper one, Wickliffe striking fire with a steel and flint, and endeavoring in vain to blow it to a flame; the middle one, Huss lighting a candle at the spark; and, below, Luther bearing a blazing torch.

The manuscript, therefore, belongs to the sixteenth century, and shows much of the confused state of religious opinion and party in Bohemia from the time of the Utraquists to the Thirty Years' War. Indeed, in several parts of this manuscript Huss is called "*Divus* Johannes Huss," as if he were regularly canonized.

In the afternoon we drove to the Hradschin, visited anew the cathedral, walked in the Volksgarten, and enjoyed the fine views of the palace and the magnificent views of the city itself, with its hills, its towers and domes, and its grand masses of old buildings; went to the Bubensch Gardens, where we drove about some time, and came back to the city by Wallenstein's Square and Palace.*

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* Prague was then comparatively seldom visited, and the Journal contains full descriptions and historical memoranda of its peculiarities, but these have, of course, greatly lost their interest.

STATE COLLEGE
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FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

INDEX TO VOL. I.

ABBOTSFORD, 282–284.
Abbott, Jacob, 405.
Ackerbaldt, J. D., 179.
Adair, Right Hon. Sir Robert, 269.
Adams, J., President of the United States, 12, 13, 30, 330, 339; death of, 377; eulogy on, by Webster, 378.
Adams, Mrs. J., 13.
Adams, J. Q., President of the United States, 12, 49, 54, 339, 349, 409, 459.
Adams, Mrs. J. Q., 349.
Addington, Mr., 350, 411.
Agassiz, Louis, 421 and note.
Aiken, Charles, 416.
Alba, Count d', 248, 249.
Albani, Cardinal, 181.
Albany, Countess of, 183, 184.
Aldobrandini, Princess, 256 and note. *See* Borghese, Princess.
Alfieri, Vittorio, 184.
Alhambra, 230, 231, 232 and note.
Alison, Dr., 427.
Alison, Mrs., 426, 427.
Alison, Rev. Dr., 280, 414.
Allen, John, 265, 408.
Allston, Washington, 316 and note, 388.
Almack's, 296, 412, 413.
American Institute, G. T. lectures before, 393.
Amiens, Bishop of, 254.
Amsterdam, visits, 69.
Ancillon, J. P. F., 496, 497, 499–503.
Ancona, visits, 167.
Anderson, Dr., 274, 275, 280.
Anglona, Prince of, 207.
Anhalt-Dessau, Duchess of, 479 and note.
Anthology Club, G. T. member of, 9.
Aranjuez, 195, 220–222.
Arconati, Madame, 450, 451.
Arconati, Marquis, 450–452.
Arnheim, Baroness von (Bettina), 500.
Arrivabene, Count Giovanni, 450, 451.
Astor, W. B., 26, 178.
Athenæum, Boston, 8, 12, 370, 371, 379 and note.
Atterson, Miss, 109.
Auckland, Lord (First), 264.
Austin, Mrs. Sarah, 411, 413, 500.
Azzelini, 176.

BABBAGE, CHARLES, 407, 422.
Bachi, Pietro, 368 note.
Bagot, Sir Charles and Lady Mary, 295 and note.
Baillie, Miss Joanna, 413, 414, 479.
Bainbridge, Commodore, 373.
Baird, Sir David, 412, 413.
Balbo, Count Cesare, 210, 212, 213, 306, 307; letters from, 307, 309.
Balbo, Countess, 209.
Balbo, Count Prospero, 209, 210, 308.
Balhorn, Herr, 85.
Baltimore, visits, 41, 349, 351.
Bancroft, Hon. George, 385.
Banks, Sir Joseph, 258 note, 263, 294.
Barante, Baron de, 137, 138, 256.
Barbour, Philip, 347.
Barcelona, visits, 185, 191.
Baring, Bingham, 411.
Baring, Thomas, 411.
Barnard, Mr., 459.
Baudissin, Count, 467, 468, 473 and note, 475, 476, 482, 491.
Baudissin, Countess, 467.
Bauer, Mademoiselle, 469, 478 and note.
Bavaria, Crown Prince of (Ludwig I.), 177.
Beaumont, Gustave de, 421.
Beauvillers, M., 122.
Beck, Dr., Professor at Harvard College, 351, 352.
Beck, Professor, 108.
Beckford, William, 246 and note.
Bedford, Sixth Duke of, 268–270.
Belem Church and Convent, 244.
Bell, J., 248, 249.
Bell, John, 173, 174, 180.
Bell, Joseph, 7.
Benci, 174.
Benecke, Professor, 70, 76, 79, 82.
Berchet, Giovanni, 450.

Berg, President von, 122.
Berlin, visits, 109, 493-503.
Bernard, General, 350.
Bertrand, Favre, 153, 155.
Bigelow, Dr. Jacob, 12, 316 note, 319.
Bigelow, Timothy, 13.
Blake, George, 20.
Bligh, President, 372.
Blumenbach, Madame, 103.
Blumenbach, Professor, 70, 71, 80, 85, 94, 103-105, 121.
Blumner, Madame de, 481.
Böhl von Faber, 236 and note.
Bologna, visits, 166.
Bombelles, Count H., 246, 247.
Bonaparte, Christine (Countess Possé), 182, 183 note, 446.
Bonaparte, Emperor Napoleon I., return from Elba, 49; Dr. Parr on, 50; Byron's feeling for, 60; anecdotes of, 61, 123.
Bonaparte, Jerome, King of Westphalia, 83, 84, 111.
Bonaparte, Letizia (Madame Mère), 181.
Bonaparte, Louis, 181.
Bonaparte, Lucien, 181, 182.
Bonaparte, Madame Lucien, 182, 183.
Bonaparte, Pauline. *See* Borghese.
Bonstetten, Baron de, 153, 156, 157, 164, 470 note.
Borghese, Pauline Bonaparte, Princess, 181.
Borgieri, 162.
Bose, Comtesse, 467.
Bose, Count, 459.
Bose, Countess, 459, 476.
Bostock, Dr., 416.
Boston, G. T., born in, 1; condition of, 1800-1815, 17-21; town-meetings, 20; comparison with Athens, 20; in 1819, 315, 316 and note.
Boston Provident Institution for Savings, G. T. Trustee of, 379 note.
Boswell, James, 53, 55.
Boswell, Junior, 58.
Botta, C. G. G., 164.
Böttiger, K. A., 456, 457.
Bowditch, Dr. Nathaniel, 316, 371, 379, 391, 405.
Brandes, C. A., 178.
Brassier, M., 501.
Breme, Marquis de, 161, 164.
Brisbane, Sir Thomas, 419, 422.
British Association for the Advancement of Science, Fifth Meeting of, 419-424.
Broglie, Duc de, 128, 139, 151, 155, 253, 257 note, 263, 312, 314.
Broglie, Duchesse de, 128, 131-133, 137, 138, 151, 152, 257, 314; letter from, 311.
Brookline, 385.
Brooks, Edward, 154, 156, 158.
Brosius, Dr., 11.
Brougham, Henry, Lord, 266, 279.
Brown, Dr., 280 and note.
Bruen, Rev. M., 364 note.
Bruess, Countess, 154.
Brussels, visits, 450.
Buckland, Dr., 404-406.
Buckminster, Miss Eliza, 331, 377 note.
Buckminster, Miss Lucy, 9 and note, 10.
Buckminster, Rev. Joseph S., 8, 9, 17; death of, 10; G. T. in charge of his papers, 10 note.
Buller, Mrs., 411.
Bülow, Baron Edouard von, 462, 474, 475, 479, 483, 489.
Bunsen, Carl Josias, 177, 178.
Burgess, Sir James Bland, 60, 62.
Burr, Aaron, Talleyrand's opinion of, 261.
Bussierre, Baron de, 464, 470.
Buttini, Dr., 154.
Byron, Lady, 60, 63, 66, 67, 68, 410 and note, 448.
Byron, Lord, 54, 58, 59, 60, 62, 63, 64, 66-68; anecdote of, 110, 114, 165, 166, 411, 446.

CABALLERO FERNAN, pseud., 236 note.
Cabot, George, 12, 13, 14, 396.
Cadaval, Duchess de, 249.
Cadiz, 193; visits, 236.
Calasanzios Convent, 195.
Calhoun, John C., 349, 381.
Cambridge, England, visits, 270, 271.
Camoens, 244, 252.
Campagna of Rome, 168.
Campbell, Sir John, 245, 246.
Campbell, Thomas, 62, 63, 65, 282, 410.
Canova, Antonio, 172.
Carroll, Archbishop, 41.
Carroll, Charles, 41.
Carus, Dr., 459, 473, 475, 482.
Cassel, visits, 121.
Castel Branco, Baron. *See* Lacerda.
Castro, Don Jôao de, 246.
Chalmers, Rev. Dr., 405.
Chaloner, Mr., 443.
Channing, Edward T., 9, 12, 26; letters to, 30, 42, 83, 89, 96, 107, 118, 183.
Channing, Dr. Walter, 148, 391; letters to, 94, 149.
Channing, Mrs. Walter, letters to, 148, 188.
Channing, Rev. William E., 17, 84, 96, 178, 316, 327, 382, 391, 405, 479.
Chapman, Dr., 16.
Charlottesville, visits, 34, 348.
Chastellux, Count de, 109.
Chateaubriand, Vte. de, 137-140, 146, 254, 255, 304; Mad. de, 355.
Chauncey, Commodore, 373.
Cheverus, Bishop, 18 note.
Cheves, Langdon, 350, 351.
Chirk Castle, 52.

Cicognara, Count, 163, 164, 166.
Cintra, 245 - 247 ; convention of, 246.
Circourt, Count Adolphe de, 470 and note, 475 note, 482, 483, 485, 486.
Circourt, Countess Anastasie Klustine de, 470 and note, 482, 483, 485, 486.
Clare, Lord, 422.
Clay, Henry, 350, 381.
Clemencin, Diego, 197.
Clerk, John, 277, 280.
Cloncurry, Lord, 422.
Cogswell, Joseph Green, 116, 156, 173, 273, 278 note, 282, 284, 285, 316 note, 318 and note, 332, 336, 385.
Coleridge, Mrs. S. T., 285, 286.
Coleridge, Sara T. (Mrs. Henry N.), 285, 286.
Coles, Miss, 29.
Coles, Secretary, 29.
Colloredo, Count, 484.
Common School Journal of Connecticut, 2 note.
Conde, Jose Antonio, 187, 197.
Confalonieri, Count Frederigo, 161 and note, 162, 164, 256, 450.
Consalvi, Cardinal, 180.
Constant, Benjamin, 131, 134, 138, 143, 145, 152.
Contrabandists, journey with, from Seville to Lisbon, 241 *et seq* , 243 note.
Cooke, G. F., 53 note, 127, 473.
Copleston, Mr., 405.
Cordova, visits, 224 - 228 ; cathedral-mosque of, 224, 225 ; hermits of, 226, 227 ; society in, 227, 228.
Correa de Serra, Abbé, 16 and note.
Cowper, Countess, 408, 409, 412.
Cowper, Earl, 408.
Crampton, (Sir) Philip, 420.
Cranbourne, Lord, 268.
Cranston, G., 277.
Craufurd, Mr., 270.
Craufurd, Sir J., 270.
Craven, Mr., 175.
Creighton, Sir Alexander, 421, 422.
Creuzer, G. F., 125.
Crillon, Duc de, 255.
Cumming, Sir William, 176.
Curran, John Philpot, 294.
Curtis, Augustus, 4.
Curtis, Benjamin, first husband of Mrs. E. Ticknor, 3 ; graduate of Harvard College, 3 ; surgeon in Revolutionary Army, 4 and note ; physician in Boston, 4 ; dies young, 4 ; father of Mrs. William H. Woodward, Benjamin, Harriet, and Augustus Curtis, grandfather of B. R. and G. T. Curtis, 4.
Curtis, Benjamin, son of Dr. B. C. and Mrs. Elizabeth Billings Curtis, 4.
Curtis, Benjamin R., 4.
Curtis, C. P., 316 note.
Curtis, Eliza, wife of W. H. Woodward, 4, 7, 276.
Curtis, George Ticknor, 4, 317 ; letter to G. S. Hillard, 326, 391.
Curtis, Harriet, 4.
Curtis, Rev. Philip, 3.
Curtis, T. B., 316 note.
Custis, Miss Nellie (Mrs. Peter), 38.
Cuvier, Baron, 255.

Dahl, J. C. C., 482, 490.
Dallas's Report, 30.
Dalton, Mr., 422.
Dante, study of, 85, 86, 394, 466, 470, 472, 475 and note, 482.
Dartmouth College, Elisha Ticknor graduate of, 1, 5 ; case of, *vs.* Woodward, 4 ; Dr. Wheelock, President of, 5 ; G. T. member and graduate of, 6, 7.
Daveis, Charles S., 316 note ; letters to, 24, 43, 51, 87, 169, 232 note, 334, 336, 337, 339, 344, 378, 379, 394, 396, 397, 398, 399, 401.
Davis, Hart, 447.
Davis, Judge, 329, 340, 355.
Davis, Mr. and Mrs. I. P., 328.
Davis, Mr. Samuel, 329.
Davoust, Madame, 146, 147.
Davoust, Maréchal, 146, 147.
Davy, Dr., 271.
Davy, Lady, 57, 128.
Davy, Sir Humphry, 54, 57, 60, 128, 152.
Day, Professor, 14.
Deaf-Mutes, teaching of, in Madrid, 196.
De Bresson, 501.
De Candolle, A. P. de, 154, 155.
Decazes, Count (Duke), 253, 254, 256.
De la Rive, President, 152 - 154, 156.
Denison, Right Hon. Evelyn (Lord Ossington), 408 note.
De Pradt, 257 and note, 263.
De Saussure, Mad., 153.
De Saussure, Mad. Necker, 155 and note.
Devonshire, Duchess of, 177, 180, 255.
Devrient, Emil, 483.
Dexter, Samuel, 9, 10 note, 20, 39, 40, 41 note.
Dickerson, Governor, 381.
Dickinson, Dr., 412.
Diederichstein, Baroness, 471.
D'Israeli, I., 62.
Dissen, Professor, 70, 95, 115, 121.
D'Ivernois, Sir Francis, 153, 155.
Don, General Sir George, 235 and note.
Don Quixote, 186, 223.
Douglas, Lady, 180.
Downie, Sir John, 238, 240, 241.
Downshire, Dowager-Marchioness of, 268, 295, 296.

Downshire, Marquess of, 296.
Doyle, Francis Hastings, 447.
Doyle, Miss, 447.
Doyle, Sir Francis, 442, 446, 447.
Draveil Château, visits, 146-148.
Dresden Gallery, 109, 468.
Dresden, visits, 109, 456-489.
Drew, Mrs., 180.
Dublin, visits, 419.
Dumont, M., 154, 430.
Dundas, Dr., 440, 444.
Duras, Duc de, 253.
Duras, Duchesse de, 253, 254, 255 and note, 256, 258-263, 304.
Duval, Judge, 39.
Dwight, Miss Anna, 398.
Dwight, Miss Catherine, death of, 456.

EBRINGTON, VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS, 269.
Eckhardstein, Baron, 177.
Edgeworth, Miss Honora, 427.
Edgeworth, Miss Maria, letter from, 388; opinion of Mr. Ticknor, 392; visit to, 426-432, 446, 458.
Edgeworth, Mrs. R. L., 426, 427 and note, 428; death of, 432 note.
Edgeworth, Richard Lovell, 427, 428, 430, 431.
Edgeworthtown, visits, 426-432.
Edheljertha, story of, 331-333.
Edinburgh, visits, 273-282; society in, 276.
Eichhorn, Professor, 70, 76, 79, 80, 82, 84, 95, 121.
Einsiedel, Count and Countess, 485.
Elgin, Seventh Earl of, 279.
Eliot, Miss Anna, 334 and note, 335; also *see* Ticknor, Mrs. Geo.
Eliot, Miss Catherine. *See* Norton, Mrs. Andrews.
Eliot, Mrs. Samuel, letter to, 337.
Eliot, Samuel, founder of Greek Professorship at Harvard College, 335 and note.
Eliot, Samuel Atkins, letters to, 331, 340.
Ellice, Colonel, 279.
Elliott, author of "Corn Law Rhymes," 441.
Elmsley, Peter, 58 and note.
Emmett, Thomas Addis, 39, 40, 41 note.
England, visits, 49-68, 251, 263-272, 285-298; 404-449.
Eppes, Mr., 31.
Ersch, Professor, 111, 112.
Erving, George W., 186, 187, 188, 212.
Escoiquiz, Don Juan, 219.
Escorial, 195, 197, 214-216.
Essex Street, Boston, G. T.'s first home in, 3 note, 4.
Europe, visits, 49-299; second time, 402-511.
Eustis, Governor, 20.
Everett, Alexander Hill, 11, 12, 316 and note, 345, 380, 459 note.
Everett, Edward, 12, 49, 68, 71, 77, 80, 84, 121, 316 and note.
Everett, Mrs. A. H., 345.

FALKENSTEIN, DR. CHARLES, 465, 475, 482.
Falcke, Hofrath, 124.
Falmouth, Viscount, 412.
"Family, The" Club at Cambridge, 271.
Farrar, Professor John, 332, 355.
Fea, C., 179.
Feder, Professor, 77.
Ferdinand VII., King of Spain, 191, 206, 212.
Ferguson, Doctor, 417.
Fesch, Cardinal, 181.
Filipowicz, Mad., 406.
Fitzgerald, Lord, 501.
Fitzwilliam, Third Earl, 436, 437, 439-445.
Flahault, Count, 277.
Flahault, Countess, 277.
Fletcher, Miss, 279, 433 and note, 434.
Fletcher, Mrs., 279 and note, 433, 434.
Florence, visits, 183.
Follen, Dr. Charles, Professor at Harvard College, 351, 352, 338 note.
Folsom, Charles, 389, 390.
Forbes, Captain, 262.
Forbes, Hon. Francis, 458, 459, 461, 463, 477, 478, 486, 489.
Forbin, Count, 255, 257.
Förster, Hofrath Friedrich, 493, 495.
Förster, Professor Karl, 475, 482.
Fox, Colonel C. J., 408.
Fox, Lady Mary, 408, 409.
Francisco, Don, Prince of Spain, 206.
Frankfort-on-Main, visits, 122.
Franklin, Benjamin, 286.
Franklin, Lady, 425.
Franklin Public School, Boston, Elisha Ticknor, Principal of, 2.
Franklin, Sir John, 419, 420, 421, 422, 425.
Freeman, Rev. Dr. J., 17, 35, 53.
Frere, John Hookham, 264, 267.
Frisbie, Professor, 355, 356.
Froriep, L. F. von, 454, 455, 457.
Fuller, Captain, 61.
Fulton's Steam Frigates, 27.
Funchal, Count, 177, 179, 263.

GAGERN, BARON, 122, 123.
Gallatin, Albert, 142, 143, 144, 145, 252.
Gallois, J. A. C., 143.
Gannett, Rev. E. S., notice of Mr. Ticknor, 327 and note.
Gans, Professor, 494.
Garay, Don M. de, 191, 192, 196, 212.
Gardiner, Maine, visits, 337, 385.

Gardiner, Mrs. R. H., letter to, 395.
Gardiner, Rev. J. S. J., 8, 11.
Gardiner, R. H., 316 note, 337.
Gaskell, Mr. and Mrs., 439.
Gaston, Mr., 31.
Gauss, Professor, 70.
Gell, Sir William, 175.
Gener, 346.
Geneva, visits, 152 - 158.
George (IV.), Prince Regent, 67.
Georgetown, D. C., visits, 28, 30, 38.
German language, difficulty of studying it, 11, 25, 26; high and low, 87.
German literature, 87 - 89, 118 - 120; republic of letters, 99 - 102.
German metaphysics, 96 - 99.
German political and moral state, 102, 103.
German universities, 75, 89, 90, 102.
Gesenius, W., 111.
Gibraltar, visits, 235, 236.
Gifford, William, 58, 60, 62, 294.
Gilbert, Davies, 405.
Giustiniani, Prince, Nuncio, 188, 193, 194 note.
Godwin, Mrs. William, 130, 294.
Godwin, William, 130, 294.
Goethe, Wolfgang A. von, 113 - 115, 165, 211, 455, 490 note, 500.
Goltz, Count, 122.
Gonzales, librarian, Madrid, 197.
Gott, Messrs., 438.
Göttingen, 11, 395; G. T. arrives at, 69; life there, 70 - 107, 116 - 121; description of, 74, 75; leaves there, 121.
Göttingen University, 70, 72, 75, 76, 82; during the French War, 83, 84; Literary Club, 85; secret societies, 90 - 93.
Gourieff, Count, 487.
Graham, Lady James, 407.
Grammont, Duchesse de, 257.
Granada, 193; visits, 228-232; Archbishop of, 228, 229 and note, 232; Cathedral of, 229.
Grant, Mrs. Anne, of Laggan, 274, 278 and note, 279.
Grassi, Padre, 193 note.
Graves, Doctor, 420, 421.
Gray, Francis Calley, 31, 318 and note, 328, 371.
Gray, Thomas, 285.
Gregoire, Count Bishop, 130, 143.
Grey, Earl, 295, 408.
Grey, Sir George, 411.
Griffiths, Professor, 419.
Griscom, Professor, 298.
Grisi, Giulia, 407, 413, 436.
Grote, George, 415.
Guadiana River, 222 and note, 242.
Guaiaqui, Count, 217, 218.
Guilford, Lord, 175.
Guizot, François, 256, 314.

Haase, 482.
Haileybury. *See* Mackintosh.
Hale, Nathan, 12.
Hallam, Henry, 58.
Halle, visits, 110.
Hamilton, Alexander, Talleyrand's opinion of, 261; Washington's letter to, 261 note.
Hamilton, Lady, 211.
Hamilton, Professor, Sir William Rowan, 420, 422, 423, 425 and note.
Hamilton, Sir George, 501.
Hand, Professor, 115.
Hanover, N. H., 3 note, 4, 5, 6, 334, 385 and note; Elisha Ticknor dies there, 2, 335.
Hanover, visits, 77.
Harcourt, Rev. William Vernon, 424, 435, 436, 437.
Hardenberg, Prince, 485.
Harness, Rev. William, 411, 416 note.
Harper, General Robert, 351.
Harrison, George, 193 note.
Hartford Convention, 12 - 14.
Hartford, visits, 14.
Harvard College, G. T. nominated to a Professorship in, 116; accepts, 120; enters on Professorship, 319 - 326; attempted reforms in, 353 - 369, 379, 399 - 401.
Hatfield. *See* Salisbury.
Hatton, visits, 52.
Haven, Miss, 68.
Haven, N. A., 123 note, 316 note, 336, 337; letters to, 23, 49, 68, 338, 354, 359; letter from, 354 note, 377 note; death of, 377; memoir of, 377, 380.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 389.
Hayne, Colonel Robert Y., 351.
Hazlitt, William, 293, 294.
Heber, Richard, 264, 267.
Heeren, Professor, 80.
Heidelberg, visits, 124.
Hercolani, Prince, 166, 183.
Herder, Baron von, 478.
Herman, Professor, 108, 112.
Hertzberg, Countess, 467.
Heyne, Professor, 95, 105, 106.
Higginson, Barbara. *See* Perkins, Mrs. S. G.
Higginson, Stephen, 12, 13.
Hill, Lord Arthur, 442.
Hillard, G. S., 326 note, 391 note.
Hillhouse, Mr., 14.
Hobhouse, (Sir) John Cam, 165.
Hogg, James, 278.
Hogg, Mr., 416.
Holland, Dr (Sir Henry), 446.
Holland House, 295, 408, 418.
Holland, Lady, 264 and note, 265, 408, 409.
Holland, Third Lord, 263, 264, 265, 267, 294, 408, 418, 422; Spanish library, 457.

Hopkinson, Francis, 15.
Hopkinson, Judge, 15.
Hopkinson, Mrs., 16.
House of Commons, G. T. called before Committee of, 415; debate in, 416.
Houston, General S., 372, 373, 374.
Huber, François, 156, 157.
Hudson River, visits, 386.
Humboldt, Baron Alexander von, 128-130, 134 and note, 135, 138, 145, 146, 254, 255, 257, 258 note, 263, 498-501.
Humboldt, Madame Wilhelm von, 177, 178.
Hume, Colonel, 447.
Hunt, Jonathan, 7, 381.
Hunt, Leigh, 292, 294.

INFANTADO DUKE DEL, 206.
Irving, Washington, 291, 293, 479, 492.
"Italians, The," by Mr. Bucke, rejected by a London audience, 291.
Italinski, 179.
Italy, visits, 160-184.

JACKSON, GENERAL ANDREW, 480.
Jackson, Judge, 40, 371.
Jakobs, Professor, 111, 112.
Jamieson, Robert, 275.
Jarvis, Charles, 20.
Jefferson, Thomas, President of the United States, 16, 53, 110, 212, 302 note, 303, 345, 346, 377; visits, 34 38, 348, 349; his philosophy, 37; letters from, 300-302; opinion of Bonaparte, 301; plans for University, 301; eulogy on, 378.
Jeffrey, Francis, 30, 42, 43-47, 277, 280.
Jersey, Countess of, 138, 269, 296, 297, 410.
Johnson, Samuel, 53, 55.
Johnstone, Judge, 381.
Jones, Commodore, 373.
Jordan, Baron von, 461, 478.
Jourdain, Camille, 255.

KAHLDEN, BARONESS, 489.
Kane, Mr., 376.
Kästner, Professor, 76, 77.
Kean, Edmund, 67, 127.
Keating, Dr. Oliver, 10.
Kemble, Stephen, 291, 292.
Kenney, Mr., 406.
Kent, Duchess of, 435, 437.
Kent, James, Chancellor, 338-340, 380.
Kenyon, John, 411 and note, 418.
Kenyon, Mrs. John, 456.
Kestner, Charlotte Buff, 78.
King, Rufus, 350, 351.
Kingsley, Professor, 14.
Kirkland, President of Harvard College, letters to, 321-323, 332, 355, 360, 368.
Klopstock, F. G., 125.
Knapp, Professor, 112, 113.
Krause of Weisstropp, 476.

LABOUCHERE, HENRY (Lord Taunton), 408, 411.
La Carolina, 223.
Lacerda, 246, 247, 249.
Lacretelle, Charles, 133-135, 139.
Lafayette, General Marquis de, 139, 143, 151, 152, 155, 257, 263, 344 and note, 350, 351.
La Fontaine, Auguste, 112.
Lagrange, visits, 151, 152.
La Granja. *See* St. Ildefonso.
Lamartine, A. de, 470 note.
Lamb, Charles, 294.
Lansdowne, Marchioness of, 413, 415.
Lansdowne, Marquess of, 263, 264, 430.
La Place, Marquis de, 255.
Lardner, Dr. Dionysius, 425 and note.
Lauderdale, Lord, 264.
Lausanne, visits, 152, 155.
Laval, Montmorency, Duc Adrien de, 128, 137, 188, 189, 193, 194 note, 204 note, 209, 210, 212-214, 218, 258, 295, 309, 311; letters from, 303, 305; death of, 307 note.
Lebanon, Conn., Elisha Ticknor born there, 1.
Lebanon, N. H., 4, 5.
Le Chevalier, J. B., 131.
Le Clerc, General, 123.
Le Fleming, Lady, 434.
Legaré, Hugh Swinton, 278 note, 450, 488, 489.
Leghorn, visits, 183.
Leibnitz, MSS. in Hanover, 78.
Leipzig, visits, 107.
Lenox, Robert, 15.
Leslie, C. R., 389 and note.
Lesseps, Baron J. B. B., 248.
Lewis, M. G., 67, 165.
Leyser, General von, 465, 476, 486, 491.
Lichtenstein, Professor, 501.
Lieven, Prince, 381.
Lindenau, Baron von, 457, 458, 460, 464, 476, 489, 491.
Lisbon, visits, 243, 250.
Lister, Thomas, 407 note, 418.
Lister, Mrs. Thomas (Lady Theresa), 407 and note, 418.
Litton, Mr., 421.
Liverpool, visits, 49, 297, 298, 402-404.
Livingston, Edward, 123, 350, 351, 380, 381, 382.
Livingston, Judge, 39.
Livingston, Mr. and Mrs. Maturin, 386.
Livingston, Mrs. Edward, 350, 351, 381, 382.
Llangollen, visits, 51, 52.
Lloyd, Professor, 405.
Lockhart, Mrs. J. G., 407.

Lohrmann, W. G., 459, 482.
London, visits, 51, 54-68, 251, 263-267, 289-298, 406-418, 445-449.
London, Tower of, 446, 447.
Long, George, Professor, 348.
Longfellow, Henry W., 399.
Longfellow, Stephen, 14.
Loretto, visits, 167.
Louvois, Marchioness de, 253.
Lovell, Mrs., 286.
Lowe, Rev. Mr., 440, 441, 445.
Lowell, John, 339, 356, 360.
Löwenstein-Wertheim, Princess, 487, 489.
Lund, 177.
Lüttichau, Madame Ida de, 476, 481, 482, 483, 485, 491.
Lüttichau, M. de, 476 and note, 491.
Luxmoore, the Misses, 432 note.
Lyman, Mrs. Theodore, 10.
Lynch, John, 389 note.
Lyndhurst, Lord Chancellor, 443.

MACBETH, Henderson's reading of, 55, 56.
Mackenzie, Henry, 279.
Mackintosh, Lady, 290.
Mackintosh, Sir James, 50, 263, 264, 265, 279, 289, 290, 291, 430.
McLane, Louis, 409.
McLane, Miss, 277, 278.
McNeill, Mr., 417.
McNeill, Mrs., 417.
Madison, J., President of the United States, 29, 30, 34, 53, 110, 346, 347, 409.
Madison, Mrs., 29, 30, 346, 347.
Madraso, José de, 186 and note.
Madrid, visits, 185, 186-220; described, 190-214.
Malaga, 233, 234.
Malaga, Bishop, 234, 235.
Malibran, Madame, 407, 413.
Maltby, Mr., 58, 413.
Malthus, T. R., 290.
Manning, Mr., 61.
Marchetti, Count and Countess, 166.
Mareuil, Baron de, 350.
Marialva, Marques de, 180, 246, 263.
Marina, Fr. M., 197.
Marron, P. H., 130.
Mars, Mlle., 126.
Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States, 33, 38.
Martens, Professor, 77.
Martinetti, Count and Countess, 166, 167.
Mason, James M., death of, 456.
Mason, Jeremiah, 123 and note, 395, 396.
Mason, William Powell, 12, 316 note.
Massachusetts Congregational Charitable Society, G. T. officer of, 379 note.
Massachusetts Farm School for Boys, G. T. Treasurer of, 379 note.
Massachusetts General Hospital, G. T. Trustee of, 379 note, 384.
Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, G. T. Director and Vice-President of, 379 note.
Massachusetts Mutual Fire Insurance Company, 2.
Mazois, F., 179.
Medico, Count del, 446.
Medina-Celi, 195.
Melbourne, Viscount, 408, 409.
Menou, Count de, 381, 382.
Meredith, Mrs. William, 15.
Meredith, William, 15.
Meredith, William, Jr., 15.
Meyer, 115.
Mezzofanti, Abbate, 166.
Michaelis, J. D., 76, 77, 127.
Milan, visits, 161.
Millbank, Sir R. and Lady, 67, 68.
Miltitz, Baron, 501.
Milton, study of, 394.
Milton, Viscount, death of, 456.
Minto, Countess of, 408, 412.
Minto, Earl of, 408.
Mitford, Miss, 418, 419 and note.
Mitscherlich, Professor, 92.
Möller, 124.
Monk, Bishop of Gloucester, 271.
Monroe, J., President of the United States, 349.
Mont Blanc, 154, 156.
Montgomery, James, 440, 441.
Montgomery, Mrs., 386.
Monticello, 30; visits, 34-38.
Montijo. *See* Teba.
Montmorency, Duc Mathieu de, 304 and note.
Montmorency-Laval. *See* Laval.
Moore's Charity School, Elisha Ticknor head of, 1; connected with Dartmouth College, 2.
Moore, Thomas, 420, 422, 425.
Moratin, L. F., 252.
Moreau, General, 488.
Morehead, Rev Dr., 280, 414.
Morgan, Lady, 425.
Morley, First Earl and Countess of, 407.
Mornington, Countess of, 295, 296.
Morris, Gouverneur, 256.
Morrow, Governor, 372.
Mos, Marquesa de, 207.
Mühlenberg, Dr , 111.
Mulgrave, Earl of, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 435, 437, 438.
Müller, Johann, 115.
Münchhausen, Baron, 501.
Münster, Count, 77, 78.
Murchison, Sir Roderick, 419, 421.
Murray, J. A., 277, 408.

Murray, John, 58, 60, 62, 68, 294.
Musgrave, Mr., 246, 247, 248.

NAHANT, 339, 385.
Naples, visits, 174 – 176.
Nasse, Dr., 454.
Naumann, Professor, 454.
Navarrete, M. F. de, 197.
Neander, J. W. A., 493.
Necker de Saussure, Mad., 155 and note.
Nelson, Lord, anecdote of, 63.
Nemours, Duc de, 493.
New Bedford, lands in, 298.
Newcastle, England, 272.
New Haven, visits, 14.
New Orleans, battle of, 29, 37.
Newton, Stewart, 412, 421, 422.
New York, visits, 15, 27, 404.
Niagara, visits, 386.
Nibby, Carlo, 171.
Nichols, Rev. J., 336.
Niebuhr, B. G., 127, 177, 178.
Niemeyer, Chancellor, 110, 113.
Niemeyer, Professor, 111, 112.
Noailles, Alexis de, 254.
Noel, R. R., 506.
Norton, Mrs. Andrews, 334 note, 398 note.
Norton, Professor Andrews, 17, 319, 334, 355, 356.

O'CONNELL, DANIEL, 411, 416, 480.
Oehlenschläger, Adam, 126.
Ogilvie, James, 8.
Oken, Professor, 115.
Oliver, Robert, 41.
O'Neil, Miss, 53.
Ord, Mr., 415.
Orleans, Duc d', 493.
Ossuna, Duchess of, 205, 207, 208, 223.
Otis, H. G., 12 – 14, 20, 21, 40, 339, 359, 360.
Owen, Robert, of Lanark, 278.
Oxford, visits, 289, 404.

PAEZ DE LA CADENA, 489.
Painting, Spanish School of, 216, 221, 239.
Palafox y Melzi, Don J., 206.
Palfrey, John Gorham, 331.
Palissot, Baron, 131.
Palmella, Count, 248, 263, 264 and note, 267.
Palmerston, Viscount, 458.
Paris, visits, 126 – 151; police affairs with, 141 – 146; visits, 253 – 263; *salons*, 253.
Parish, Daniel, 15, 16, 27.
Parker, Chief Justice of Massachusetts, 9, 10 note, 11, 340.
Parker, Mr., 146, 148.
Parker, Mr., 407.
Park Street, house in, 387 – 389.
Parr, Dr., 50, 52, 53, 288, 289.
Parry, Captain, 422.
Parsons, Chief Justice, 396.
Parsons, William, 331, 332.
Pastoret, Count, 253, 255, 256.
Pastoret, Countess, 255, 256.
Patterson, Mr., 193 note.
Peabody, Rev. W. O. B., 428 and note.
Peel, Sir Robert, 416, 417, 480.
Pellico, Silvio, 450.
Pepperell, 337, 385.
Perkins, Colonel T. H., 328, 370.
Perkins, James, 370.
Perkins, Mrs S. G., 13, 49, 68, 260, 328, 331.
Perkins, S. G., 12, 13, 14, 49, 68.
Perkins, S. H., 68 and note, 121.
Peter, America Pinkney, 38.
Peter, Britannia Wellington, 38.
Peter, Columbia Washington, 38.
Peter, Mrs. *See* Custis.
Peter, Thomas, 38.
Petrarch, letter on, 341 – 344.
Philadelphia, visits, 15, 352.
Phillips, Professor J., 422, 437 and note.
Phillips, Thomas J., 443.
Phillips, Willard, 391.
Piacenza, visits, 162.
Pichon, Baron, 132, 261.
Pickering, John, 85, 391.
Pickering, Octavius, 391.
Pictet, Deodati, 153.
Pictet, Professor, 153, 155, 159.
Pillans, James, 280.
Pinkney, William, 39, 40, 41 and note.
Pittsfield, Mass., Elisha Ticknor head of school in, 2.
Pius VII., 173, 174.
Pizarro, Chev. Don L., 207, 208, 212.
Playfair, Professor, 276, 279.
Plymouth, visits, 327 – 331.
Poinsett, Joel R., 350 and note.
Pole, Mrs., 467, 471.
Polk, Mr., 381.
Ponsonby, Frederic, 443.
Porson, Richard, 108.
Portal, Dr., 133, 138.
Porter, Dr., 356.
Portland, visits, 337, 385.
Portsmouth, N. H., visits, 123 note.
Portugal, visits, 242 – 249; people of, 242.
Possé, Count, 183.
Possé, Countess. *See* Bonaparte, Christine.
Pozzo di Borgo, Count, 131.
Prague, visits, 509 – 511.
Prescott, Judge W., 12, 13, 316, 337, 339, 340, 345, 355 and note, 356, 359 – 361, 371, 383, 391.
Prescott, Mrs. W., 317 and note, 345.
Prescott, W. H., 316 and note, 317 and note,

391; letters to, 341, 346, 349; goes to Washington with G. T., 380, 381; letters to, 386, 479.
Preston, W. C., of South Carolina, 278 note, 298.
Prevost, Professor, 155.
Prichard, Dr., 422.
Primary Schools of Boston, 2 and note.
Prossedi, Princess, 182, 194 note.
Provençal studies, 252.
Prussia, Frederic William III., King of, 502.
Putland, Mr. and Mrs., 425.

Quebec, visits, 386.
Quetelet, M., 450.
Quincy, Hon. Josiah, 339, 345, 368.
Quincy, Mrs. J., 345.

Raczynski, Count, 495, 501.
Ralston, Mr., 278 note.
Rancliffe, Baroness, 458, 459.
Randall, Miss, 312 and note.
Randohr, 175.
Randolph, Colonel, 35.
Randolph, John, of Roanoke, 15, 16, 27, 381.
Randolph, Mrs., 35, 348.
Randolph, T. J. and Ellen, 35, 37, 348.
Rauch, Christian, 495.
Récamier, Mad., 137, 304.
Recke, Frau von der, 474.
Rees, Dr., 55.
Regina, Duke de, 446.
Reichenbach, H. T. L., 475, 482.
Reid, Mrs., 415 and note.
Retzsch, Moritz, 466, 474, 476, 484, 490.
Reynolds, Dr. Edward, 154.
Richelieu, Duc de, 143, 145, 253, 262.
Richmond, Va., visits, 12, 33.
Riemer, Professor, 115, 116.
Rigaud, Professor, 422.
Rilliet, Mad., 152.
Rivas, Duchess de, 207.
Rivas, Duke de, 225, 227.
Robinson, Henry Crabbe, 411.
Robinson, Professor, 422.
Rocca, M. de, 138.
Rochefoucauld, Duc de la, 256.
Rockingham, Marquess of, 440, 441.
Rogers, Samuel, 406, 410 and note, 412 note, 414, 430.
Roget, Dr., 416.
Roman Catholic Church, dedication of, 18 note.
Rome, visits, 169-174; society in, 176-183.
Roscoe, William, 50-52, 297, 298.
Rose, Mr., English Minister in Berlin, 109, 110, 119.
Ross, Sir John, 419, 422.
Rotch, William, 299.
Rotterdam, visits, 68.
Rousseau, J. J., 156, 158.
"Rough Notes," etc., by Sir F. B. Head, 380.
Rudiger, Professor, 113.
Russell, Lord John, 166, 264, 269, 270, 290, 291, 407.
Russell, Lord William, 267, 269, 499, 501.

Saalfeld, Professor, 102.
Saavedra, Don Angel de (Duke de Rivas), 225, 228 and note.
Sales, Francis, teacher of French and Spanish, 7, 368.
St. André, M. de, 381.
St. Bernard, Monks of, 159.
St. Bernard, Pass of, 158.
St. Domingo, revolution in, 13.
Ste. Aulaire, Count de, 253.
Ste. Aulaire, Countess de, 256.
St. Iago, Marques de, 207; his sister, Paulita, 207.
St. Ildefonso, 214, 216-218.
St. Leon, 133, 134.
St. Simond, Marquis of, 206.
St. Val, Mlle., 126.
Salisbury, First Marquess of, 267, 268.
Salisbury, Marchioness of, 268.
Salviati, 450, 451.
Sands, Dr., 425.
Sandwich, Cape Cod, visits with Mr. Webster, 386.
Santa Cruz, Marques de, 195, 207, 221, 223.
Santa Cruz, Marquesa de, 208.
San Teodoro, Duca di, 174.
Saragossa. *See* Zaragoza, 206.
Sartorius von Waltersháusen, 121.
Saussure, Mad. de. *See* Necker.
Savage, James, 2, 9, 85, 252, 273, 316 note, 319, 391.
Savigny, F. K. von, 499.
Saxony, Anthon, King of, 461-467, 481.
Saxony, Prince Frederic, Duke of and Co-Regent (also King of), 462 note, 463, 468, 485, 486.
Saxony, Prince John, Duke of (also King of), 462 note, 463, 464, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 475, 477, 482, 489.
Saxony, Prince Maximilian, Duke of, 461 note, 463, 471.
Saxony, Princess Amelia, Duchess of, 463, 465, 469, 477.
Saxony, Princess Augusta, Duchess of, 461 note, 463, 484, 486.
Saxony, Princess John, Duchess of (also Queen of), 484 and note.
Saxony, Princess Louise, Duchess of, 463.
Saxony, Princess Marie, Duchess and Co-Regentess of (also Queen of), 463, 467, 484.
Say, Louis, 133, 134.
Schadow, Rudolph, 177.

Schäfer, Professor, 108.
Schlegel, A. W. von, 127, 128, 129, 131, 134, 138, 153, 430, 453, 454, 483.
Schlegel, Friedrich von, 122, 123, 127.
Schultze, Dr., 70, 73 note, 80, 81 and note, 82, 121.
Schurtz, Hofrath, 112.
Schwabe, Dr., 58.
Scilla, Prince, 212, 219.
Scott, Anne, 283.
Scott, Sir Walter, 24, 275, 276, 290-284, 430; portrait of, 388, 389, 407.
Scott, Sophia, 281, 283, 284.
Scott, Walter, Jr., 284.
Sedgwick, Professor, 271, 419, 420 note, 421.
Segovia, Bishop of, 218.
Segovia, visits, 218.
Senior, Nassau William, 407, 412 and note, 451.
Senonnes, Viscount de, 255, 262, 263.
Servia, life in, 478.
Seville, 237-241; Alcazar, 238, 240; Cathedral, 238, 239; people of, 239, 240.
Seymour, Mr., 447.
Shakespeare, study of, 394; Tieck's reading of, 473, 477, 482; Schlegel's translation of, 468, 483.
Sharon, Mass., E. Billings (Mrs. E. Ticknor) born and keeps school in, 3.
Sharp, Richard, "Conversation," 55, 56.
Shaw, William S., founder of the Boston Athenæum, 8, 12.
Shiel, 415.
Siddons, Mrs., 55, 56, 66.
Sierra Morena, 223.
Silliman, Professor B., 14.
Simond, M., 153, 179.
Simplon, crosses, 160.
Sismondi, Mrs., 290.
Sismondi, Simonde de, 151, 290, 291, 295, 297, 314.
Skene, James, 283.
Slavery in the United States, 479.
Smidt, Senator, 122, 123.
Smith, Benjamin, 175.
Smith, Elizabeth, 433.
Smith, Professor Nathan, 14.
Smith, Sir James, 57.
Smith, Rev. Sydney, 265, 413, 414, 417, 418, 446.
Smyth, Edward, 438.
Smyth, Professor W., 271, 272, 415 and note, 438, 439.
Sneyd, Miss Mary, 426, 428.
Solmar, Miss, 495.
Somerville, Dr., 448.
Somerville, Mrs., 411, 412, 448, 479.
Sommariva, Marchese, 175.
Sonntag, M., 460.
Southey, Edith and Isabella, 285.
Southey, Mrs R., 286 and note, 434.
Southey, Robert, 50, 135, 136, 285-287, 434.
Souza, Mad. de, 248.
Souza, M. de, 252, 267.
Spain, government of, 191; Inquisition, 193; visit in, 185-241.
Spanish bull-fights, 202-204; law courts, 233; people, 198, 242; libraries, 197, 215, 216, 252, 457; literature, passage on, in inaugural address, 320; lectures on, 325 and note; books, G. T.'s collection of, 325 note.
Sparmann, Herr, 504 note.
Spencer, Second Earl, 269, 295.
Spencer, Third Earl ("Honest Althorp"), 442-445.
Sprengel, Professor, 111-113.
Stackelberg, Count, 460.
Staël, Baron Auguste de, 128, 138, 139, 151, 155, 312; letter from, 313; writings, 314 and note.
Staël, Mad. de, work on Germany, 11, 98; opinion of Lady Davy, 57; work on England, 60, 61, 119, 126-130, 132, 133, 136, 138; death of, 151, 189, 213, 430; anecdote of, 497, 498.
Stanley, Hon. Edward (Earl of Derby), 408 note.
Stanley, Hon. Mr., 424.
Stapfer, P. A., 130.
Steinla, Moritz, 490.
Stephens, Mr., 248.
Sternberg, Baron Ungern, 460, 483.
Stewart, General, 381.
Stolberg, Countess, 125.
Stolberg, Leopold, 125.
Story, Judge Joseph, 40, 316 note, 339, 340, 361; letter to, 392.
Stroganoff, Count, 462, 464, 465, 468, 491.
Stroganoff, Countess, 462, 486, 487.
Stuart, Lady Dudley, 446 and note. *See* Bonaparte, Christine.
Stuart, Lord Dudley, 446 and note.
"Subaltern," by Gleig, 380.
Sullivan, Richard, 12.
Sullivan, William, G. T. studies law with, 9, 11, 12, 20, 40, 381.
Switzerland, visits, 152-160.

TAGUS RIVER, 243.
Talleyrand, Prince, 13, 123, 254, 258-263.
Talma, 126, 127.
Tarentum, Archbishop of, 174.
Tatistcheff, M. de, 210, 212.
Tatistcheff, Mad. de, 211.
Taylor, Abbé, 173.
Taylor, Henry, 418.
Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. John, 425 and note, 432 note.
Tazewell, Littleton Waller, 350, 381.

Tchitchagof, Admiral, 179
Teba, Count de, 233, 235.
Teba, Countess de, 233, 234 and note, 309.
Testchen, visits, 504 - 509.
Thacher, Rev. S. C., 11
Thayer, Sylvanus, Colonel U. S. A., 7, 8 and note, 316 note, 372 - 375, 386.
Theatre, French, 149, 150.
Theatre, Spanish, 201.
Thierry, A., 314
Thiersch, Professor, 114, 115.
Thompson, Mr. and Lady Mary, 440.
Thomson, Mr., 275, 277, 280.
Thorndike, Augustus, 132, 386.
Thorndike, Colonel, 371.
Thorwaldsen, Albert, 177, 178.
Thun-Hohenstein, Count von, 504 note, 505 - 507, 508.
Thun-Hohenstein, Countess von, 505, 506, 508.
Thun-Hohenstein, Count Franz von, 505.
Thun-Hohenstein, Count Friedrich von, 505.
Thun-Hohenstein, Count Leo von, 505, 506, 509, 510.
Thun-Hohenstein, Countesses Anna and Josephine, 505.
Ticknor, Anna Eliot, daughter of G. T., 382, 384; letter to, 397, 410.
Ticknor, Elisha, father of George, 1; graduate of Dartmouth College, 1; head of Moore's school, 1; keeps a school in Pittsfield, Mass., 2; head of Franklin School, Boston, 2; author of "English Exercises" 2; grocer, 2; connection with Fire Insurance Company, Savings Bank, and Boston Primary Schools, 2 and note; retires from business in 1812, 2; dies 1821, 2; his appearance, 3; qualities, 3 and note; importer of Merino sheep, 3 note; marriage, 4; G. T.'s account of, 6, 7; feeling at the death of Washington, 21; confidence between him and his son, 22; letters to, 27, 28, 29, 31, 73 and note, 74, 79, 81, 84, 95, 99, 102, 116, 131, 141, 155, 172, 173, 185, 186, 189, 250, 251, 252, 273 - 275, 289; his death, 334.
Ticknor, Elizabeth Billings, mother of George, 1; born in Sharon, Mass., 3; teacher, 3; marries B. Curtis, 3; left a widow, opens a girl's school in Boston, marries Elisha Ticknor, 4; letter to, 103; illness, 250; death, 273 - 275.
Ticknor, Eliza Sullivan, daughter of George, 397.
Ticknor, George Haven, son of George, birth and death of, 397, 398.
Ticknor, Mrs. George, 335; letter to, 372 - 376, 381.
Ticknor, Susan Perkins, daughter of George, birth and death of, 397.
Ticknor, Elisha, grandfather of George, 4, 5, 6.
Tieck, Friedrich, 495, 504.
Tieck, Ludwig, 457, 460, 462, 468, 469, 472, 473, 475, 477, 481, 482, 483, 485, 491, 503.
Tiedge, C. F., 474, 475, 482.
Tierney, George, 263.
Tintoretto, 163
Titian's Assumption, 163.
Tobin, Sir John, 425.
Tocca, Chevalier, 175.
Tocqueville, Alexis de, 421 and note, 458.
Tölken, Professor, 497.
Totten, General, 375.
Touche, Guymond de la, 126.
Trenton Falls, visits, 386.
Trist, Mr., 348.
Trist, Mrs., 348.
Trowbridge, Sir Thomas, 180, 277.
Tudor, William, Life of James Otis, 338 and note.
Tuscany, Leopold Grand Duke of, 489.

UBALDO, MARCHESE, 175.

VAN BUREN, MARTIN, 372, 409.
Van Rensselaer, General, 381.
Varnhagen Von Ense 495.
Vathek. *See* Beckford.
Vaughan, Benjamin, 55, 352 note, 413.
Vaughan, John, 15, 55, 352.
Vaughan, Mr., 209, 372 and note, 381, 382.
Vaughan, William, 55, 58, 263, 352 note, 413.
Venice, visits, 162 - 166.
Verplanck, Mr., 381.
Victoria, Princess, 435, 437.
Vignolles, Rev. Mr., 424.
Villafranca, Marques de, 197.
Villemain, A. F., 131, 133, 139.
Villers, pamphlet in defence of Göttingen University, 11.
Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, record of his death, 438.
Villiers, Hon. Edward, 437 and note.
Villiers, Hon. Mrs. Edward, 437 and note.
Villiers, Mrs., 418.
Virginia, visits, 26, 31 - 38.
Vogel von Vogelstein, 482, 490.
Volkel, 121.
Von der Hagen, 496.
Von Raumer, Friedrich, 485.
Voss, J. H., 105, 106, 124, 125, 126.
Voss, Madame, 125, 126.
Voss, Professor, 113.
Voyages to and from England, 49, 298, 402.

WAAGEN, G. F., 497.
Wadsworth, Mr. James, 386.

Wagner, Dr., 154.
Waldo, Mr., 14.
Wallenstein, Baron, 346 and note, 350.
Walsh, Miss Anna, 396 and note.
Walsh, Robert, 16, 392 note, 396 note.
Warburton, 415.
Warden, D. B., 142.
Ware, Dr., Professor in Harvard College, 355, 356.
Warren, Dr. J. C , Sen., 10, 12.
Warren, Dr. J. C., 2d., 10.
Washington, General, death of, 21; modes of life, 38; Talleyrand's feeling towards, 261 and note.
Washington, Judge, 38.
Washington, visits, 26, 38, 346, 349, 380-382.
Waterloo, battle of, 60, 62, 64, 65.
Waterloo, visits, 452, 453.
Waterton, Charles, 439.
Watertown, 385.
Watzdorff, General von, 458, 491.
Watzdorff, Mlle. de, 467.
Webster, Daniel, 5, 123 note, 316 and note, 317, 328, 339, 340, 345, 346, 348, 350, 361, 381, 382, 386, 387, 391, 396, 409; Plymouth Oration, 329, 330; letter to, 370; eulogy on Ex-Presidents, 377, 378; works reviewed by G. T., 392, 393.
Webster, Ezekiel, 7.
Webster, Mrs. D., 328, 331, 345; death of, 386.
Welcker, Professor, 121, 454.
Weld, Isaac, 420, 424, 425.
Weimar, visits, 113.
Wellesley, Lady Georgina, 189, 211, 306.
Wellesley, Sir Henry (Lord Cowley), 188, 189, 209, 295.
Wellington, Duke of, 62, 64, 65, 296.
Wells, Samuel, 143.
Wells, William, 8.
Wentworth House, visits, 440-445.
Werther, Goethe's, G. T. translates, 12.
West, Benjamin, 63.
West, Mr., 14.
West Point, G. T Visitor to the Academy, 372; Examination, 372-376; visits, 386.
Whately, Archbishop, 412 and note, 413-451.
Wheaton, Henry, 494, 496, 499, 501.
Wheelock, Dr., President of Dartmouth College, 5, 6.
Wheelock, Mrs., 5.
Whewell, William, 420, 421, 422.
Whishart, Mr., 415.
White, Colonel, 373.
White, Miss Lydia, 176.
Whitney, inventor of the cotton-gin, 14.
Wickham, Edmund, 298.
Wickham, William, 33.
Wieck, Clara (Schumann), 474.
Wiegel, 179.
Wilberforce, William, 297.
Wilde, Mr., 14.
Wilkes, John, 55.
Wilkes, Miss (Mrs. Jeffrey), 42.
Wilkie, Sir David, 421, 422, 425, 448. 449.
William IV., King of England, 409.
Williams, Friend, 337 note, 385.
Williams, Miss Helen Maria, 130, 132, 135, 138.
Williams, Samuel, 297 and note.
Willis, Mr., of Caius College, 436.
Wilmot, Mr., 411.
Wilson, John, 278 and note.
Winckelmann, J. J., 178.
Winder, General, 29.
Wirt, William, 33, 351.
Woburn Abbey, 269, 270.
Wolf, F. A., 105-107, 112, 114, 124.
Woodbury, L., 381.
Woodward, Mrs., 4, 7, 273, 276.
Woodward, Professor, 6.
Woodward, William H., 4, 7, 250.
Wordsworth, Miss, 287, 432.
Wordsworth, Mrs., 287, 432.
Wordsworth, William, 287, 288, 411, 432-434.
Wortley, Hon. Stuart, 408 note.
Wyse, 183 note.

York, England, 272; Musical Festival in, 435-437.
Yorke, Colonel Richard, 442.

Zacharia, Judge, 103.
Zaragoza, Maid of, 206.
Zeschau, Count, 460.
Zeschau, Countess, 486, 491.
Ziegenhorn, Baron, 177.

END OF VOL. I.

Reel